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**ARTHUR STANTON**

# SERMON NOTES

BY THE REV.

**A. H. STANTON**

Formerly Curate of St. Alban's, Holborn.

Edited with a Preface by the Rev.

**E. F. RUSSELL, M.A.**

OF ST. ALBAN'S, HOLBORN

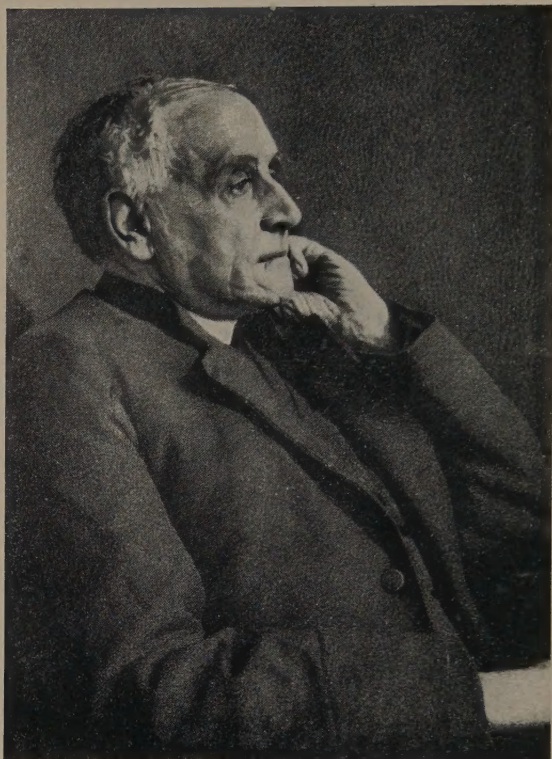
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# ARTHUR STANTON

*A MEMOIR*

BY

THE RIGHT HON.  
GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

Ubi Spiritus Domini, ibi  
libertas: S. PAUL

*WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

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TO  
EDWARD VINCENT EYRE  
VICAR OF CHOLLERTON  
IN REMEMBRANCE  
OF  
HARROW, OXFORD, AND ST. ALBAN'S



## NOTE

I OWE the privilege of writing this Memoir to Mr. A. W. Stanton, of Field Place, Stroud, who asked me to undertake it, and has supplied the bulk of the material. At every turn I have been assisted by the kindness of my cousin, the Rev. Edward Francis Russell, who was Arthur Stanton's colleague at St. Alban's from 1867 to 1913. Mr. Russell has also supplied the account of Life in the Clergy House (p. 192), of the Journey to Palestine (p. 218), and of the last illness (p. 300).

For the selection of material used in the book, and for all judgments on men and things, I of course am solely responsible.

G. W. E. R.

Septuagesima, 1917.





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# ARTHUR STANTON

## CHAPTER I

### BEGINNINGS

THE family to which Arthur Stanton belonged can be traced back to one Thomas Stanton, who in 1684 was described as a Citizen of London, and lived in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell. This Thomas Stanton was a member of the Curriers' Company, in which, as appears by the records, several members of the family served their apprenticeship. In 1760, Elizabeth Stanton, widow of Joseph Stanton, left London with her infant son William, and settled at Stroud, in Gloucestershire. Here she married a second husband, Henry Eycott, and died in 1792. Her son, William Stanton (who married in 1785 Anne Carruthers) entered the cloth-trade, which was then the main industry of the district, and became the father of a numerous family. His fifth son, Charles, who succeeded to the paternal business, was born in 1797, and died in 1863. He married Martha Holbrow, who died in 1876, having borne twelve children, of whom three were sons. The eldest, Charles Holbrow, was a barrister and an Assistant Charity Commissioner. The second, Walter John, was a Civil Engineer, and sometime M.P. for Stroud. The third son, who was also the last child, was born at "Upfield," near Stroud, on the 21st of June, 1839; was privately baptized by the names of Arthur Henry, and was publicly "received into the congregation of Christ's flock" on the 27th of September. The children next above Arthur in the family were twin-sisters, Emily Rose and Rose Emily. These three grew up together, and continued till their lives' end in the closest and most affectionate intimacy.

Of Arthur Stanton's infancy, the most diligent search has produced only two relics. One is a little lock of light-brown

hair, bearing the date 1843, and not the least prophetic of the dark colouring which in adult life often led people to imagine that he had foreign blood in his veins. The other is a sketch in sepia, dated 1844. It represents a child with long hair, very large eyes, and a head curiously thrown back. But the same tender affection which treasured the lock and the sketch preserved also a long series of his letters, of which the earliest was written on the 10th of August, 1846, from Upfield, and addressed to his eldest sister.

“MY DEAR KATE,

We have been to see Samuel and Mrs. Spill and we walked in the Park and saw the Deer and one was dead. Charles has got an Owl and his name is Dick. One evening he was lost but he came back again the very next day. Emily was to have written to you but she is very idle and sends her love. I remain,

Your affectionate brother,  
ARTHUR H. STANTON.”

When he was nine years old Arthur Stanton was sent to his first private school, kept by Mrs. Townley, at Cheltenham. On ruled paper, and in the largest text, he writes to his mother —“We go to such a nice church, you cannot think ; there is such a nice clergyman.”

“February 10, 1848.

“MY DEAR MAMMA,

I like school much better than before. There are three new boys come, George Godend, John Bird and Arthur Bowen is brother to Rice Bowen. James George came the day before yesterday and to-day he gave me a pair of cuffs and when I come home I will show you them. Do you know when Frederick Croom is coming to school for he has not come yet. I have no more to say so with kind love, your

Affectionate son,  
ARTHUR HENRY STANTON.”

“May 23, 1848.

“MY DEAR MAMMA,

I take much pleasure in writing to you. Last Sunday the Archbishop of Dublin preached the sermon. Mr. Riddle

read the prayers the church was crowded with people to see the Archbishop. Last Wednesday we had a thunderstorm, a very little at first but afterwards there was a very heavy hail shower and a good deal of thunder. I have no more to say so with kind love to all at home, I remain your affectionate son,

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON."

" P.S.—MY DEAR MADAM,

I am merely writing a few lines to tell you that dear Arthur has had the mumps for the last few days but most favorably, and I expect by to-morrow he will be sufficiently recovered to go out ; his spirits have been very good.

With compliments to Mr. Stanton,

I remain, dear Madam,

Yours truly,

MARIA TOWNLEY."

In 1849 Arthur writes to an elder sister <sup>1</sup>—

" MY DEAR CECY,

I am very much obliged to you for paper you sent me which I like very much. I went to Aunt John's Saturday and it rained so hard that I could not come home in the evening so I slept there and put on Joe's night gown which fitted me very well and it rained so bad at 12 o'clock that I did not go then. I went to Stonehouse Church in the afternoon where we had Mr. Mills. I went to school again at seven o'clock. I want to know how the rabbits are going on. I have no more to say as I wrote this letter just to thank you for the Paper,

so believe me,

Your affectionate

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON.

P.S.—Give my best love to all at home hoping that they are all quits well free from the Cholera."

It is worthy of remark that even these early effusions contain the germs of what became the three main interests of Arthur Stanton's life—religion, weather, and health. Churches and services and preachers are perpetually turning

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Mrs. F. Swire.



up in his boyish letters, and the manuscript is often illustrated. He had a strong turn for pencil-drawing, and his pocket-books are full of vigorous little sketches, mainly ecclesiastical—arches, and spires, and vested priests. In one of his earliest letters he says to his sister, "I send you a very pretty picture." The picture represents a village church, and the page is further enriched with a kind of Gothic scroll, which portends his lifelong devotion to mediæval art. Loving religion, to weather he was scarcely less devoted. From his earliest to his latest days he was a studious observer, and a scrupulous reporter, of wind, rain, fog, thunder, atmosphere, and temperature. The barometer and the thermometer were his idols. He scarcely ever wrote even the briefest note on business or pleasure without including a rapid dash into meteorology; and, though I shall seldom print these excursions, they must be, as the grammarians say, "understood" in every letter. Closely allied to the subject of weather was that of health; and Arthur Stanton was, from first to last, profoundly interested in his own and his friends' ailments, and eager in prescribing systems of clothing and diet, in which he believed as essential to the public weal. Messrs. Jaeger's woollen wares, Carter's Little Liver Pills, and Lamplough's Pyretic Saline never had a more enthusiastic advertiser.

From Cheltenham he was removed to a school kept by Mr. Hutchison at Leonard Stanley, four miles from Stroud, whence he wrote to an elder sister—

"I have some more things to tell you to send when you next come down to see me and I will give you a list of them.

- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| I. Stamps           | III. sticking plaster |
| II. large envelopes | IIII. a few pens.     |

Mind you get me stamps and sticking plaster because I have many cuts. Tell Emily and R. to keep the rabbits very warm if they have not eaten up their young. I can't think of anything more to say so with kind love to all at home, particularly floss and Dash

your affectionate brother,  
A. H. STANTON.

P.S.—has floss got his nose split?"

He was next moved to a school at Brighton, whence he wrote to his mother. "It is a difficult thing to tell you which boy I like best, if any Craft, as I like old friends better than new." But even the oldest friends must part, and further changes were at hand. From Brighton he was transferred to a school kept by the Rev. John Congreve, first at Harborough Magna, and then at Bilton, both close to Rugby. A lady who knew him in those distant days writes: "I was young enough to be allowed to play with the boys, and my younger sister, then from two to three years old, was a great pet of Arthur Stanton's; he has always remained in my memory as a specially bright, genial playmate."

The following letter to his eldest brother belongs to this period:—

"Harbro Magna.

"MY DEAR CHARLIE,

I write to tell you how I like my new situation. As long as I have been here I like it very well because we have many more privileges than at Brighton for instance, we have meat for breakfast and we butter our bread ourselves and sometimes when we ask Mr. Congreve we can take a walk with who we like. At first I found the lessons very hard but now I have got more used to them. The French I find very hard for I do most of it with the first class. The boys I like all very well indeed but my best friend here is Sandars, and I think most of the school like him. The weather has been very frosty for three weeks, but in the middle of the day it is quite warm and we have had three falls of snow. I have got a very thick pair of shoes for tying, and those indian rubber concerns are kept for the house. Walking on stilts is now the game and I have learned to walk on stilts 4 feet high. Last Saturday week I went to Rugby in the carriage with Mrs. Congreve and bought a knife a very good one indeed, but very dear being 3/6 with 3 blades.

I must now say goodbye so believe me to be your most affectionate brother

A. STANTON.

Excuse bad writing because it is nearly dark and the tea bell will ring very soon."

Arthur Stanton was admitted to Rugby School in August, 1854, under the Head-mastership of Dr. Goulburn, and was placed in "the Lower Middle Form (Div. 3)." A water-colour drawing, inscribed "Arthur at Rugby," represents a very long-legged boy in a short jacket, with dark brown hair protruding in all directions from under a peaked pink cap. He boarded in the house of a mathematical Master, the Rev. R. B. Mayor, and had as his classical tutor the Rev. G. G. Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. Through the kindness of surviving schoolfellows, we are enabled to get a very clear picture of Stanton as a schoolboy. Mr. F. L. Pirie writes—

"I had been at Rugby (Rev. R. B. Mayor's house) six months, when Stanton arrived. He was given a place in my 'study' and we remained together, till, on my advancing to the Upper School, I was given a 'study' to myself. Stanton did not distinguish himself at school. He did not, on the one hand, care about games, whilst he was backward in school work, finding a special difficulty with his Latin and Greek work. But if undistinguished in both the inside and outside life of school, there was a decided feeling with all of us who were in the same house that we had to do with a boy of marked character and individuality. He early showed a taste for Church ornamentation, for Bloxam's 'Gothic Architecture' was a favourite book of his, and we had many a stroll to neighbouring churches, where Stanton would point out the true from the debased Gothic."

Mr. R. Sykes writes from Santa Barbara, California—

"Although he joined in football and cricket he did not excel, and, in fact, he appeared to take nothing very seriously.

"He was tall, dignified, remarkably well developed, and of delightful mien. His hair was, if I recollect rightly, light-brown and curly. The beautiful words from Ecclesiastes, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth,' might be applicable to him, as I now picture him as a Rugby boy. When I entered Rugby, in August, 1853, Charles Bowen (afterwards Lord Bowen) was the most attractive boy in the school. Three or



ARTHUR HENRY STANTON AS A RUGBY BOY.  
From a Coloured Sketch by M. Stanton.



four years later, Arthur Stanton probably held a like position, though his comeliness was of another type."

Mr. G. M. Oakeley remembers Stanton's face "with its remarkable expression of looking at a far-away landscape."

Mr. R. H. Gamlen writes: "I knew Arthur Stanton well at Rugby. We were in the same house—Mayor's. I was some two years his senior, but my younger brother and he were great friends. He was a very quiet fellow, and not great at games. He was very ecclesiastically-minded, even in those early days. He was much given to quoting some lines of which I can only now recall,

' Out of the sacristy entered  
The Priest, with his cope and his stole.' "

Mr. G. H. Pope writes: "After the lapse of 58 years, I cannot recall many details, but I have a clear recollection of Stanton's charming character. He was devout, and observant of religious practices; really good, not goody; not gloomy, but, on the contrary, full of fun and quite capable on occasion of uncontrollable fits of laughter.

"He showed no signs of much ability at that time, and did not rise high in the school; nor, so far as I remember, did he play any games—at any rate *con amore*. . . . I suppose that mere frivolities are below the dignity of a serious memoir, but they stick in a boy's memory and come back to me as I think over old times. Such was Stanton's nickname, the 'Scranker,' in reference to his voice, and such was his fondness for playing upon the names of his friends. Mine, for instance, induced him to call me familiarly, 'Peter.' Two others of our contemporaries in the house were Berrie and Abraham. The name of the first lent itself to many a very mild and obvious joke; and when, as often happened, Stanton invited Abraham and me to read the Bible with him in his study, a chance text such as 'Are any Hebrews? So am I,' was far too much for his gravity, and the meeting broke up."

Mr. Henry Wagner writes: "We were neither in the same house nor form. Though we were practically contemporaries, taking our degrees in the same year (in time to vote for Gladstone at his last Oxford Election), at school we were not so.

I was sent to the School House, a wretched little boy of eleven, early in 1852, and he came two and a half years later, being then already 15."

Mr. Wagner adds this story of his friend. "He was having his study changed to one on a higher floor, and, as he watched the conveyance of his sofa up the stairs, his remark was, '*So far*, so good,' a small joke, maybe; but one likes to remember how the natural bent of the verbal humorist showed itself already in the schoolboy days."

Mr. St. John Ackers says: "My memory of Father Stanton at Rugby is that all respected him, but few who joined in cricket, football, etc., knew much of him."

The plan of constantly moving a boy from one private school to another is about the worst that can be adopted, if success at the Public School is what the parents desire; and this truth was exemplified in the case of Arthur Stanton. He spent nearly three years at Rugby, and never soared into the Upper School. The only trace of intellectual eminence which I can find in his school-record is, that J. C. Shairp,<sup>1</sup> then a Master at Rugby, "instantly discovered Stanton's distinction in Divinity, and awarded him a first class in the Christmas Examination in that subject."

At this point a few characteristic letters may be inserted.

*To his eldest Brother.*

"Rugby,  
August, 1854.

"MY DEAR CHARLIE,

As all the work is done for the week and my mind at peace, I can now answer your inquiring letter. I have now (been here) a week and pretty well know the customs and regulations. The latter are very numerous, so much so that I seldom can remember when to do this and that. Evans<sup>2</sup> is very jolly to me indeed on the whole, he is very strict indeed about being late and not knowing your lesson but as yet I have not incurred his displeasure. At first or for the first few lessons, I only took 7 or 8 places, but Monday I go up to the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Principal of St. Andrews.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev Charles Evans, afterwards Head Master of King Edward VI.'s School, Birmingham.



top, and have kept up 5 or 6 places from the top ever since, till to-day, when being placed by our verses as is the custom at the end of the week, I losed about 3 or 4 places more which I hope and expect soon to regain several of ; the fellows say I may get out at the end of the half, but of course that I should not expect or attempt my aim only now being to keep in the form. A very little attentive working pays tremendously in a large form like that, for some of the clever boys never think of looking at their lessons and so get down. Evans sets tremendous tasks to the fellows who are late ; if they come in when the clock strikes he thinks they are late. 'Doing Tutor' is the hardest thing we do ; that and verses are the worst ; I shall always have to stay in on Tuesday afternoon to finish them. I like Booth awfully, he helps me in my verses (for Evans says he does not mind if we get a little help in them if we do not get them told us entirely) he, Evans, gives awfully hard verses giving us a subject to make verses on which I find very hard. I don't have any fagging at all yet. I always forget 'calling over' but I run fast down to the big school before Smith goes away and get my name put down so it is all right. To-day is the day I must write for during the week I am too busy. Last week I did not go into the Close once except this morning, because I had not time. I have not eaten much tuck yet, but I cannot say how I feel inclined for the future, 3 penny ices being the only tuck this hot weather.

Our lessons have chiefly been Vergil Bible and Greek Grammar. We are now doing 'Selectæ ex Ovidio' and going to do Writes' Helenica. The composition is not so easy, but oh, so easy and much nicer than verses. My name is still asked by a great many fellows, but I know all the fellows now in our house. Tuesday evenings we do the most work. Last Tuesday evening I had to do 20 lines of Vergil for first lesson, 35 lines of Homer for Tutor, 2 chapters of Bible and the Greek substantives and 6 imaginary verses for 1st lesson, so I had to stay in in the afternoon not being able to do all in the evening. My books have all come and are all right. I like Pirrie pretty well, he is a regular little old bachelor. Now I have told you all I am able with your letter before me as you desired. Now I will ask a few questions. How has Walter's photograph turned out of Hampton Church,

has he printed them, have the plums got ripe and is Papa happy about the weather for the harvest. Hows Joseph's leg. I have not told you all but I will tell you more in my next letter. So now Meus amor omnibus,

And believe me to be your

Affte brother Arthur."

" Rugby,  
Vigil of the Feast of St. Lucy. 1855.

" MY HERETICAL BROTHERS CHARLES AND WALTER,

Charles: At the same moment as that on which I received your letter I received one also from Walter both swarming with heresy. I was only going to write one more letter home before the end of the half but I feel it a duty to answer such impertinent letters.

Walter: so you are glad at the idea that good man Mr. Liddle<sup>1</sup> is in a mess. I did get a look at it and it showed me what humbug the people of the Nineteenth century are guilty of, but it won't do Father Liddle any harm.

Congreve sent us a splendid supper tipsy cakes, jellies and cetera, the other evening instead of his half-yearly hamper. Every day after dinner I drink Mr. Liddle's health with my port wine. I only wish it would do him good.

We had a fall snow last night something like that one you had in March, the trees the whole of to-day being completely loaded with snow. First Lesson is a severe trial and the fellows always cough as much as they can at prayers but the Doctor won't take the hint and give us late ones. I have satisfied myself in my examination papers as yet, but I dread viva voces. This morning we had a very ecclesiastical divinity paper, a fellow in our house *in the Fifth* thought a Canon was 'a sort of monk.'

I did it rather well. Will you tell Walter I will bring him his Psalter and shall be happy to make it, if he will take it, my Christmas present if he's convalescent. Football now is at an end, for no more time we have to spend in anything but working now, for we have bid all play adieu."

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was sued for ritualistic practices. "It" is probably the hostile judgment.

*To a Sister.*

"Rugby. 1856.  
4 Monday in Lent.

"Tardy I have always been at answering letters but my tardiness this time certainly deserves your Anathemas and from them I am now trying to shrive myself. I am glad you caught your train at Birmingham. At Elston<sup>1</sup> we thought about you on your journey, the weather was rather unfortunate. I arrived at Rugby on the Feast of Saint Valentine travelling for some distance all alone with a popish Priest, we did not enter into any discussion. I am glad they keep up a little orthodoxy at the Colleges as I am sadly afraid it is a case of L. C.<sup>2</sup> in Ireland. I have a study to myself now and have made it very comfortable. The Chapel is very nice now, we have had another painted window put in; all now are painted except one. A picture (one of Vandyke) of Our Saviour on the Cross was presented to us and is placed over the Altar, the ceiling also of one of the transepts is painted after a pattern of Pugin's, which altogether looks very well. Cricket has not yet come in, it comes in next Thursday; we have house-leaping instead, that is trying to leap over immense places which nobody could do and as these places are along a brook everyone gets drenched from top to toe, so Cricket is being looked forward to.

The cold weather you spoke of was very cold here, we had a good deal of snow. I am surprised to hear that Ireland is warm. I am very glad to hear John Wood<sup>3</sup> got his degree so well, he will be another supporter to our tottering Church."

*To a Sister.*

"Rugby,  
Wednesday 14, 1856.

"I suppose you have heard that since I last wrote to you I have had the Scarletina, not very violently but as violently as anyone this half, the cases this half being of a very mild sort the only painful part being my throat, which got so very bad I hardly could speak so as to be understood, but on its being touched with caustic it soon got well. Of course I am

<sup>1</sup> Near Newark; the home of his sister Mrs. F. Swire.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. Low Church?

<sup>3</sup> Now (1917) an Honorary Canon of Christ Church.

not quite so strong as I was but considering all circumstances am very well. You will think I am a confirmed egotist talking so much about myself but really there is so very little here that would be at all interesting to you that absence of news ought to plead as an excuse. . . . Another Church is being built like Bussage, on the hill above Chalford, I hope it may be as effectual as the former in reclaiming schismatics. Have you yet visited the Church? I should like to hear all about it and whether the Priest is a nice man or no. I suppose you will not go home until next month; it would be very jolly could it be managed for me to meet you at Birmingham, and to proceed on together, however I suppose that idea is rather far-fetched and it would be too jolly to happen, so I won't set my mind upon it.

The Chapel as usual is in repair and improvement, an ante-chapel now is begun also a Crimean window is now under the process of painting. Their trying to admit Dissenters into the Church of course has failed; bad enough was it when they were admitted into the Universities but the idea of trying to stretch the Church to meet the views of heretics was enormous."<sup>1</sup>

*To a Sister.*

"Saturday,  
Oct. 4, 1856.

"The hamper is a matter of great consolation for tonight the fellows who are on the winning side of the Pie match have *their* supper."<sup>2</sup> I unfortunately was not one and therefore shall have to pay 2/-, and not receive the supper as is the custom but now as the hamper has arrived I shall have a rival one. Everything is as nice as it can be, the pastry is not the least broken and pickled beef I am sure, is quite a novelty for I never saw any here before. The Athletic Games went off very well notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. And the Sixth Match has partly come off to-day but no goals were kicked. Such a quantity of old Rugbeans

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an allusion to Clause 44 of the Cambridge University Bill.

<sup>2</sup> " 'A Pie-Match' was a game of Cricket in which every boy put in a shilling or two, and the winning side, with two or three of the most successful performers on the losing side, feasted on the proceeds at a supper. This supper might take place after Football had begun."

have come down to play. I shall come out to-morrow in my cheesy great coat if wet, and be a frightful cheese, the shape of it has been got from London and is of the most aristocratic nature. Considering I am two forms higher than I was last half, I don't think I am getting on badly. I have not been floored once and have not received a single punishment from Shairp as yet which I don't think any other fellow in the form can say. Tell Walter I am quite a cheese this half in my French, etc., notwithstanding his chaff.

Love to all, with thanks upon thanks for the bountiful hamper I will shut up as I have sent so many letters home lately ; news is rather a scarce article."

The Rev. J. H. D. Matthews writes : " Father Stanton was in my House just before my time, and I have frequently heard my House-master speak of him : almost always as ' one of the most stupid boys who ever left Rugby ! ' Now, the good House-master (Robert Bickersteth Mayor), though not at all in sympathy with Father Stanton's views, was a very kindly man, and not a harsh judge of boys ; and I should think that in this case he judged correctly from the school-master's point of view. Anyhow, I have, since Father S.'s death, spoken of him as an example of marvellous development."

In after-life, Stanton used to recall the " creepy sensation " which he experienced, when Mr. G. G. Bradley put him on to construe a Greek Play. But, in spite of defective scholarship, he must have won his tutor's regard ; for, on leaving Rugby, he went as a private pupil to the Rev. Charles Bradley at Southgate ; and that eminent teacher would never have received a boy of whom his brother thought unfavourably.<sup>1</sup> Mr. E. Blackett Orde writes thus : " I remember Stanton very well in the old days at Southgate. . . . I used to meet him in London, and he was always the same delightful companion he used to be years ago."

Mr. John Hill writes as follows of his early friendship with

<sup>1</sup> Charles Bradley (1814-1883) was the eldest of the twenty-two children of a famous Evangelical preacher, but himself inclined to a more liberal theology. " Few men have ever surpassed him in his power of communicating knowledge and training minds to the often unwelcome task of steady thought."

Arthur Stanton : " We were both at Rugby, and afterwards at Oxford ; but it was at Southgate that I knew him best, and found out what a deep-thinking, religious man he was, even in those days, when we were all full of fun and frolic. Our bedrooms and private studies joined, and my first insight into his real character was when I found him in a little recess in his room, which he had fitted up as an oratory. . . . We both owed our Oxford degrees to the 'coaching' we got at Bradley's."

This is the testimony of a fellow-pupil. Now let us hear what the tutor has to say. Writing to Mr. Charles Stanton, on the 14th of March, 1857, Mr. C. Bradley said : " I find your son pretty much what you told me I should find him. I had better at once frankly confess that he is, and ever will be, an anxious pupil to an anxious tutor. He is not exactly deficient, for he can comprehend, and to a certain degree combine, but what they term 'intention,' or the gift of attending, was all but left out when he was framed. A fly will lead him to jumble voices, moods, genders, and everything most sacred to us tutors. With this exception—a serious, very serious one—I think he does his best. I am obliged to put him to do all his work by himself, a serious matter when there are 8 or 10 of us, but it is his only chance. I think you will gather from his letters that he is pretty comfortable and is working harder than, I am afraid, he has worked before. He certainly does improve. In all social and personal respects he is as nice a pupil as I should ever wish to have. I was surprised to find him behind many a younger fellow in knowledge of Church history. He has no firm grasp of it, or any period of it, as far as I can see. I hope he writes home pretty frequently. We all like him, and I hope he feels that all my grammatical indignation is really meant for his good." <sup>1</sup>

The following letter, printed exactly as written, gives a glimpse of Stanton as he was in the days of his pupilage at Southgate.

<sup>1</sup> The friendly relations between tutor and pupil lasted into after-life. In 1863 Stanton wrote from St. Alban's : " To-day I have been down to Southgate to see Bradley, and dined with him. Poor Mrs. Bradley has been quite knocked up lately, and did not look at all well. Bradley was most kind, and as hearty as ever."



*To his eldest Sister.*

" April 26, 1858.

" MY DEAR KATE,

It is now some time since you last heard from me, and altho' everything goes on in the same old, dull, routine still as I have time and as I want to make some inquiries, I will bother you with one more letter before you return to England, which I suppose will be now in a short time. I spent, as I daresay you have heard, my Easter at Woodside<sup>1</sup> and of course, as usual, enjoyed myself all over. On Easter Day I saw the Queen walking on the E. Terrace for half an hour quite closely and all the R. family, getting a much better view of her than is possible to have when seeing her in the Park in her carriage. Charles coming up on the Saturday on which I was to return to Southgate, I extended my leave of absence and stayed till Monday forfeiting my exeat for the next quarter. Annie and the boys were very well indeed, altho' William was not quite up to the mark. The boys having declared war, used to come into my room in the morning for the purpose of giving me cold pig, that is a wet sponge on my face. On one occasion having got into the Shower-bath with a whip of William's, I caught them neatly, but the next morning they caught me, for having come to a treaty of peace I did not expect such a hostile proceeding.

Annie was determined to fatten me up, and made me eat a great bowl of oatmeal stir-about every morning to breakfast, besides meat 3 times a day, but above all she has proved a most efficient and able medical adviser, and in her as such I place the most unbounded confidence, for of all the prescriptions I got none availed except hers!

Fred sent me a very horrible receipt of treacle and brimstone to which I adhered closely without effect, and I was quite baffled till I went to Woodside where I was entirely cured by Annie, whom I now consider quite as great a heroin as Mr Rarey is a heroe.<sup>2</sup> Her receipt I will give for the benefit of the Twins. To remain 3 quarters of a hour after dinner in a state of torpor, without any exertion either mentally or bodily stretched, at full length on a sofa to assist the process of indigestion (*sic*), if spoken to only to reply in monosyllables.

<sup>1</sup> Near Windsor; the home of his sister Mrs. Devas.

<sup>2</sup> J. S. Rarey, an American Horsebreaker. Exhibited his skill before Queen Victoria, Jan. 13, 1858.

Before dinner to sit bolt upright in a chair for 17 minutes and  $\frac{3}{4}$  to prepare the stomach for digestion. This is all. I have enlarged upon it because I think it invaluable. I am now entirely free from spots with a complexion like wax. So strong is my conviction of the importance of it that the other day at a cricket discussion I withstood the whole household (who only wanted to give half an hour for the above process) and started an Opposition and after speaking with great warmth in the support of my opinion carried the day."

Mr. Bradley generally succeeded in attaining his objects, and his teaching enabled Arthur Stanton to enter Trinity College, Oxford, "where at that time there was a very strong Rugby element, though he hardly seemed to belong to it."<sup>1</sup> He matriculated on the 8th of June, 1858; John Wilson being President, and A. W. Haddan, S. W. Wayte, F. Meyrick, and N. Pinder, Tutors of the College. On the 9th his eldest brother wrote: "Arthur went up and successfully passed his examination for matriculation at Trinity, Oxford, yesterday, and is now a member of that society. To-night he is going to the Haymarket and Evans's."

Of Arthur Stanton as a Freshman the following account was furnished to his parents by the same brother:—

"In health he seems as well as he can be: and all goes on at present brilliantly. On Wednesday I dined with him in Trinity Hall, and afterwards had a glass of his fruity old port in his rooms in the company of a friend of his named Witts.<sup>2</sup> . . . Arthur discharged the duties of host with becoming grace; the only new feature he introduced into social life being that he always placed the kettle upon the chairs instead of the hob and 'didn't at all see any harm in it.' He has got on with his Dons very well—only once he wore his light morning coat to Chapel and was politely requested by y<sup>e</sup> Dean to substitute one of a somewhat darker shade for y<sup>e</sup> future. He won't be in for his examination before April. A 'Mr. Littimer'<sup>3</sup> is his scout, who is a very great personage and before whom

<sup>1</sup> Mr. H. Wagner.

<sup>2</sup> F. E. B. Witts, afterwards Vicar of Upper Slaughter and Hon. Canon of Gloucester. See p. 21.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *David Copperfield*, chapter xxi.

Arthur is completely cowed ; he speaks lowly and discreetly in his presence ; and is generally made to breakfast with another freshman on the same staircase to save the great man the trouble of preparing two repasts."

I must now return to the testimony of contemporaries. "At Oxford," writes Mr. Pope, "we were not in the same College, nor were we preparing for the same profession ; and, as he was never seen on the cricket-ground, we met comparatively seldom during our University course."

Mr. Hill says : "Although our pursuits at Oxford did not bring us much together—he at Trinity and I at University—we often met for a quiet talk in his rooms, or mine. He was always bright and cheery, which disposition, with the marks of a firm character, is very clearly shown in the excellent photograph I have of him, taken when at Oxford."

Canon Finch says : "I did not know him well till my last year at Oxford—in 1861—but I have a distinct recollection of his delightful personality, and of the Sunday evenings we used to spend together in Canon Liddon's rooms at St. Edmund Hall."

Mr. Pirie says : "As Stanton was much my senior (a year and four months), he went up two years before me, in 1858. When I went up in 1860 to Balliol, I found him close at hand, as his College was Trinity. As we were in different Colleges, we necessarily saw less of each other than we did at Rugby. It was the same with Stanton at Oxford as it had been at Rugby. He was not interested in any way in games, while he found the different examinations a trouble and a cause for anxiety ;<sup>1</sup> on the other hand, his individuality and influence for good in the College were undoubted. Stanton was developing into the Father Stanton of the future. A year after I went up Stanton took his degree and went down. The next time I saw him was in the cellar in Baldwin's Gardens that preceded the church."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At an early stage in his career his brother-in-law, the Rev. Frederick Swire, wrote thus : "I have heard of many good men being plucked from careless *writing*, and even *spelling* and *stopping*. So take the hint, my dear Arthur, in the same spirit in which I offer it."

<sup>2</sup> See p. 27.

The Rev. E. W. Urquhart says: "My friendship with Stanton dates from the Spring Term of 1860 till I took my degree in December, 1861. He was at Trinity and I at Balliol and up to that time I had few Trinity acquaintances. What really drew so many men of various Colleges together was the excitement in Oxford in 1860 caused by the scandalous and infamous St. George's-in-the-East riots. Later generations of undergraduates will hardly credit the strength of the feeling that united so many earnest Churchmen, both undergraduates and graduates, in indignation at the utter neglect of a Ministry, which included Gladstone amongst its members, to take any measures to put a stop to the foul outrages which were renewed every Sunday. Amongst the most earnest of these was Stanton, and then it was that I came to know him and soon to be united to him in closest ties of friendship.

"It was about this time that so many of us joined the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity, which at that time was a great force for good in Oxford. It had been in existence for several years before this, but I think only then became well known and increased rapidly in numbers and influence.<sup>1</sup> Its rules of life were simple, but subjects of much importance for conduct and theology were discussed at the Chapters. At the time Stanton and I and others were admitted, Liddon was the Master, and amongst other prominent members were Father Benson, Bright (afterwards Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History) and Medd of University, Dr. Millard and Bramley of Magdalen, Gilbertson and Canon Jenkins of Jesus, and King at Cuddesdon, afterwards most beloved of Bishops, and other prominent dons. Amongst our Undergraduate circle, George Akers of Oriel<sup>2</sup> was perhaps the most conspicuous enthusiast, though Stanton was not far behind. I think it was Stanton's deep earnestness, and the thorough consistency of life with his profession, which gave so great an example, and I may say put some of our enthusiasts to shame. In his own College he was universally admired and respected, though I do not think he had many intimate friends.

"I always look back to many delightful walks I had with

<sup>1</sup> It was founded in 1844.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards R. C. Canon of Westminster.

him exploring many interesting churches in a ten mile radius round Oxford. Stanton and I were both members of the Oxford Architectural Society, and took much interest in its proceedings. I took my degree about six months before Stanton, and I cherish still a parting gift from him 'in memory of a short but sincere friendship.' Just before he was ordained at St. Alban's he spent a week with me at my first curacy at Bedminster.

"I never knew any one whose face at the close of life was so little changed. His photograph as an undergraduate shows the same firm mouth and kindling, eager eyes which in later years marked out Father Stanton from all his fellows. Burning zeal for souls and determined work are stamped on every feature."

From these concurrent testimonies it would appear that Arthur Stanton at Oxford was very much the same as Arthur Stanton at Rugby—deeply religious, keenly interested in everything that affected the Church, indifferent alike to study and to sport, and living a life quite unlike, and apart from, that of the ordinary undergraduate. He joined the Union in 1859, and used it regularly as a Club, but he seems never to have taken part in the debates. He worshipped habitually at St. Thomas's, and did a good deal of parochial work there, and in the poor parts of St. Giles's. The Foundress<sup>1</sup> of the Convent of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, who in those days was living at No. 24, St. John's Street, told me that he was zealous in bringing the children of the poor to Baptism, and often stood Godfather to these waifs and strays. At that time "No. 9, King Street," was a favourite meeting-place for Catholic-minded undergraduates. It had been for a time the dwelling of the Sisters of Mercy whom Mother Marian organized: and, when they gave it up, it became a lodging-house for undergraduates, but retained its well-appointed oratory. Here Stanton spent a good deal of his time, in company with friends who, like himself, were looking forward to Holy Orders, and here he lodged during his last two terms as an undergraduate.

<sup>1</sup> Mother Marian Hughes (1817-1912). She was the first Anglican Sister of Mercy, having taken the vows in 1841. See Dr. Pusey's *Life*, vol. iii. c. 1.



Mr. H. E. Willington supplies the following reminiscences :  
 " At Oxford Stanton was a member of the B.H.T., and in Lent used to go to Liddon's rooms in St. Edmund Hall at or about five o'clock to say (with many others) the Penitential Psalms on Fridays, and the Gradual Psalms on Wednesdays. These we said on our knees round the table in Liddon's room—afterwards he would adjourn to rooms in King Street (now Merton Street) to tea, instead of going into Hall. These rooms were the property of Mrs. Corfe, the wife of Dr. Corfe,<sup>1</sup> and were furnished in a most meagre fashion—no carpet—no arm-chairs ; they were occupied at one time by Akers of Oriel, but when Stanton gave up his rooms in College he took these rooms for a Term or two. The occupier of the rooms always ' stood ' tea, bread and butter, and marmalade, which we called ' squish.' Canon Jenkins was always there. Stanton and other members of the B.H.T. had tea there on ordinary Fridays, when we did not say the Psalms. Mrs. Corfe had furnished a pretty little Oratory in the house, and once P. G. Medd (who was then Pro-Proctor) came to say an Office for the Dead, I think that it was on All Souls' Day—and when we were all kneeling devoutly round the little Altar, Medd turned to Stanton and said, ' Is the door locked ? ' We took it as a thing of course at the time, but we have often laughed over it since. Then, in the Lent and Easter of 1862, he remained at Oxford during the Vacation, and I well remember him saying to me on Palm Sunday that we must not be at all secular during that Holy Week, and that we should see each other as little as possible. That was about the greatest penance we could inflict on each other—and he spent Good Friday of that year in the Iron Church over Magdalen Bridge, and, at his suggestion, I spent the day in Merton Chapel, which was also the Church of St. John Baptist."

That Stanton's life, though admirably devout, was not puritanical or austere is sufficiently proved by the following letters to his mother :—

" Oxford,  
 St. Barnabas Day, 1860.

" I have not been able to take long walks and explore the country as I intended, because of this rainy weather, but

<sup>1</sup> Organist of Christ Church, and Choragus to the University.



to-day I went to see Blenheim which is a magnificent place, with beautiful timber and water and looked particularly green and pretty just now. [The Prince of] Wales has just given the Union £1000 'as a slight return for the pleasure derived by him from it as an Honorary Member.' It is a pleasing and *substantial* mark of his gracious favour, is it not? Now the question is, what to do with it?"

"Oxford,  
Feb. 2, 1861.

"As I had a day's leave of absence I thought I would make good use of it and so got it deferred one day, and on Thursday started off to Upper Slaughter, with another man, to keep the festival of young Witts's Majority, which consisted of a feast of all the old people in the Parish at which speeches were made and songs sung, then our own dinner party, a very large one to which we all sat down in our morning costume as it was to be succeeded by fire-works which we then let off, to the imminent peril of our fingers and discolour of our faces, and at which all the Parish were present.

Then we dressed and had supper No. 1 and then adjourned to the *Barn* to have a ball. The barn was most gorgeously decorated, young Witts's name appearing in flowers and lights done by the parishioners, on the walls. A very swell band of fiddle, harp, cornet, violincello, drum, played and we danced the most curious country dances which must have originated in Upper Slaughter, intermixed with quadrilles, galops, etc. The guests were a combination of gentlefolk and servants and farmers' daughters. Such a combination which can only succeed in an entirely rustic neighbourhood and the dresses of the rustics gave it the character of a fancy ball. Some were without any crinoline whatever, *broader* at the shoulders than anywhere else, a petticoat of blue or pink silk surmounted by lace flounces. Those who appeared in crinoline could not afford so expensive a material and wore summer muslin dresses. The head-dresses were for the most part twisted ribbon of various colours. The refreshments consisted of a lasting supply of cake, sandwiches, and Rum punch, which latter had such a good effect that the dancing at the end of the ball was even more elastic than at the beginning; the first galop was tremendous exercise, as my partner could not be said by any stretch of poetical license 'to trip lightly.'

We adjourned to supper No. 2 about twelve, then back again to the barn : where a Christmas Tree was the excitement, after which dancing again till 5.30. Then back to supper again and so to bed."

" 2nd Thursday in Lent, 1861.

" I have not seen Blenheim since the fire,<sup>1</sup> the only damage the fire did was totally to destroy the Titian pictures which of course are lost for ever whereas the building can easily be restored.

Some of the most Christian of the Dons up here are not very grieved about it as the subjects of the pictures, I believe, were such as were not calculated to be beneficial to those, who from their proximity to Oxford, were most likely to see them.

We had a Brahmin dining in Hall to-day, he is residing with Max Müller I believe and is the only Brahmin who has come to England without *losing his caste* which would be lost if he eat of any food cooked or touched by Christian hands, and he only eat for dinner the *interior* of potatoes, having first carefully peeled off all the outside, and sitting at table, too, with a hat on looked very curious in our hall. All this is theoretical (except what he did at dinner which I saw myself) as also that he worships stocks and stones ; what the former of these deities is I am at a loss to imagine.

You see the Oxford Essays<sup>2</sup> that I told you about in the Vacation have at length aroused the whole of the Theological World, I suppose not since the Reformation has there been so unanimous a Manifesto of Bishops ; not before it was wanted I think.<sup>3</sup>

The *Times* is hesitating which side to take, it does not quite know ' how much ' will suit the taste of its readers and so cannot as yet flavour its articles accordingly.

I am very sorry Dr. Temple is mixed up with these Essayists.<sup>4</sup> His being so is a great stumbling-block to Rugbeians up here, and his essay does not go nearly as far as some of the others, which deny almost all we have ever held true."

<sup>1</sup> Feb. 5, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays and Reviews*, published in February, 1860.

<sup>3</sup> This manifesto was dated Feb. 12, 1861.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Temple was then Head Master of Rugby.

*To his eldest Brother.*

“Oxford,  
1st Monday in Advent, 1861.

“I think you a little misunderstand the nature of the *retreat* at Leeds, for it will be no more a *retreat* than anything else; the principal object being *rest* and meditation, the subjects for meditation being fixed upon every week, and principally centred on the Life of our Blessed LORD. There would not be much parochial work to do, but much to *see* and *learn*. What made me think of this was simply, I feel I must spend next Lent, my last Lent before Holy Orders, *well*. You know what *I* mean by the word *well*, and I should make a point of being *away* from Upfield, unless compelled by circumstances to do otherwise. Either I must be at Oxford or elsewhere. I do not know whether the Dons would quite like my being up here without any ostensible reason; so, having heard of and being advised to spend it at S. John’s, Leeds,<sup>1</sup> I took it into consideration, but as yet have made no plans whatsoever.”

*To his Mother.*

“Oxford,  
1st Saturday in Lent, 1862.

“I am grieved Prince Albert is to be buried in a Mausoleum after all. The *Times* so quaintly said the stone was laid on the *eve* of the anniversary of the Duchess of Kent’s death, so the *Times* must have canonized that good lady, and given her an ‘Eve,’ and for all we know, an octave too. The text too quoted was ‘Blessed are the dead who *sleep*, etc.’ Where is it taken from? I cannot conceive.

The weather is very cold and snowy, but I keep (unlike most men) quite well and free from cold. As to having *Flesh*, my exalted high-pitched notions can hardly descend to so *material* a wish. As long as I am well, free from pain, clear-headed, etc., I do not consider *Flesh* to be of any use except to keep me warm, and a good great coat from Hill’s effects this in a less cumbersome way. Think too of this—you said I had no *Flesh* before I came away; therefore I cannot have less at Easter, for there cannot be less than none, except mathematically.”

<sup>1</sup> The Vicar of St. John’s, Leeds, was then Edward Monro. Stanton expected to take his degree at Christmas, 1861, but circumstances interfered with his plan, and he stayed at Oxford till the following summer.

*To a Sister.*

"Oxford,  
2nd Thursday in Lent, 1862.

"The Lent Sermons are just as good as usual. Mr. Carter's of last Friday about the Temptation of our Blessed LORD was most splendid.

A friend of mine, Urquhart, has been staying a week with me prior to entering Holy Orders. He is ordained next Sunday by S. Oxon<sup>1</sup> at Aylesbury.

Mr. Lowder's Mission to Bedminster is getting on, I hear, very well; it will be over next Monday.<sup>2</sup>

The subject of debate here to-night is—'That the promotion of marriages on limited means is likely to improve the moral condition of England.' It will be an amusing debate, so I am sorry I shall miss it, as I have to attend a Meeting of the Architectural Society on 'Jerusalem,' when a paper of great curiosity and interest is going to be read."

*To the same.*

"Oxford,  
Thursday 4th in Lent, 1862.

"Our old Friend Mr. Liddell of St. Paul's preached yesterday evening, a very poor sermon. H. P. Liddon preaches to-morrow, I am going to have a friend down from town to hear him.

The Theatres are to be open during the Holy Week you see.<sup>3</sup> I wonder what will come next."

*To the same.*

"9, King Street, Oxford,  
Friday in Passion Week, 1862.

"I hope you will send me 1 yard and a half of white ribbon soon, as I am going to send it up to Elston for an Easter Altar book-marker, and I must have embroidery and gold fringe sewn on.

Fix whatever train will be most suitable to you to come

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> This was the first "Mission," as Missions are now understood, held in the Church of England

<sup>3</sup> In the Licences issued by the Lord Chamberlain for the year beginning 29th of September, 1861, the clause by which Theatres had down to that time been closed in Holy Week was omitted, except as regards Good Friday.

by. You need not come in your swell best frocks as there is hardly anyone up now who would duly appreciate them. Consider convenience and comfort more than anything else. I hope it will be finer and warmer than it is at present, as I think we shall enjoy ourselves very much. The boat race of course is the present excitement. I think Oxford will win, but Cambridge has been daily improving, so that it will be a hard fight, I fancy."

*To the same.*

"Oxford,  
Saturday in Passion Week, 1862.

"I got your ribbon all right to-day and am having gold crosses and fringe sewn on.

Do not leave home on Holy Saturday before the afternoon if you think they may want you in the morning, altho' you cannot be here too soon for me. . . . You can't be looking forward to your coming more than I do, I am quite sure.

We have won the race, as you will see, by some six lengths.<sup>1</sup>

Believe me with every good wish for Holy Week,  
Your most affectionate brother."

*To the same.*

"Oxford,  
(Summer Term), 1862.

"S. George's Mission is going to be urged from 7 pulpits in Oxford this Commemoration; from the University Church too, St. Mary's—is not that grand? I hope Mr. Mackonochie will stay next Sunday with me, but swells will be sure to want him to stay with them. He generally stays with Liddon, Mr. Liddon preaches at Westminster Abbey, so I hope he will stay with me. Liddon will be grand at Westminster, if M. weren't coming to Oxford I should go up to hear him."<sup>2</sup>

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Arthur Stanton's life, so far as it can be traced through written records, was a life of continuous growth in grace and piety. It contains no history of conversion, whether gradual

<sup>1</sup> "Oxford won by half a minute in 24 min. 40 sec. This would mean over six lengths, or more than 100 yards." Ed. *The Field*.

<sup>2</sup> The Dean of Westminster was then R. C. Trench.

or sudden, nor of any conscious change from darkness to light.<sup>1</sup> He had been trained by an anxious mother in a well-ordered home, where the traditions were religious but not ecclesiastical. With no pressure from outside, he seems from his earliest boyhood to have inclined towards the Catholic form of religion, and he dated his definite acceptance of it from his undergraduate days. His parents' plan for him had been that he should enter the hereditary business, but he had already realized his vocation to the Priesthood, and his father, a liberal-minded man, put no obstacle in his way. On the contrary, Mr. Stanton bought the advowson of Tetbury, then reputed to be worth £1000 a year, and intended it to be a provision for his son.<sup>2</sup> Thus it was a settled point that Arthur was to be ordained, but where was he to begin his ministry? Reference was made in Mr. Urquhart's letter to the riots at St. George's-in-the-East; and, as they had a decisive influence on Arthur Stanton's life, some fuller description of them should be given here.

The riots were due nominally to the ritualistic practices of the Rector, Bryan King, but according to the late J. M. Ludlow, "were largely stimulated by the Jewish sweaters, whose proceedings Mr. King's curates, Messrs Mackonochie and Lowder, had the unheard-of temerity to denounce and interfere with."<sup>3</sup> Of Lowder's<sup>4</sup> devoted life and ministry there is no need now to speak, but a word must be said of his colleague. A. H. Mackonochie<sup>5</sup> was a Scotsman by descent, and intensely Scottish in mind and character. He had joined the staff of St. George's-in-the-East in 1858, and in dealing with these disturbances he displayed a signal courage and an even more remarkable calmness. These qualities, superadded to his pastoral zeal, attracted the favourable attention of Mr. J. G. Hubbard (afterwards Lord Addington) who, like every other Churchman in London, was watching the scandals at St. George's with anxious interest.

Mr. Hubbard, whose zeal and munificence were as notable as his personal piety, determined to build a church for the

<sup>1</sup> He was confirmed in the chapel of Rugby School, May 29, 1855.

<sup>2</sup> On his father's death Arthur Stanton declined this bequest, and the advowson was eventually sold by his family.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Economic Review*, July, 1896.

<sup>4</sup> C. F. Lowder (1820-1880).

<sup>5</sup> (1825-1887)



poor in the slums of Holborn. A site was given by Lord Leigh, the freeholder ; and on it Mr. Hubbard built and endowed the beautiful church of St. Alban the Martyr. The new parish was formed by detaching from the Mother-parish of St. Andrew an irregular parallelogram, bounded by Holborn, Leather Lane, Gray's Inn Road, and Clerkenwell Road. The public approach to the new church on the north side was through Baldwin's Gardens, and Mr. Hubbard built an excellent Clergy House in Brooke Street, adjoining the church on the south side.

While the church was building, the founder naturally made a careful search for a suitable priest to undertake the new charge ; and, after much deliberation and negotiation, his choice fell on A. H. Mackonochie, who was instituted to the benefice on the 3rd of January, 1863. The church was not consecrated till the 21st of February, 1863 ; but Mackonochie had already been at work in the district for nine months. The Clergy House being fit for occupation, he established himself there at Easter, 1862, not being as yet technically Incumbent, but only a licensed Curate of St. Andrew's Parish. The first service was held on Sunday, the 11th of May, in a room over a costermonger's fish-shop, at the corner of Baldwin's Gardens ; and in the following month the services were moved to the basement of a house in Greville Street, where a cellar had been converted into a chapel, and there they were conducted till the church was consecrated. Meanwhile Mackonochie and Stanton had become acquainted, and this was an important event alike in the life of the elder and of the younger man.

We saw in Mr. Urquhart's letter that Catholic-minded undergraduates, moved to indignation by the outrages at St. George's, used to crowd round the persecuted clergy there, proffering sympathy and help. The austere Butler, Vicar of Wantage, when urging Mr. Hubbard to choose Mackonochie for St. Alban's, unsympathetically described this enthusiastic band as "a number of young donkeys, who have got about him, and pushed on a mind only too willing to go ahead." It would be a fairer way of stating his case to say that Mackonochie's fervent zeal and self-sacrificing life attracted the reverence of young and generous hearts ; and Stanton's was exactly the nature to respond most eagerly to such an appeal. The riots increased in ferocity, and Stanton threw himself into the



fray. "One night the roughs had intended to wreck the altar, but Stanton, who had been singing in the choir, stood in the opening of the rails in his surplice, with his arms folded, and looked at them. No one would be the first to strike him, and the altar was saved."<sup>1</sup>

Peace was eventually restored, and Stanton frequently revisited St. George's, whence on Easter Eve, 1861, he wrote to his sister.

"May you have a very happy Easter. I wish you were up here to enter into it, as the Church's highest festival. We begin this evening, singing in procession 'JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day.' Good Friday was kept very well, the streets being perfectly quiet until after 3 o'clock. It was a great blessing to us up here."

Another influence which helped to shape Stanton's course was his friendship with a brother-undergraduate at Trinity, Henry Thornhill Morgan, who, being a cousin of Mr. Hubbard, was deeply interested in the new church and parish. When Mackonochie accepted the incumbency of St. Alban's, the conjunction of the man and the work appeared to offer an unique opportunity of usefulness, on the lines which Stanton specially desired. In after-years he said: "It was Liddon who first sent me to St. Alban's. He had been my ideal at Oxford, and his influence over me was maintained by my six months' sojourn at Cuddesdon."

The following letters to his mother show the workings of his mind:—

"Oxford,  
Friday, May 23, 1862.

"I certainly do very much wish to begin work in Holy Orders in Holborn. I had an hour's talk with Mr. Mackonochie in London about it and was very pleased with all he said. The only *possible* objection that can be raised is on the score of health and I do not think in my case this holds good, as London always agrees with me so well and I like living there better than anywhere, and the magnificent Clergy House (for I must call it magnificent, thanks to Mr. Hubbard's liberality) so clean, new, and comfortable, and in which I should spend a

<sup>1</sup> I have this tradition from the Rev. V. S. S. Coles.

greater part of the 24 hours, gives you anything but the idea of unhealthiness.

But *to me* the far greater chance of keeping well lies in the fact of the avoidance of all the many difficulties and heart-rendings, which must necessarily arise in beginning work in Holy Orders in an isolated position. There the difficulty of any one of the Clergy will be shared by all, and so responsibility and anxiety, which would I think tell more against my health than the air of Holborn, will be avoided.

Besides is the air of Holborn likely to be injurious to my health? I certainly honestly believe *not*. But should it be, Holborn is not like India or the Cape. It is only 106 miles from Upfield and two and a half hours will transmit me there.

I really do now hope I have demolished the only real objection. I do not believe you appreciate the kindness of all my friends up here. I believe *real friendship* never exhibits itself more strongly than here in Oxford, and my friends to whom I have told my plan are delighted, and it is through the exertions of one<sup>1</sup> of them that I have got 'this splendid chance' as they all say. Of the advantages they mean some are these—

First, being under Mackonochie.

Secondly, having one of the most splendid churches in London.

Thirdly, being one of many clergy with whom there would be entire sympathy and oneness of purpose.

Fourthly (an attraction to me), being in London, where I have *always* wished to begin work.

Fifthly, a general invitation to go any day down to the Morgans who are cousins of Mr. Hubbard.

Sixthly, the newness and comfortableness of the Clergy House.

Seventhly (an attraction to you), being always subject to a sort of secular supervision by Charles.

No : did I, irrespective of anything, choose where I should like to go above all, it would be to the dear old Mission in St.

<sup>1</sup> H. T. Morgan.

George's-in-the-East, but to this you will see there are objections. And as for Charles, I will back the air of Holborn to be pretty much the same as it is at the Temple two or three hundred yards off."

"I hope certainly you will not allow yourself to be prejudiced against Mr. Mackonochie by his photograph in my book. Dark eyes and hair and a large nose do not necessitate a Jesuit. No, everyone who knows him knows how true and loyal he is to the Church of England. Without any doubt he is a very high churchman, but I could not work honestly and with good heart, with anyone who is not. I should be in an entirely false position, and should be subjecting myself to annoyances and want of sympathy, which might prove unsettling. You certainly give me much more credit for zeal than I feel I can appropriate, but even earnest zeal must be overruled by discretion or else it becomes an extravagance, and discretion *will* form a part of the system at S. Alban's."

In the year 1862, a Catholic-minded undergraduate, setting his face towards Holy Orders, was pretty sure to become a student at the Theological College of Cuddesdon, which had been established by Bishop Wilberforce in 1853. Liddon, who was now Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, had been Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon, and always retained his affectionate interest in the place, recommending candidates for Orders to study there. Among Liddon's disciples in the University was Arthur Stanton, who, together with some undergraduate friends, Robert Suckling, and (later) Henry Morgan, made choice for Cuddesdon when the time for a Theological College should arrive. Stanton took his B.A. on the 26th of June, 1862, and went into residence at Cuddesdon six weeks later. The Principal of the College was then Henry Hutchinson Swinny, an Evangelical churchman of the most saintly type; the Vice-Principal was W. H. Davey, afterwards Dean of Llandaff; and the Chaplain, Edward King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. Forty years later, Stanton thus recalled the usage of the College Chapel—"I had not been at Cuddesdon a month before the Principal most kindly and lovingly expostulated on the practice of hearing Mass, and so I had to substitute Midday

Communion, which ended in my having an abscess on the instep."

Some more agreeable incidents are recorded in the following letters:—

*To his Mother.*

"All the choir-boys are gone up to the Exhibition,<sup>1</sup> and so we have to depend on our own efforts to support the singing in Church.

The Bishop being away, we have all his grounds to stroll about; which is a delicious luxury this dusty weather. To-day a perfect hurricane has been blowing.

I am thinking of beginning a little Hebrew. The Vice-Principal says he will coach me in it, and I think I shall take the opportunity. There is a charming Theological Library here, I only wish I had time and understanding to make a good use of it; I intend doing what I can . . .

As you want to know the aim of the College, I send you our Principal's Address; it does not breathe much Hard Discipline, etc. I wish it did more, but I like the reverent Evangelical tone of it very much."

*To the same.*

"I feel quite a medical man this evening, because we sent into Oxford to-day for a skeleton which duly arrived and a medical doctor, now a cleric, a former student here, has been giving us a lecture to give us some clue how to treat some of the more ordinary casualties which come under the scope of clerical assistance.

So what with the rudiments of Music and Hebrew, I am very much occupied at present. We have the whole run of the Bishop's garden, and play croquet on the lawn which does not improve it. Mrs. Swinny, the Principal's wife, having made the College a present of the implements."

*To the same.*

"I quite re-echo your sentiment that 'the heart of man should be *always* with GOD.' It is I think the one ideal

<sup>1</sup> The second International Exhibition was held at South Kensington from May 1 to November 1, 1862.

a Christian is to strive after, ever realizing His Presence, nor should I fear the narrowness of mind resulting from having one's whole being centred on that one Object, which makes the natural life entirely subservient to the spiritual life.

I confess *I do* believe in sacerdotal 'intervention,' or rather as I should term it, mediation. I think it is the basis of the Christian scheme of salvation, and the more I read the Bible the more my convictions are strengthened. I am glad you mentioned these two points in your letter, as it gives me an opportunity of openly telling you what I do believe, and what will therefore be the Principle on which my future work as a clergyman *must* be conducted.

The Principal's Address has led you wrong. We are only expected to attend one service in church and Evening Prayers in our chapel."

At this time Liddon was Stanton's Confessor ; and some of his letters may be reproduced.

*H. P. L. to A. H. S.*

" August 29, 1862.

" I am very glad indeed to get tidings of you at Cuddesdon and to find that, on the whole, it does not disappoint you. The Principal, I feel sure, will be a blessing to you as he is to all who are brought into close contact with him. And if the system of the College does not yield all that you could imagine or wish, you will feel that it does at least afford very many opportunities for growth in holiness—opportunities of which it is a great duty to make the most while you have them. It depends upon a man himself whether such a place is to be a blessing to him or no. All the real work—all that will last—must be wrought alone—on your knees—and with God. Compared with the great question of growth in habits of private prayer—mental or vocal—the little external matters are not of great consequence. Of course in a mixed assembly of young men there must be some who don't sympathize with you. How could it be otherwise when we reflect for a moment on the actual condition of the English Church ? But be very tender and respectful towards their criticisms, even if they seem to you harsh, and as you say ' selfish.' Perhaps it is so. But these men have not had your opportunities of knowing

Truth. It may be that they are now encountering it, or some portions of it, for the first time in their lives. A certain shock—a certain appearance of intolerance—is inseparable from a first encounter. That must be allowed for; and moreover be very sure that you don't add to their difficulties. In statements of truth, carefully avoid anything in the way of rhetoric or exaggeration. In postures, etc., in Chapel, be as much like others *as possible*.

Of course I do not forget that you may be unable to imitate some of their ways. *E.g.*, On no account should I rise from my knees while any of the Consecrated Elements were unconsumed, either at the time of Communion or at the conclusion of the Service. To do so would be to imply that you believed only in a Presence in the Soul of the Receiver—and those who know how much depends upon the Revealed Truth that Our Lord is present in and under the Sacramental Elements after Consecration, whether He is received or no—could never consent to let the point appear to be one of indifference. On the other hand, as to bowing at *Gloria Patri*, turning to the East, etc., I should do as the others do: reverence, no doubt, suggests the Church Practice, but charity may plead for its temporary suspension. So indeed as to all details when grave doctrine is not immediately concerned: and at the Communion, I would carefully avoid excessive prostration—kneel—but kneel quietly up. To this I need not add how all-important it is in talking with others to avoid the slightest assumption of superiority on the ground of larger religious knowledge. It is of no merit of ours, but of His own boundless mercy, that God has taught us whatever we know about Him: and we cannot but reflect often and with humiliation and sorrow how little fruit that Truth has borne—how much it would have borne in those who as yet have to learn it. As to being considered 'extreme' I should not mind that. Probably men do not think and speak of you as you surmise. But if they do—the whole phraseology in question—'extreme,' 'moderate,' etc., etc., is only used by persons who have never seriously reflected on the conditions which determine the reception of Divine Truth by the human soul. If the truths of Revelation were like articles of dress—things which you could put on or take off at pleasure, then no doubt good taste would dictate an avoidance of extremes of colour or



form, and the object would be to resemble everybody else as closely as possible. But if our Eternal Probation turns not a little upon our faithfulness to light—if, as is clear, the whole area of religious questions is really divisible only into Truth and Falsehood—then, it becomes every thinking man, conscious of his deep responsibility to God on the score of what he holds and what he sets aside—to observe closely the precise authority upon which the Catholic Church claims his acceptance and then to hold it, even though others (who perhaps would not find it very easy to prove to themselves satisfactorily the claims of the Canon of either Testament)—may pronounce him ‘extreme.’ And above all do not show any irritation with them—they are feeling their way; they have not as yet any clear Standard of Truth and Error to guide them; and much of their future may depend upon the firmness and yet the tender and gentle charity with which you meet their scrutiny.

These difficulties, my dear Stanton, are only a foretaste of your ministerial life. Earth is no place for realizing ideals or for escaping disappointments. Sooner or later the prospect of one’s earlier vision of Truth is over-clouded: and the sombre realities take their place along the horizon. If we have the Channels of Union with Him Who is our Life, intact—that is enough. That is all that *I* at least ever look for as things are: it is more, I feel it every day of my life, than I deserve. Let us strive to make the most of the Gifts of our All-Merciful Lord, that we may be prepared for Him when He comes. He is sure to come sooner than we think likely.”

In the summer of 1862 the Bishop of London<sup>1</sup> had said to Stanton, “If you go to Mackonochie of St. Alban’s you must never expect any Church preferment.” But this warning had no terrors for the young enthusiast, who on the 3rd of November, wrote thus from Cuddesdon to his sister—

“All Saints’ Day was our village festival, so the church is decorated; really very well, and there were grand doings in the shape of dinner, tea, and concert during the day; but I drove into Oxford to see my College Tutor who gave

<sup>1</sup> A. C. Tait (1811–1882).

me two beautiful books,<sup>1</sup> and talked in a very kind way indeed.

I have just been reading the life of Holy Bishop Ken ; he certainly was a man of love, and fought a good fight for the English Church in her many vicissitudes in the 16th century.

I have not heard yet from the Bishop of London altho' I am quite expecting to. I hope he won't want me to go up and see him now as I want to be quiet."

*To the same.*

"Cuddesdon (Nov. 1862).

"Our poor Principal, whose life always hangs on a thread, and who never can feel any confidence of living a week is, and has been from Sunday, very ill indeed ; last night he was in great danger, and although he rallied a little to-day a relapse seems to have come on this evening. The blessing of having so good and spiritually minded a man among us here will of course make his removal, if such should be God's will, a great loss to us . . . I am very glad I have known him, although but for so small a time ; yet long enough I think to stamp his remarkable character upon one's memory."

*To the same.*

"Cuddesdon (Nov. 1862).

"I have not heard from the Bishop of London yet. I dare say I shall not go up to see him before I go for the Ordination Examination itself, which will take place about the 20th of next month.

Dr. Jeune<sup>2</sup> is quite a Low Churchman I fancy, and I do not think so earnest a man as many of the leading men of that school are, but as long as the system of Church appointments is such as it is, it is idle to complain of individual ones. Of course if hard work and a compromising spirit is a recommendation, S. Oxon ought to have gone to York.<sup>3</sup> . . . Mr. Liddon has come back to Oxford. I had the pleasure of a walk with him the other day : he has been very ill indeed,

<sup>1</sup> R. C. Trench on "The Parables," and "The Miracles," thus inscribed: "Arthur H. Stanton, Trinity College, Oxford, from S. W. Wayte, with kind regards."

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, wished to succeed Longley as Archbishop of York, Nov. 1862. See his *Life*, vol. iii.

but, thank God, is well enough now to get about again. Our Principal too is better, so all things seem to go well now. I quite long to be ordained and begin work at Xmas, but should anything occur to prevent my being so, I hope quite to see God's will in postponing it till I am better prepared to undertake so awful a responsibility."

*To the same.*

"Nov. 22, 1862.

"I go to see the Bishop of London on Monday. My ordination will of course depend to a great extent on the result of the interview, as he, the Bishop, has most kindly consented to remove all the *legal* difficulties which stand in the way of my getting a Title from Mackonochie, the church not being yet consecrated."

*To his Mother.*

"I went to see the Bishop of London on Monday (Nov. 24). My interview was on the whole fairly satisfactory, and circumstantially nothing stands in the way of my ordination at Xmas, except a stiff examination, which I hope to get over all right. It begins in three weeks; when I suppose all the candidates will stay at the Palace at Fulham from the Thursday till the Sunday when the Ordination takes place. . . .

I hear Dean Ellicott is to be Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. He is a very clever man indeed and has written a splendid Commentary on some of the Epistles, and the Life of our Blessed Lord, and is a very fair churchman, I believe, so the appointment bids fair to be a good one. . . .

The seriousness of my position becomes every day more apparent to me, I hope my dear Mother you will pray that the sole object of my life henceforth may be, simply really and solely, for the glory of God."

Who can doubt that the mother's prayers were offered and heard and answered?

*H. P. Liddon to A. H. S.*

"Nov. 26, 1862.

"I am sorry to hear of your bad foot. The journey to town can have done it no good. You will be careful not to stir till you can do so without risk of mischief.

If then Tuesday at 4 will do, we will say *that* day.

I hope that your interview with the Bishop of London passed off to your satisfaction."

At this point enters the Incumbent-Designate of St. Alban's.

"Dec. 1, 1862.

"MY DEAR STANTON,

I am sorry to have kept your papers so long. The peculiar circumstances of the case involved some deviation from the routine form, about which I was obliged to see the Bishop's Legal Secretary. I am obliged to give you a nominal salary of 5/- to save the duty upon the licence—only *Stipendiary Curates* are exempt from stamp-duty. This will oblige you to sign the declaration of your intention to receive the whole of that large sum 'without deduction or reservation.' Will you kindly fill up your second Christian name where I have left blanks for the purpose.

Yours very affectly.,

in our Blessed Lord,

ALEX. HERIOT MACKONCHIE."

As Embertide drew nigh Stanton wrote thus to his sister—

"You said you would like to give a stole at my ordination. Wells has just given me a black one, a very nice one indeed, so I think if you will do me a text for my room it will be better as I don't think that as a deacon I should want more than a black stole.

I shall go up to London next Tuesday (Dec. 16) to be at Fulham on Wednesday. I hope to stay at St. Alban's rather than at Fulham, if Mr. Mackonochie has got the room ready for me.

The text I should like is to be for my chimney-piece, it is one that is most cheering if work seems to be hard, and things to go not quite as one would wish. The first letter and the last word are to be Red, the rest black, all in plain downright letters.

RELINQUITUR SABBATISMUS POPULO DEI.

The English being 'There remaineth a Rest to the people of GOD,' or rather more correctly, 'A Sabbath,' *i.e.* an endless Sabbath of love, joy, and peace for ever and ever. I shall write again before Ordination. . . .

If you find a black frock coat of mine will you send it in a parcel as I may want it at Fulham, as I believe the examinees get up in a semi-clerical costume."

*H. P. Liddon to A. H. S.*

"Dec. 17, 1862.

"I beg you not to attempt to go without meat on any one of these Ember Days. You need not eat unnecessary luxuries because other people do. You will look upon this as my very earnest desire.

Try to keep your mind off anything distressing in the Examination or at the Ordination itself. Make the most of spare moments of time for Prayer to our Lord, asking Him to give you a spirit of self-devotion and love, and to enable you to offer your future life to Him in truth and deed."

On the 20th of December, 1862, Stanton writes to his mother from Fulham Palace—

"I shall be ordained to-morrow at the Chapel at Whitehall<sup>1</sup> at Eleven o'clock. I go to St. Alban's this afternoon. The Bishop has been most kind, and I have quite enjoyed my stay here.<sup>2</sup> I shall soon write again, most probably going down to Cuddesdon, to get a day's quiet and to pack up, on Monday."

The Ordination duly took place on Sunday, December 21, and on the 23rd Stanton wrote from Cuddesdon—

<sup>1</sup> The Banqueting Hall at Whitehall was used as a Chapel Royal (unconsecrated) from the accession of George I. till 1890.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Tait built the Private Chapel at Fulham in 1866-7, and Stanton presented an Altar-cloth. The Bishop thus acknowledged the gift:

"April 16, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

Your gift to the chapel at Fulham will be most highly prized, both by myself and by all others who are connected with the place.

I trust we shall see you at the consecration at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 on Monday, 6th May.

Ever yours faithfully,  
A. C. LONDON."

"Yesterday I returned here to pack, etc. Just before I arrived our dear old Principal died. The term was over, he was wishing the last man going down one of his affectionate farewells, when he sank back into a chair, and with a sigh died. Poor Mrs. Swinny took me to see him last night. She took a great pleasure in telling me how he was always talking and thinking about me during the last week, and we said some prayers together kneeling beside him. . . .

I have written to Mackonochie to say that should I be of any use here to the family I shall not return to St. Alban's to receive the Communion on Christmas day with my fellow-clergy, as I had intended. The Principal's parting blessing, and prayers for God's protection throughout my life, and our last shake of the hands, both with tears in our eyes, are the last things I think about him now. I feel it an awfully responsible blessing having known the last days of one who has lived so entirely to God throughout his whole life."

*H. P. Liddon to A. H. S. on the choice of a Confessor.*

"Dec. 26, 1862.

"It would I should think be better for you to go to one always at hand: as my being at Oxford will be more liable to interruptions than heretofore, and I shall no longer be able to offer you a bed.<sup>1</sup> You must however decide for yourself, and as seems best for the well-being of your Soul.

The Principal's sudden death shocked me greatly. You will feel it to have been no common privilege to have been thrown into such intimate contact with a holy soul hovering upon the brink of the other world. He is doubtless at peace. May you, my dear friend, endeavour to turn any feelings and aspirations which this solemn occasion may have inspired to a practical account—to the success of your Ministry and the glory of God."

<sup>1</sup> Liddon had now resigned his post at St. Edmund Hall, and gone into residence at Christ Church. On the 17th of February, 1863, he wrote: "Of the names you mention, I should certainly recommend Mr. White—perhaps because I know him well. He is a very good man, and I should think would be a very wise adviser. No doubt Mr. Mackonochie is right in not receiving the confessions of his Curates."



*A. H. S. to his Mother.*

"Cuddesdon,  
St. John's Day, 1862.

"We have just buried our dear old Principal. The Bishop took the service and is going to preach to-morrow a sermon about him. Mrs. Swinny and all the Family behaved in a most Christian way thro'out it all."

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We have now conducted Arthur Stanton through childhood and boyhood and early manhood to, and across, the threshold of the wonderful half-century which he was permitted to spend in the ordained service of his Master. The words in which, in later years, he described his first sermon may fitly bring this chapter to a close.

"It was in December, 1862, and St. Alban's, Holborn, although built and completed, was not opened for divine service; there had been some hitch somewhere, and the opening was postponed; but the services of the newly formed district were carried on in a very 'Early Church' manner in a sort of catacomb—i.e., in a kitchen and cellar fitted up very plainly, a picture of which remains here till this day. There was nothing to suggest the magnificence of public worship which has been credited to St. Alban's since. The only light came in from the pavement, and the coal-cellar was the little vestry, not big enough for a cope and most unsuitable for a lace alb. Our choir's efforts were interrupted with 'yah,' and 'O Jerusalem!' shouted down the grating. It was here I preached my first sermon.

"It had been a remarkable Christmas for me. Just ordained deacon in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, it was the handsel of my clerical career. I had come up from Cuddesdon in December, full of enthusiasms and anticipations such as might be expected of a young zealot from a Theological College. Would not London yield to the Gospel if it were preached in the streets? would it not bring light into the dark lives of myriads? would not the sweet story bring out the love that must lie somewhere in the hearts of men, and could not I do this? So I dreamed when I saw the lights as I came into the great city. Oh, if it were not that our young men saw visions, hope would die out. Then at once, the reality—dirt, squalor, indifference, hatred, misery; and ere the year died out the

disillusionment had set in, and now all that is clean knocked out of me. I dream no more. . . .

"Fr. Mackonochie asked me to preach for the first time next Sunday evening<sup>1</sup> in our little subterranean church. I remember feeling the same creepy sensation I used to at Rugby when Mr. Bradley, my tutor, afterwards Dean of Westminster, put me on to translate a portion of Greek Play, with which my acquaintance was of the very thinnest description. Although I had made copious notes, I kept the MS. in my pocket, and do not remember any discomfiture in the delivery. The subject of the sermon I forget, remembering only the text, which I had selected because I thought it appropriate to the occasion, the last Sunday of the year, and also because it was the passage that the aged Bishop Fisher found when he opened his New Testament on the way to execution—a tragedy of our history that had at that time fixed itself upon my mind. It was St. John xvii. 3: 'And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, Whom Thou hast sent.' "

<sup>1</sup> Dec. 28, 1862.

## CHAPTER II

### MINISTRY

WHAT manner of man was Arthur Stanton when he began his work at St. Alban's? In the first place, he was strikingly handsome: "a tall, slight, dark young man, with large eyes at once penetrating and dreamy, and a very firm, determined mouth." His olive skin and intensely black hair gave him something of a foreign look, though by blood he was a pure John Bull. Beauty is sometimes a synonym for effeminacy, but every line of Stanton's face gave the world assurance of a Man. His features were strongly marked, the mobile mouth being perhaps too wide for statuesque perfection, and the chin powerfully developed.

He bore himself with a singular grace and dignity, and his whole air suggested that intense joy in living which is the richest boon of perfect health. A layman who worked with him at St. Alban's writes: "He was a very strong man in those days. He liked to go up into the belfry—and I used to go with him—to ring the big tenor bell before Evensong: sometimes I could pull it up to full swing, other times I could not; but he could always get it up in two or three pulls. I remember one Sunday morning seeing him after breakfast take Fr. Russell in his arms as though he had been a child. On one occasion I saw him carry a paralysed old man from Baldwin's Gardens into church, and after the service carry him home. It seemed no great effort."

A word must be said of his political faith, for it was part of his nature. In his case it might be truly said that Liberalism was not a set of opinions, but a temper of mind. As a child he was playing in the pantry at his father's house, and the butler remonstrated with him, saying, "Now, Master Arthur, this is no place for a young gentleman." To which "Master Arthur" replied: "Now please don't say

that, because you are quite as much a gentleman as I am." In maturer years, he was fond of expressing his politics in a phrase borrowed from Lacordaire: "I know no Liberalism except that which I have sucked in from the breasts of the Gospel." He was, by the law of his being, on the side of the "under-dog." His radicalism sprang directly from his intense belief in the Brotherhood of Man. Once, when he had promised to give a lecture at Stroud, he wrote thus about the title: "You may call it 'CHRIST and Fraternity.' But as the only thing I care much for is Socialism, I am a very dangerous lecturer." He revered Freedom as God's great gift, and he was never tired of insisting on these two texts, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty": "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." On Easter Day, 1874, addressing the assembled guilds in St. Alban's Church, he pointed to a representation of our Lord with a banner in His hand, and thus explained it: "There you see Him, rising victorious from the grave. And what does He carry? A banner. Yes, and what banner? *The Banner of Liberty*—the liberty which by His death He bought for every human soul."

Two or three letters belonging to this period may be inserted here. His constant correspondents were the twin-sisters, to one of whom he wrote in January, 1863—

"Yesterday we were so busy entertaining the Choir and School and Communicants to Christmas Tree and tea, etc., that I could not write to tell you of my safe arrival, etc.

I am now settling down; I have not yet got my bookshelves and so am without my books, but Butterfield has promised to send them soon.

The church is to be consecrated on the 29th,<sup>1</sup> so our services in the cellar will soon come to a close; yesterday the Choir sang Christmas Carols after the Evening Service and the cellar was crowded. . . . Your text looks very well over the chimney-piece."

*To his Mother.*

"All the work is very real and interesting. Some of my parishioners are infidels and sceptics, and tell me that they

<sup>1</sup> The consecration was deferred at Mr. Hubbard's request.

won't have anything to do with me because I am a clergyman, and they don't believe in or care about anything clergymen say. Others say they have heard we are 'Papists and Catholics,' and that they are Protestants, and will not have anything to do with us. There are no better classes. The abject poor are apt to look upon us as relieving officers, and write to us as Brothers of Charity. A letter came the other day, directed to 'The Malevolent Brother of Charity,' meaning 'benevolent,' but it was an Irish bull from an Irishman. I believe a man so full of kindness, firmness, and love as Mackonochie could make way anywhere."

*To the same.*

"You must not look for my being long with you. . . . The work here is intensely interesting, really without a pause from morning till night, and one always feels certain qualms at leaving it."

*To the same.*

"I was with Charles this morning when he got your letter with the two £10 notes in it, and we intend to go together some day next week to choose the watch; so needful do I find a watch when time to me is really of great importance and punctuality the best way of saving it, that I have got Mr. Mackonochie to lend me a watch of his which I have until I can choose the one you give me—besides it is a kind of present which will always remind me of you, being always with me and lasting one's time too."

*To the same.*

"The work here is very interesting; it is hard, no doubt, but real and definite, and doing it is a satisfaction in itself. The postponement of the Consecration disappointed us all for we need a larger place for our services than the present room."

*To the same.*

"Charles and I have bought the watch. . . . Charles declares you think I shall be garotted now, and kept telling

me to walk in the middle of the streets, and finally to go to bed directly I got home. But I keep my watch in my waistcoat pocket, which is always underneath my cassock or coat buttoned tightly over it, so that it is neither visible nor stealable to the most experienced pickpocket, I should think. Of course you could not have given me a nicer present. One's books and watch they say become part of one's self, but this applies especially to the latter, as so often as I feel its companionship, I hope I shall think of that real union which I pray will exist for ever between us.

Yesterday at Evening Prayers we had 64 people in our little room; and as Mr. Mackonochie had a swollen face I preached them an extempore sermon; anything that is simple and earnest they feel, so it is not a great difficulty."

#### *To a Sister.<sup>1</sup>*

"You will be glad to hear that there is a prospect of getting our church consecrated before Lent. It only remains to see if the Bishop can spare the time; it is quite possible he cannot as we have given him so short a notice. If he should be able, we should fix Shrove Tuesday. Of course if this is the day fixed we shall only keep one day as a festival, and put off our octave till the Feast of St. Alban. Neither will the Consecration services or ritual be at all grand, but very plain and severe, coming within the Septuagesima season.

But anything to get the church opened before Lent. Our efforts during that season will be quite cramped if we have to put up with our little cellar, in which last Sunday the congregation numbered 80, there being seats for 50. . . . I hope the new Principal of Cuddesdon will be the former Chaplain Mr. King, as he is a very good man indeed and a good churchman too. Both he and the Vice-Principal have been up to look after me and a great many of my Oxford and Cuddesdon friends, so that I am obliged to fix to be in from 2 to 3.30 o'clock to receive visitors."

<sup>1</sup> Unless some other indication is given, a letter to a sister is addressed either to "Twin Emmy" or to "Twin Rose"—sometimes to both.



*To the same.*

"S. Oxon<sup>1</sup> called in to see us while we were dining yesterday. We are going to try and get him to preach for us one of the days of our Summer Festival."

*To the same.*

"I am getting more into the work, and the duties do not seem quite so strange and new although they hardly seem yet to be part and parcel of one of the natural course of things. For the next month we shall be very busy indeed, with all the preparations for the Consecration and Mr. Lowder is going to have a little holiday from St. George's so that his work will devolve upon us too. I took Evening Prayers there last Thursday and Friday ; on the first day there was a Christening to succeed ; on the Friday (I was told in vestry) a sermon, so I preached extempore for half an hour. I do not know who are to be our preachers for the octave of the Consecration, but a great quantity of swells, Mr. Liddon among the number, and Mr. Toogood the former incumbent of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and Mr. Blunt the present one.

I have begun regular house-to-house visiting ; you have no notion how crude the people are, and what curious places they live in, how they make the most of the little space and money they have got.

I baptized a poor little sick child the other day ; the parents stared to see me put on my surplice and stole, but they liked the pains I took about it, and seemed very grateful."

*To his Mother.*

"I simply write now because I do not suppose I shall have any time to do so towards the end of the week, as the Consecration draws near, and you have not heard from me for so long.

You can hardly imagine how we all look forward to getting into the church. I daresay all that is done there will be criticized, both favourably and unfavourably, but we are quite prepared, I hope, for any amount of it."

St. Alban's Church was consecrated by Bishop Tait on the 21st of February, 1863. On the 27th of March Mr. Charles

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

Stanton died after a long illness. Liddon wrote at once to Arthur Stanton :

" I am very sad at hearing of your great distress. You will find comfort in doing all that you possibly can to alleviate the sufferings and anxieties of your Mother and of other members of your family. At such times of trouble hearts are very open to the Voice of God, and if you are at once tender, and watch for opportunities, you may do much of the highest and truest good, which in ordinary circumstances would have been quite beyond your power. May God bless and guard you."

The following letters, written at considerable intervals, show the strength of Stanton's devotion to his father's memory. They are addressed to his mother.

" Easter Monday, April 6, 1863.

" I have had so much to do these last 3 days that I have not had time to write to you before, and now I have only got just ten minutes to write and tell you that I do not forget you and your great trouble. I say '*your* trouble,' because it is yours so peculiarly and to so much greater an extent than it can be to any of us. . . . I hope you did feel some of the joy of Easter through all your grief. I think it has been a very fairly happy one to me. I shall go and see Morgan soon. I know the dear kind fellow will most truly sympathize with me."

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" Dear Papa's kind watchful care for us all, his anxiety about all our little ailments, the anticipation of all our wants, stands out very prominently in all remembrance of him and is certainly a contrast to so much selfishness which (I think) is all round about. GOD bless him for it."

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" There was nothing my dear Father hated more than unreality or humbug of any sort. What he did he did well and thoroughly and fearlessly, and I feel a true-born son of his when fearlessly and bravely I act up to what I believe to be right, doing what I believe ought to be done."

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" I am keeping this day in remembrance of my Father, and so, of course, you come too very much into my thoughts. I have got more and more to love the commemoration of those who

are gone from this earth, who have loved, cared for, worked for, been bound up in what interested me. Aye, and more than this with my Father ; he laboured for me, and I only have entered into the fruit of his labours. All the means of working for GOD which I have, I have from him ; so I believe, if I live for GOD's glory and the salvation of souls it is my Father's work partly, as well as mine. Nor do I doubt but that any little good I may do amongst my fellow-men has his ' GOD speed you.' I only try to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased GOD to call me, and this is what he would have me do.

If love is true it is Eternal, for GOD is love ; and it never diminishes even after those whom we love are gone from amongst us, and we look forward to the time when we shall (if GOD so wills) meet them again in Paradise, with longing hearts."

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*To his Sister.*

"When do you commemorate Papa's death—which day? Write and tell me. I shall send you a wreath of flowers to put on the grave, and shall make a point of receiving Holy Communion. I wish you could too."

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Quite apart from the common experiences of bereavement, his father's death had an important bearing on Arthur Stanton's life. He was now independent in the pecuniary, as in every other, sense. He began to look around and ahead ; and his plan of life did not coincide with that which his father had designed for him. He now declared his unwillingness to take the living of Tetbury, when in course of time it should become vacant ; and indeed he had in the previous year, expressed his misgivings in a letter to his mother.

"I do not think people ever 'suffer' for good scruples, nor do I think their usefulness can possibly be lessened by taking a strictly conscientious line, but believe that in the end it will be far better. As to the existing state of the law concerning Simony, it is a question that can hardly be compassed by letter-writing, so I will reserve my opinion till I come back."

For the moment his whole heart and mind were concentrated on his parochial work. On the 20th of July, 1863, he wrote to his sister :

"I go to Canterbury to-day, for three days' meditation, Communion, and Prayer. I hope great things from it. . . . The Bishop of London confirms here the last day of the month. It is very kind of him to come here again within six months of the Consecration."

To the same sister he writes again after Christmas, 1863.

"Our Festival went off very successfully. . . . Our Midnight Service was magnificent ; every light in the church lit, the Altar surrounded with 60 candles. Some present said they never saw anything so magnificent in the Church of England. Another (a scoffer) said that we 'did not like people to go to evening entertainments on Christmas Eve, but we certainly gave one in church.' We festooned the church, tying up the festoons with bunches of red and yellow immortelles. Next Friday we have our Christmas tea, and so we are very busy getting everything ready. A large tea with the tree lighted, then the tree, then carols—this is the whole of the Evening."

On the 22nd of February, 1864, he wrote to his mother—

"I suppose those 5 miserable men <sup>1</sup> were hanged this morning close to us. The preparations for the crowd expected were on a very large scale. I think a person who could witness by choice such a sight could have very little but the gross earthly nature within him. . . .

Fasting is a General line of conduct and habit of body, not a Particular mortification ; but as, naturally, particular little acts form the whole conduct of man, so, spiritually, little acts go to make up that man who lives only as 'CHRIST lives in him,' and little acts of self-denial whatever they are, I believe are the greatest help to us in trying to bring JESUS home to our hearts, as an ever-present, ever-living, ever-sympathizing FRIEND, with Whom we can (taking HIM by the Hand) draw

<sup>1</sup> The Mutineers of the *Flowery Land*.

'aside into a desert place, and rest awhile,' a short foretaste of resting with Him for ever at home in Heaven.

But do not think we keep a strict Lent here, for there is so much to do that we cannot. This I miss more than anything else—there is too much work for fasting, and not much time for prayer ; but all this God knows."

*To his Sister.*

"Monday in Holy Week, 1864.

"Tell Mama she need not fear about my health. I never entered a Holy Week feeling more strong or more able to undergo the increased exertions. I was very glad Oxford again won the race especially as there were 3 Trinity men in the crew, I believe.

We had some real Eastern palm-branches to carry round the church yesterday, which had a very striking effect."

In the meanwhile, in conjunction with his colleague the Rev. Henry Aston Walker, an accomplished musician, Stanton had compiled a book of devotions for the "Three Hours" service, which was observed for the first time at St. Alban's, on Good Friday, 1864. On Easter Eve, 1866, an eye-witness of the service wrote: "Last year, the church was *fairly* full. The year before it certainly was *not* full. Yesterday, it was as certainly *over*-full ; standing-room was not to be found in the accustomed places, and chairs and benches had to be provided for the crowd of people."

Even in these early days of fresh enthusiasm, Stanton was conscious of the perplexities which must always beset the spiritually-minded members of an Established Church. "Essays and Reviews" had forced questions of biblical inspiration and interpretation on the notice of people who aforesaid had been content to accept the Bible as simply the Word of God. The Privy Council had justified the Essayists ; and Stanton, who was from first to last a "Bible-Christian," was distressed by the ambiguous utterances of his Diocesan.<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Liddon for counsel, and Liddon replied on the 11th of March, 1864—

<sup>1</sup> A. C. Tait.

" You do not say what your particular difficulties are, so that I should fear that you may be, dear friend, in some danger of yielding to a general confused sense of uncomfortableness and dissatisfaction, without analysing the points which go to make it up, steadily, honestly, one by one.

That the difficulties of the English Church are very great I should be the last person to deny. But they are less, in my deliberate judgment and belief, than those of the Church of Rome. . . . The Bishop of London is no sample of an English bishop. It may be true that few of the English Bench would endorse all that we think, feel, and hope for. But the Bishop of London is too flagrantly non-representative of the immense majority of the clergy, to give any moral—anything beyond the barest official—weight to anything that he may say or omit to say."

Strengthened by these considerations, Stanton went forward to the Priesthood. On Thursday, May 19, he wrote to his sister : " My daily visits to Fulham have been really quite a luxury this very hot weather, the garden there looks so lovely. They are over to-day. The Ordination is to be in St. Paul's Cathedral next Sunday."

On Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1864, Arthur Stanton was made a Priest in the Church of God. On the 21st of June he struck 25, and next day wrote thus to his sister—

" June 22, 1864.

" Thank you for all your good wishes.

You must wish me to be a good Priest instead of a very bad one, which I am. That's all.

Yes, our decorations are magnificent.<sup>1</sup> We have palm trees, myrtles, curious foreign fir-trees, and magnificent tree-ferns, 14 or 15 feet high, so that the Altar looks embedded in the most magnificent foliage. Such magnificent decoration has not been I believe attempted before in the English Church.

I am going to one of the most luxurious and extravagant public dinners in London this evening with a member of our congregation,—the Public Dinner of the Vintners' Company. Everything that can be had is to be had ; Mr. Walker does not let me alone about it, and is always offering me turtle and

<sup>1</sup> For St. Alban's Day, June 17.



whitebait, over bread and cheese, and Punch and Hock over stout and water."

An amusing glimpse of what a hostile newspaper called "High Jinks at St. Alban's" is given in the following letter to his sister, describing the Harvest Festival of 1864—

"Thank you for the flowers. The yellow pompons are all on the Altar and look most gay; they were the gayest flowers sent. We have put two sheaves of corn and some bunches of grapes round the white Cross as emblems of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the rest of the Super-Altar is covered with ferns and flowers and those beautiful dahlias you sent. Where did you get them from, the scarlet ones I mean?

The screen is wreathed with oats, barley and wheat, and bunches of chrysanthemums, a row of apples, pears, lemons, and oranges making a beading at the bottom. Grapes and sheaves of corn are placed at the entrance of the choir; and by the Chancel pillars a pile of beans, carrots and turnips.

The people are delighted. The church yesterday evening was crammed.

We had three Celebrations of the Blessed Eucharist, 7, 9, 11; nearly all our Communicants communicated at 7 o'clock, friends and strangers afterwards.

The School-children had buns, fruit, etc. The choir had supper with us, so yesterday was a tremendous day but one I feel very thankful for, as I believe the poor did come and give thanks to the Good God for His good harvest and gave, all of their poverty, to the offertory, which we devote to the Farringdon Dispensary. This morning some of them had an enormous four-quartern loaf made and sent it to the Presbytery, hot for our breakfast, much too indigestible for me to eat, but it was nice of them. I thought you would like to hear some particulars as you must have had so much trouble to scrape together and send all those flowers and ferns."

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But schemes of work quite outside the diocese of London were already forming themselves in Stanton's mind. Soon after his ordination he wrote to his mother—

"I do not myself think this is the age to revive the eccentricities of monasticism, but I do believe its spirit will alone

regain the masses to the Church. The most real way of working in a large city is for a band of Priests to live together, who will give up their time, money, even health and life if need be, to work the most glorious work ever given to men—that of saving souls, working to displace vice by Purity, hatred by Love, despair by Joy ; working *never alone*, but with JESUS, and knowing this.”

A little later he wrote—

“ You may be quite sure I shall take no step without much advice, and, I hope, very earnest prayer.”

The result of these considerations is given in the following correspondence, with regard to which it should be observed that Stanton's letters are the rough drafts which he preserved, and that Dr. Pusey's letters were seldom dated.

*A. H. S. to Dr. Pusey.*

“ Sept. 5, 1864.

“ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I hear you are looking out for some one to work at St. Saviour's, Leeds.<sup>1</sup>

A brother clergyman<sup>2</sup> and myself are ready to undertake the work, living together on the same footing exactly, forming a nucleus for a Brotherhood, hoping eventually to gather others around us.

We are both young.

But we simply recommend ourselves to your notice for these reasons :

- I. We are willing, GOD helping us, to give up everything to save souls—health, comfort, time, money, our lives.
- II. We both have incomes which render us independent of stipend.
- III. We could undertake the work next Midsummer.
- IV. We wish to work freely, independently, in a most thoroughly Church of England way, with all the liberty the Prayer Book allows.

We wish this letter simply to be an intimation *to you* that

<sup>1</sup> For the history of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and Dr. Pusey's relations with the parish, see his “ Life,” Vol. II., chapter xxxiv.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Tooth, afterwards Vicar of St. James', Hatcham.

we are ready, should you have any difficulty in getting the work taken in hand ; ready for work for our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Believe me,

Rev. and dear Sir, ever

Most respectfully yours,

ARTHUR H. STANTON.

For references for myself, you would hear about me from Mr. Liddon, or the Principal of Cuddesdon, or Mr. Wayte of Trinity College."

*Dr. Pusey to A. H. S.*

"Christ Church, Oxford.

"MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you and your friend very much for your disinterested offer to undertake the responsible cure of St. Saviour's. But I have already asked one with whom I am well acquainted to undertake the charge, and he is considering it."<sup>1</sup>

The clergyman to whom Dr. Pusey offered St. Saviour's declined it. The correspondence with Stanton was renewed, and both Stanton and Tooth had interviews with the Doctor at Oxford. They regarded the appointment as virtually settled, when Stanton received the following letter :—

"Jan. 10, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

I have been for some time meaning to write to you to ask you what the amount of ritual is, which you intend to introduce at St. Saviour's. For, since I saw you, I have heard of an extent of ritual in some Churches of which I had no previous idea. I concluded that you had not adopted it, as you only mentioned the vestments, but I wished just to ask you, in order that I might know to what my brother<sup>2</sup> and I should be committing myself in appointing you.

To-day, however, I have a letter from Mr. Tooth, mentioning your intention of having a sisterhood 'under your own supervision in all its details,' and your desire apparently that no other Society should work in the Parish.

<sup>1</sup> The signature is cut off, evidently for an autograph.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. William Pusey (1810-1888), co-trustee of St. Saviour's.

The Plan, which the Lady Superior<sup>1</sup> at Devonport had undertaken at my request, was not at all Parochial. It was to form a home for the Mill girls, who have either none or a bad one. This has been my wish for a good many years, even before Knott's<sup>2</sup> time.

I understood you to agree with me, when I mentioned the subject, that it would be better that such a work at least, should be carried on by itself, and especially that young Clergy should not mix themselves up with a religious society of women. I thought, too, that you agreed with me, that the office of sisters of mercy or charity was rather to pioneer for the Clergy, sending to them those cases in which the souls required their aid, and that to discuss details with the sisters, which any religious woman must understand, would involve mere waste of time and gossip. Our Clergy, who have undertaken to promote such works, have generally been much older than the ladies whom God called to direct these works of charity. But in time, things, of course, change. The older Clergy who began the work pass away. The head of a religious society would gradually become older than the succeeding Clergy employed in the Parish and, after the first foundress should have been withdrawn, it would probably be among the older members of the society that her successor would be chosen. In this way, if the Parochial Clergy should direct the work 'in all its details' you would have the anomaly of younger Clergy directing those old enough perhaps to be their mothers. in what is really the proper office of women. Women do not educate their own children 'under the Clergy,' and, although ladies who keep schools are glad of occasional religious instruction of those committed to them, by the Clergy, they do not manage their schools 'under the supervision of the Clergy in all details.'

My own conviction is that the Clergy who become, in fact, the supervisors of houses of religious women have taken (it may be from the necessity of the case, and the inexperience or want of decision of those whom they invited to be the nominal Superior) an office which cannot last. For it cannot be supposed that the Parochial Clergy in any given Parish

<sup>1</sup> Priscilla Lydia Sellon (1821-1876).

<sup>2</sup> J. W. Knott was Vicar of St. Saviour's from 1851 to 1859. He eventually entered the service of the Church Missionary Society, and died at Peshawar in 1870.

should always be eminently qualified to undertake the direction and government of a religious society of women. Indeed I should think that the experiences of the Middle Ages had been against this and I think that I recollect instances, in which even monastic orders of men were forbidden to undertake the charge of convents of women.

This is, however, a large subject which there is no good in discussing. Previously to my communication with you, I had asked the Lady Superior of the Devonport Society whether she could send a sister to take charge of such a plan for the Mill girls as I have mentioned. She undertook to do so. It is, as I said, not a parochial work. She has suffered so much from the unkindness of High Church Clergy, that I certainly could not expose her to any fresh unkindness. Much then as I regret the loss of your labours for St. Saviour's (as my short acquaintance with you made me feel great interest in you and value for you) I think that it would be best for you to carry on your work (which God, I trust, will bless) in some other sphere.

I think that you would find it quite labour enough, to employ any wisdom, energy, zeal and patience which God may have given you, to found a religious order of men. It requires very great circumspection and watchfulness, as well as considerable discernment of character, or the spiritual gift of 'discerning of spirits,' both to select those fitted for it, and train them when admitted on probation. I should fear that to undertake contemporaneously the formation and direction of a religious Society of women, would be beyond your powers. And then there is beyond this, the responsibility of a parish more or less extensive.

God bless and prosper you,

Yours affectionately in C.J.,

E. B. PUSEY.

As you were to be the Vicar, Mr. Tooth will excuse my answering to you the letter which he wrote for you."

*A. H. S. to Dr. Pusey.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Your letter (frankly) caused me much disappointment. To work out our scheme in a Parish so connected with you,

and bound up in your interests, was in itself (we felt) a help such as few associations could have given us, and one which we could hardly fail to appreciate, but as the conclusion you have arrived at is that it would be better for us to carry out our work in some other sphere, the same feeling of respect dictates our immediate concurrence in it.

The very dilemma which you so much deprecate, that of younger clergy directing and exercising supervision over an old-established body of Ladies, was one of the considerations which led us to come to the conclusion we did, about the formation of a Sisterhood emanating from ourselves; although, as we were considering our position to be not identical with that of ordinary parochial Clergy, we did not contemplate one portion of our society outstripping in age and experience, the other.

My conversation with you about Sisters did not lead me to suspect you had had any communication with Miss Sellon on the subject. I only presumed she was willing to help us should we fall into the plan.

Our decision as regards Ritual has always remained the same as that which we sketched out to you, without any alteration whatever. I merely say this to keep it clear that our incapacity for undertaking the work at St. Saviour's arises *simply* from our decision that we should be unable to work in connection with a Sisterhood entirely without our supervision.

Really thanking you most sincerely for all your kind expressions about ourselves and sympathy in our work, and still hoping you will kindly give us your advice about our rules,

Believe me ever most respectfully & affly. yours,

ARTHUR H. STANTON."

*Dr. Pusey to A. H. S.*

" Jan. 14, 1865.

" MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

I am sorry that you have decided as you have. It is your decision not mine. You must indeed be very much wedded to the modern idea of the Clergy, to have everything in their Parishes under their own control. I think that it is a mistake, and they will waste their energies in what is not their work, to the detriment of that which is their work. But having written fully I should only write again more weakly. I



think that it is a wrong ambition of men, to wish to have the direction of the work of women. I should fear that it would be for the injury of both. Women ought to understand their own work, the education and care of young women ; or they would not be fit for it at all. No one could teach them. Women educate their own daughters. They do that for their daughters, which father or priest cannot do. Of course, there is that which the priest can do, which parents could not do, and for this the young women go to the Priests in the Devonport institution too. But the idea of continued supervision would involve what would be superfluous or nugatory ; superfluous, if the religious women engaged understand their work ; nugatory, if they do not.

I do not think that you ever told me in detail, what your ritual was, except as to the vestments ; and I felt a satisfaction that you had a plan once for all. But I think that the vestments were the only detail which you mentioned. Else I think that you only emphasized ' *all* which the Church of England allowed.' But in this respect I felt satisfied that I should be satisfied, that you should do what I should not do myself. I only wished to know to what I was committing myself.

The ground of the interruption of our plan (if interrupted) is, as you say, that I had long cherished the plan for the mill girls (which is not a Parochial work like district-visiting) and had asked the Lady Superior of the Devonport Society whether she would undertake it. You will remember that I mentioned that she happened to be in the house, and asked you whether you would see her, which you declined until you should see Mr. Tooth. You now meet my one plan for the good of the Parish, besides the vicarage, with the most distinct negative you can.

I believe that you are mistaken in your plan of a Sisterhood under your supervision, and are avoiding the evil which I pointed out, by a worse evil, that young clergy should direct young and inexperienced women. I should have thought it much more wise to have concentrated all your energy upon your Brotherhood, which will require all the energy and wisdom which God may give you. You think otherwise.

It is a critical time for St. Saviour's. Mr. Collins<sup>1</sup> tells me

<sup>1</sup> Richard Collins was Vicar of St. Saviour's from 1859 to 1876.

that those who have raised the large fund talk of dividing St. Saviour's together with other parishes. They have a perfect right to do this ; and if they do it, the whole good of a staff of Clergy will be gone. The Clergy of St. Saviour's might have prevented it ; they might still prevent it, by building a chapel in the parish, but I have pressed it in vain upon them for nearly 20 years, and so I suppose that the whole place will collapse together.

God be with you.

Yours very faithfully in C.J.,  
E. B. P."

*A. H. S. to Dr. Pusey.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

When you say 'It is your decision not mine,' am I to understand you to mean that we have thrown up the opportunity you place before us, of beginning our proposed plan at St. Saviour's ? I must beg you not so to interpret my letter to you. After your expression 'I regret the loss of your labours at St. Saviour's, I think it would be best for you to carry on your work in some other sphere,' what other conclusion could we come to but that you thought it right, for reasons which you subsequently explained, at once to tell us our connection with the parish must be considered at an end ?

And I meant what I said when I answered that the respect and consideration due from us to you dictated our cheerful acquiescence, and I may add still yet that same feeling makes us particularly sensitive about your implying *we* have overthrown your offer. I confess I cannot understand how the plan of a home for Mill Girls 'should not be a Parochial work,' in a parish like St. Saviour's. I can hardly conceive a work more parochial and therefore I think it bears a relation to the parochial clergy, which demands their supervision over the work itself.

You must not suppose that I suggested as a remedy against the evil of young clergy directing an old-established sisterhood, a worse evil—that of young clergy directing younger women. I did not intend this for one moment. I used the expression *old-established* body of Ladies to avoid such a misconception. As a brotherhood we should like our Sisters to be of the same

foundation as regards time as well as in every other respect, not limiting their age or experience by our own.

From what I have said and from what you know of Miss Sellon's work you will, I think, see it is hardly the help we wish.

We feel we want lady helpers—*bonâ fide* 'Sisters of Mercy,'—not monastic, any more than ourselves, who will work with us and to help us as much, or even more than we can help them, live by our rules, called by our name. I do not think any self-confidence or ambition suggested this, but only the sense we have of the real value of ladies' work in any Parish.

It is then with every feeling of respect and reverence that we tell you plainly our plans.

I am sorry for taking up so much of your time and of adding to your correspondence, but we should feel so sorry were you to misunderstand the reason of our determination."

*Dr. Pusey to A. H. S.*

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

Your idea and views as to the relation of the Clergyman to his Parishioners and mine are essentially different. I should call yours tyranny, and I think that the young Clergy will alienate their people by it. I remember the beginning of the favourite modern phrase 'working *under* the Clergy.' It began some 45 years ago in contrast with some interfering Evangelical ladies, who used to tell the people that their Clergy were in the dark, and did not teach the true Gospel. But I think that it has had a bad effect both upon the Clergy and ladies. I have seen certainly and heard such cases. Of course it would be quite wrong for any person to thwart the Clergy or contradict them. But neither, on the other hand, have the Clergy any right to interfere or check or wish to control any work, which religious women wish to set about in their parish. This would, I think, be most horrible tyranny.

It was a mere accident that the Lady Superior of Devonport did not undertake the charge of the mill girls, or that a sisterhood was not formed at St. Saviour's many years ago. You could hardly have expected that she should have put her sisters under the supervision of every successive Clergyman of the Parish. As I said, you seem to mistake the office of a

Priest in his Parish. You think that I am wrong. You are young, I, old : you I think will have to buy your experience.

You offered to take charge of St. Saviour's. I thanked you for it. But I had previously requested the Lady Superior of the Devonport Society to undertake the care of such of the mill girls, as had none, or had bad, homes. To this she assented at once. I mentioned the plan to you on the first occasion that I saw you. You had then no plan for a Sisterhood. You came to consult me solely about a celibate society. You acquiesced in what I said about the relation of Sisters of mercy to the Clergy. Subsequently you tell me that you have organized a plan for Sisters of mercy too, and express your wish that the Lady Superior of Devonport should not organize such a plan, as I had proposed to her and named to you. I think that these were hard terms, but I find that I was not mistaken in thinking that you would not recede from them. You were, I think, mistaken in your idea of the jurisdiction of a Parish Priest. His true jurisdiction [is] against other Priests (unless the Church herself limits him, as in the matter of confession) so that 'another' should not 'thrust his sickle into his harvest.' But he has no jurisdiction against the works of charity of the laity, so that a layman or woman should not do any work of charity without his supervision. Such a plan would involve great waste of time ; but it is, besides, an aggression against the rights of the Christian people to do works of mercy unfettered, so that they do not do wrong.

I see from the few words which you use, that you are entirely mistaken as to the nature of the work of the Superior of the Devonport Society (it is best not to use the secular name which one devoted to Christ relinquished with the world ; it is generally done by those who wish to ignore the religious life or the religious calling of an individual). There is an enclosed order with <sup>1</sup> . . .

You write of '*bonâ fide* sisters of mercy,' and appeal to me of my knowledge of the facts. There is no more active order of sisters of mercy anywhere.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here is a gap in the MS., the signature on the other side of the sheet having been cut off. The reference is evidently to "The Order of the Sacred Heart," which was the "enclosed" portion of Miss Sellon's Community.

<sup>2</sup> This probably refers to "The Order of the Holy Ghost"—the active portion of the Community.

You have annexed a condition to your acceptance of St. Saviour's which I think goes beyond the bound of your jurisdiction and which, considering my known value for the labours of the Devonport Mother and for the wisdom and discretion with which she conducts them, is personally unkind to myself."

*A. H. S. to Dr. Pusey.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Again let me thank you for answering my last letter at so much length, and by return of post. Had I ever imagined I should have been led into a correspondence with you of an antagonistical character, you may be sure I should never have moved in the matter at all. Your last letter has pained me a good deal because you place me in a relation to yourself, such as even a moderate sense of humility would most instinctively shrink from. I am very sorry indeed you should so have understood us, and interpreted my last letter as 'personally unkind to yourself.' I can honestly say if my letters have appeared so to you, it must have arisen simply from my inability to express our real feelings towards you, for the conclusion you have arrived at as regards them is the very reverse of the one we should have wished you to entertain.

I hope you will not think it presumptuous in me when I tell you that until you wrote to me after Mr. Tooth's letter from Folkestone I had no notion whatever of your arrangement with the Mother of the Devonport Society. As at the time of my conversation with you, so now do I think that Sisters of Mercy ought to 'pioneer' for the clergy and send them their children for Confession, which as far as I can recollect were the words you used, but I cannot think 'that the Clergy have no right to interfere, or check, or wish to control any work which religious women wish to set about in their Parish,' and as in my first letter I believe I said I could only undertake the work, 'freely and independently,' I think I was not unreasonable in hoping you would have taken my correspondence with you about the matter as not expressing any change of feeling or determination; nor did I even intend to express myself as having organized a plan for a sisterhood. In thinking over our plans, we felt how much we should want ladies' help and the plan which recommended itself to us was that which Mr. Tooth wrote to tell you of, but it has never passed beyond consideration.



Again I do not wish a Parish Priest to have jurisdiction over any works of mercy in his Parish which are entirely extra-Parochial, but I cannot consider the case in question such, or our idea of Sisters of Mercy's work 'an aggression against the rights of Christian People.'

I am exceedingly sorry that I wrote of the Mother of the Devonport Society as 'Miss Sellon,' as I am afraid you think it was intentional; it was not in the least so, perhaps a little more careful consideration would have prevented my making such a mistake.

I hope to hear again from you, for the idea that you consider I have been intentionally unkind is one that is likely to distress us very much.

Ever most respectfully and affectly,  
ARTHUR H. STANTON."

*Dr. Pusey to A. H. S.*

"DEAR MR. STANTON,

It was not your letter but your act which I thought personally unkind. Words could not make acts better. I put full confidence in you. I saw that you were rash, and I committed myself in a way in which I had never before committed myself, contrary to what I thought wise and looking to those two points, your love for souls, and your wish to revive the devoted life among Clergy. I understood by your saying that you would be free and unfettered, that you were to carry out your own priestly office with no interference from me. As patron, I never have interfered, not even when Mr. Knott was undoing all which I wished, but continued to him the £200 per annum extra which enabled him to live there. For I think it of course utterly wrong whether as patron or supplying the income, to interfere with the relations of the parish priest, to whom the Bishop has given jurisdiction, in the things pertaining to his office.

But in no part of the Church are religious societies under the control of the parish priest, nor does he anywhere interfere with their internal arrangements or control their work. The R.C. sisters of mercy give the religious instruction in their schools, as, of course, any religious woman is competent to teach the children of the poor as, if married, she would her own.



This indefinite interference which you desired would only involve waste of time, religious gossip, and self-consciousness, probably, on both sides. The plan which you seem to have in view—that the religious body of men, should (I suppose through their head) direct the body of religious women—is one which was tried and failed in the middle ages, and was, I believe, forbidden.

I trusted you freely, only mentioning to you the plan which I had so long at heart about the mill girls, and my application to the Devonport Mother whom, as she happened to be in the house, I asked you whether you would not see. You said that you did not wish to do so until you had seen Mr. Tooth, as you always acted as one. I had explained to you what I considered to be the relation of a religious society of women to the Parochial Clergy, that they should do their own work, pioneering for the Clergy, and referring those with whom they had to do to the Clergy for all matters belonging specially to the Clergy. I dwelt also on the evil resulting from the interference of the parish priest, in the way in which some Clergy have done. You know probably, that I have watched the working of sisterhoods of mercy from the beginning, *i.e.* for twenty years. I saw the cramping effect of Mr. Dodsworth's plan of making the sisterhood at Park Village,<sup>1</sup> a sort of district visiting society. The sisters got disheartened in their work. The society started with new life, when it joined the Devonport society and carried out the expansive plans of the Lady Superior in full co-operation with the Clergy, but directed by herself. From that time St. Saviour's<sup>2</sup> has been a real "sisterhood of charity." I have seen and known of the working of other societies and know that, with a sensible head, the interference of the Clergy would be not only superfluous, but time-wasting and mischievous. The only case in which it would be of any use, would be when the superior was unfit for her office, in which way (as I have seen at Park Village) it would be better to delay the existence of the society, until God should give a fit superior.

<sup>1</sup> The first Anglican Sisterhood was established at 17, Park Village, West, Regent's Park, in 1845. It was directed by the Parish Priest, William Dodsworth, Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street.

<sup>2</sup> St. Saviour's Priory, Osnaburgh Street, was the headquarters of "The Order of the Holy Ghost."

You speak of 'humility.' I do not wish for any towards myself ; but humility is in acts, not in words ; I certainly do not think it humble to set your theory of what you have not tried, against mine, who, besides age, have the experience of twenty years from the beginning, and who have also on my side, the experience of the continent for some long time. I do not say that you are not free to carry out your plans as you think best. Of course you are. Only humility does not come into the question.

What pained me though, was that after I had placed full confidence in you, after I had listened to all your plans, which embraced only a society of celibate men, after you had listened to what I said and agreed with it, as far as you yourself were concerned, after I had explained my wishes as to the work of the Lady Superior of the Devonport Society, you develop a new plan in direct contradiction of all this and pointedly desire that I would not ask her not to engage in the work of the mill girls which I have requested her to undertake. It seems as if there was some of the old leaven of High Church suspicion of her work which, I think, has come from their overweening opinion of themselves in matters which do not belong to their office.

However, this is the state of things now. I offered you the presentation to St. Saviour's, understanding from you that you wished, as I wish, to have a body of Clergy to work among those 7,000 souls, and other brothers, as God might give them to you. With this, you now connect, as a condition of accepting it, that the Lady Superior should not work there (where it does not belong to either of us ecclesiastically to prevent) but which is, as I said previously, painful to me, that I should nominate one who is personally antagonistic to her and (since you have enough for your own support) the £200 a year which I have been in the habit of supplying, should in fact be employed in part in organizing a rival sisterhood, and that she should be put in the wrong position of being in opposition to the Clergy whom I have myself appointed. I do think that this condition is personally unkind, as you know the great value which I attach to her works for Jesus, and when you do not even inform yourself what they are, but reject them unheard.

Yours faithfully in C.J.,

E. B. P."

*A. H. S. to Dr. Pusey.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

After your last letter we feel that the conclusion you came to at first, that we had better carry on our work elsewhere, is after all the only solution of the difficulty. Nor does this feeling arise from our being wedded to our idea of sisters' work; we both of us frankly own we have had no experience in the matter, and do not pretend to discuss a subject or to place our opinion in opposition to your own.

We regret exceedingly any inconvenience we may have occasioned you, and earnestly hope that as Mr. Collins has expressed himself willing to stay on till Midsummer, the interval will afford you opportunity to fill up the vacancy in a way entirely meeting with your long-cherished wishes. For it is evident we both quite misunderstood each other. I had no notion whatever until just lately of the relation you stand in to the Lady Superior of Devonport or of your previous application to her, or your appreciation of her work, the grounds on which you base your charge of my unkindness to yourself. You, on the other hand, quite misunderstood the reason of my stipulation, for “free and independent” work, as you thought I did not mean it to leave us free to accept or reject the offer of help from any Sisterhood whatever, did it not fall in with our plans. I feel now satisfied and so does Mr. Tooth, that we are not clergy such as you would wish to undertake your work, and permit me to add it is an experience bought with no little pain after your last letter.

I hope you will believe that, it was really wishing to serve GOD we made this offer, and that it is an honest conviction which with regret leads us to the same conclusion as you have found—that of our endeavours to serve GOD in some other sphere. That you should think fit still to think my attitude towards yourself ‘personally unkind’ will always be a reason for my deploring my ever having moved in the matter; and seeing that, although with the best intentions, it was a great mistake, I must not again ask for a letter from you, for I am sure you can ill spare time to be worried any more on the subject.

Ever most respectfully and affectly, in our Blessed Saviour,

ARTHUR H. STANTON.”

*Dr. Pusey to A. H. S.*

“MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

I believe that correspondence is the very worst way of clearing up any difficulty. I have had no reserve. I meant all along that I gave up what I myself thought in itself wisest, viz. as to ritual, because you had other qualities, which I valued, viz. great zeal for souls (as I hope), a power of adapting yourself to the people, and also that you wished to lead that life of community, which I have wished to see led, and which, at two periods, was led at St. Saviour's.

When I saw you, your mind was wholly upon this plan, which is enough to occupy anyone's life, and which has occupied the life of great saints and wonderful men, the formation of a celibate [Society] for men. It was I, who mentioned the subject of sisters of mercy, in connection with the Superior of the Devonport Society and the mill girls. You spoke as agreeing with me in principle. And, in fact, however it may be in any particular locality, for the most part, the internal government of societies of women, must be independent of the Parochial Clergy. Think of any which you know of; Clewer is in the patronage of the Fellows of Eton, I think; St. Thomas' here is in the nominal patronage of Christ Church, but our livings are offered in a certain cycle; All Saints, of the Bishop of London. With such patrons it would be impossible that the 'sisterhoods of mercy' could necessarily be under the supervision of the Parish Priest. Of course, they would visit any case, which the P.P. wished them to visit. Those under the direction of the Lady Superior at Devonport always did. But, imagine any future Clergyman at Clewer, who, amid their old-established usages, should say to the Clewer sisters, 'Either you must work under my supervision; or I must set up a set of district visitors against you, or other sisters of mercy who will—and you must be considered to carry on your work with the penitents (for those too are parishioners) without and against my will.' In this way, sisters of mercy should live like the Scythians in their wagons, and, like gypsies, be ready to remove, on the warning of the Parish Priest, as the gypsies do at that of the parish constable.

I limited what I proposed, to the object which I had always had at heart, since I knew St. Saviour's—the well-being of the

mill girls, which as being of a domestic character, would not seem to interfere with your office as a Parish Priest. If the mill girls wished for confession they would go to you ; if they were unconfirmed or non-Communicants they would go to you for preparation for confirmation or first Communion. They would have the religious teaching in Church ; and, as for ordinary domestic religious teaching (mill-houses leave little time enough for it) the sister or sisters resident could give it adequately (else they would not be fit for their office) and with the less excitement, being of their own sex.

Now then, I have, as I had, confidence in you. I know not whether you know that the £200 per annum is simply my own voluntary contribution ; at one time it was £150. I am under no obligation, unless I contract it to any fresh Vicar, nor have I any understanding with the Bishop. The endowment required by him was the Parsonage house, and piece of land. I hope that more peaceful and more loving times may come when different Orders of Sisters may work side by side by one another. Now, in this infancy of things, I am sure that I could not without very serious injustice to the Lady Superior appoint a Vicar of St. Saviour's who should be hostile to her plan, or who in consequence of mistrust, set up a rival Sisterhood and use my £200 a year to support it. Is this point of having a sisterhood under your own supervision so all-important in your eyes that you cannot accept St. Saviour's except on the understanding that you will form it ? To me, it seems as if the suggestion had come to you from me and had silently worked in your mind ; because at the first, all your thought seemed wholly on the other plan for men.

If this is not so, had you not better see me ? I am sure that, if you had seen the Lady Superior, you would have been quite satisfied.

God be with you,

Yours very faithfully in C.J.

E. B. P."

*A. H. S. to Dr. Pusey.*

"REVD. AND DEAR SIR,

After I had quite made up my mind to write to you so decisively as I did in my last letter, you will not be surprised at my delaying to answer yours in return, opening as it



does again the correspondence which we considered at an end. Plainly what we feel most keenly is this. We shrink from ever standing in any relation to yourself that can be considered antagonistical or in any way opposed to your wishes. From our recent correspondence I gather this *may* be the case if we go to St. Saviour's, and this is one reason why I think, as before God, we had better remain firm to our determination to wait till we have some other definite opportunity for carrying out our plan.

Also let me add, as another, I had rather pause awhile. I believe I have been too precipitate, and am now anxious not to press on at once into any course of action without looking well at all the bearings of the case. Our correspondence has greatly intensified this feeling and it is not as though there was nothing to be done in my present position here. It too, is one of great responsibility, and requires more energy than I am afraid I give to it, and you cannot be surprised if both these influences make one wish to pause a little.

But about St. Saviour's I feel this ; if we go there with the understanding that we countenance the plan you suggest, we must of necessity at once share the responsibility of that plan, a plan about the system of which in its relation to ourselves we *have expressed* great dissatisfaction and the advisability of which an intimate knowledge of the Parish itself alone can prove. This is a position we do not feel able or willing to place ourselves in, and after your expression of sympathy with the Superior of Devonport's work and your unwillingness to act in a way which you believe would seem unkind to her, it is plain that to be there without her would make our relations to yourself the very one we deprecate so much. This is why we say we feel we are not the sort of clergy that you would wish to see at St. Saviour's, and this belief cannot be altered by our accepting any theory of work, however it may afterwards recommend itself to us, because it has sprung from fact. Although I confess I cannot see quite all the—— (?)

If we have disappointed you now, having trusted us so far, would it not indeed be unjustifiable to allow you to trust us still more and feel we might disappoint you after all ? ”

Mr. Tooth thus summarizes this curious episode :

“ The matter is of interest ; but negotiations soon came to an end. Dr. Pusey was urgent in Miss Sellon's favour ;



Stanton felt some distrust of her methods, and nothing further could be done, and so a simple rule of life, about which Stanton and I had thought, also fell through. Other interests followed, and the happy thought, that we should carry on together the work of our lives, was not realized."

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*A. H. S. to his Mother.*

"Easter Eve, 1865.

"This is to wish you all a happy Easter—a VERY happy one—some shadow of the Eternal Easter, after the Lent of this life has passed for ever."

A pleasant glimpse of Stanton's relations with the Founder of St. Alban's belongs to this period.

"June 8, 1865.

"I have been here <sup>1</sup> since Monday and return to-morrow. All is very grand, the house is magnificent, the grounds lovely. There is always a very large party staying here. In the mornings we stroll about the grounds. In the afternoons go out immense riding parties, ladies and gentlemen. We dine at 7.30, always in the grandest way imaginable. The whole family, 4 daughters and 3 sons, I think are very nice people indeed. The village Church is at the end of the park, beautifully restored, with everything one could wish, with of course daily services, etc."

In July, 1865, Stanton (who had taken his M.A. degree on the 23rd of February) made a journey to Oxford in order to vote for Gladstone in his last contest for the representation of the University. Then, after a Retreat at Hurst, he went for a holiday to Switzerland; and then, his dream of life in a community having been dispelled, he returned with undiminished vigour to the individual work which lay nearest to his hand, as a curate in a slum. He was already a marked man. In after years he said, "No sooner was I ordained, while I was a Deacon—than my troubles began. A Scripture-Reader represented my teaching and action to Dr. Tait, then

<sup>1</sup> Addington Manor, Winslow.

Bishop of London, and made certain charges, which were so absurd in themselves that Dr. Tait told me he could not consider them—only I was to look out, for they were watching me.”<sup>1</sup>

The lines on which his ministry began were pretty much the same as those on which it continued to the end. From the first, his wonderful power of preaching was recognized, and, though his eloquence was of course immature, Mackonochie perceived his natural aptitude, and never asked him to preach from a manuscript. The gift of oratory, in all its moods and tenses, was perhaps his most conspicuous endowment, and in direct work for souls it found its natural and adequate outlet. He could not, as some preachers can, write a sermon and commit it to memory. “I never,” he said, “could trust myself to learn a sermon by heart, for the least *contretemps*, even the slamming of a door or the getting up of one of the congregation, might break the thread of the subject irrevocably, and the occasion would be lost. It is another thing to put your sermon into your heart—best of all, put it into head and heart.” Eloquent though he was, he never trusted to his eloquence, but prepared his sermons with exemplary thoroughness, and the resulting effect was consummate. For fifty years a crowded and sympathetic congregation enjoyed his originality, his dramatic power, his ringing scorn against injustice and hypocrisy, his noble and contagious enthusiasm for the Religion of the Cross and all that it implies. A clergyman who remembers him in the early days of his ministry says, “It is quite beyond me to attempt to describe Stanton’s preaching. I think there was in the early times more of the French element, more of the abstract, and perhaps less of the homeliness and humour which soon came to characterize it, but in the main it was the same. From the first there was his charm of sympathy. It was always *Cor ad Cor loquitur*.” Bishop Wilberforce, himself a great preacher and a good judge of preaching, wrote thus after attending the High Celebration at St. Alban’s: “Stanton preached an earnest, useful, practical sermon on

<sup>1</sup> The charges were: 1. That he taught Baptismal Regeneration. 2. That he confessed to Father Mackonochie every day. 3. That he taught Transubstantiation. 4. That he carried the Blessed Sacrament in his pocket. Only one of the four was true.

Fasting—its duties, uses, difficulties, and temptations—thoroughly Evangelical, but rather an *imitation* of Liddon, and, though successful as an imitation, failing by suggesting the original.” When the publication of the Bishop’s Life revealed this criticism, Stanton indignantly repudiated it. “No,” he said, “I have been a fool in my time, but never such a fool as to think I could ‘imitate’ Liddon.” But there is such a thing as unconscious imitation, and young clergymen who, when undergraduates, had sate at Liddon’s feet were apt to reproduce, quite without knowing it, some of his mannerisms in phrase and pronunciation.

Stanton was peculiarly effective in conducting the “Watch Night Service,” which the Church of England has borrowed from Methodism, and this was his account of its beginning at St. Alban’s. “It was forced upon us by the people, on the first 31st of December after the consecration of the church. Father Mackonochie had objected to the service as unliturgical, he said there was no Catholic precedent for it. So we had gone to bed ; but the crowd in Brooke Street increased, and the bell of the Clergy House was perpetually rung and the demand shouted, ‘Ain’t you going to have a service?’ So, having got my Vicar’s leave, I got up and opened the church, and let the people in. They filled the church to the doors, and ever afterwards the service was continued, and, without announcement or bell, the church is always full. So it has been called ‘my’ service. . . .

“What good is this service? Ah, what indeed? But that question goes further than ‘this service.’ The poorest come—all the poor—and come in a way they come at no other time; GOD won’t bless them in the year, they think, if they don’t. I was locking up the church on one such occasion, and had just turned the key, when I heard steps pattering up Brooke Street. It was a lad of about twenty. ‘Is it all over, Father?’ ‘Well yes,’ I said, ‘it’s past one o’clock.’ ‘Let us go in for a minute.’ So I opened the door and let him in, and he remained in the dark church about five minutes; then he came out with ‘It’s all right, thank you, Father. ‘Appy New Year.’ What he did or said or thought GOD only knows, but I always think about our people that with GOD a little goes a long way, and that He reads it right Who knows all the circumstances—at least so I comfort myself. At any rate, this service is a sort of tie to

us ; for afterwards, when any help is wanted, the plea ' We were at your service on New Year's Eve ' is often urged."

Stanton's ministry as a Confessor began almost as soon as he became a Priest. As a spiritual guide of men, and of young men in particular, he had no equal. Instead of labouring by a system of minute directions to shape the spiritual life of his penitents to his own ideals, he always bestowed all his care on quickening the individual conscience, nerving the individual will, and building up the habits of self-reliance and self-control. People who sought his guidance were awed by his chastened devotion, his intimate access to the Unseen, his horror of sin, his Christ-like tenderness to the sinner. In Lent, 1865, he wrote to his sister with reference to his candidates for Confirmation ; " A motley group of men, amongst them a scavenger, banjo-player, thief, navigator, coal-boy (quite black) : for which thanks be to GOD."

The following letters illustrate, from different points of view, his spirit and methods :—

*A. H. S. to a Harrow Boy.*

" You are certainly quite right in your conclusion ; no man ought to stand between any man's soul and GOD—not even father or mother—and, if you come to Confession, of course I shall receive you. As a priest I have no alternative and no other wish.

The difficulty does not lie here.

Next to the obligations of religion are the obligations of home. Both are sacred, and, linked together by the hand of GOD, cannot be severed but at the greatest risk, and therefore ought only to be so on the gravest grounds.

Now you yourself say of your parents that they are " devoted Christian people, and equally devoted Protestants," and both these facts ought to have their weight with you, and influence your decision.

You have announced to them, you say, your intention of confessing, and have thereby given them the opportunity of expressing their disapproval. This disapproval you are bound to respect. I am sure you will see this.

It is true you are eighteen years old and at a great Public School. It is true that your parents, in our opinion, have no

right to interfere with the religious instincts of your soul. But they *are* your parents ; they believe in the Lord JESUS, and, out of love for Him and zeal for His honour, they are deeply pained at your making, as they think, the very mistake we are grieved to think they are making—*i.e.*, putting a man between the soul and God.

Without doubt, unless the case is imperative, you must not put yourself in opposition to their wishes.

Is it imperative ?

Confession is not, you know, essentially necessary to salvation, any more than Confirmation ; and if, on account of all these considerations, you hold its practice in suspension *for a time*, I feel sure of your ' peace with GOD,' Who only, after all, asks for genuine sorrow, and Who knows that your will is in submission to the will of the Church. Of course you are bound to do all you can to remove the difficulties now in your way, and I cannot but think that your yielding up your own wish to that of your parents for a time would be the surest way to secure their acquiescence in what you know must be very painful to them.

Beg them to reconsider their objection ; remind them how hazardous it is, in these days above all, to place restraints on deep religious instincts ; be liberal-hearted yourself, and ask for the same measure which you mete to others. *Pray* for the time when, without a shade of doubt, knowing that you are giving joy to GOD, you may, as all Catholic Christians ever have, confess your sins. But do not think that you are unforgiven of GOD because you have paused to respect instincts which He Himself has woven about our hearts.

Of our Master it is written, ' He pleased not Himself ' ; and we often forget that, if we are to have His mind, we must let the element of self-sacrifice come even into our religious duties."

*To an Undergraduate hindered from coming to Confession.*

" What are you to do ? Well, you remember our last talk. GOD and GOD only in everything. Well, GOD Who gives, and gives not, opportunities is your own GOD, and knows all the ins and outs of the matter. Bide His Time, wait His opportunity. This is real religion, and if you don't see me, or



any priest, till after Easter, you and your shortcomings and sins will be hidden away in the side of the Riven Rock where is rest and peace.

You know we said, Nothing must ever take away our rest in the old Evangelical love and our trust in JESUS. I remember it well."

*In reply to a request for guidance.*

"I have no doubt that your attendance by the side of sickness has done you good. No one can linger on the shore of death (which all sickness is) without picking up something worth keeping.

You complain of dryness in prayer. Who does not?

Every routine of thought gets monotonous. It is only refreshment from the Holy Ghost that can invigorate. Believe this. Ask for it. Look out towards the far-off land for the breeze to blow, and down the slopes of the Everlasting Hills it will sweep, cool and sweet, and give you new life. All good men attest this, and they are not false, but true.

I wish you and I believed all this more. I think you think about, and when with others talk about, the accidents and drapery of religion too much. Give that all up, and pause, pouring out your spirit into the bosom of GOD in Aspiration, and waiting the answer by Inspiration."

#### LETTERS TO A. H. S.

*From one of the Cowley Fathers.*

"Sunday is an off-day here, so I am able to write to you. I could not manage to get up to S. Alban's again before I left. It was a great disappointment not seeing you the day I did call. I can however better write than say what is very much in my heart at present. I cannot help telling you how deeply grateful I am to you for all you have done for me since I have been under your charge. I shall always count it among the greatest blessings God has ever given me, that He permitted me to be under your direction. I shall probably never feel such reverence and love for any man as I have felt for you, or feel such sensible benefit from any other priest's counsel and advice. That I have made such little progress during



the time I have been a priest is entirely my own fault, the result of my own miserably tepid nature. I feel however that I have gained a truer and more real notion of the religion of Jesus Christ, and the responsibility of my office, and this I owe to the wonderful power of your teaching, and still more to the example I have had before me in your own life. I know you will forgive me for this allusion to yourself ; I should condemn myself for utter ingratitude, were I not to tell you fully all I feel."

*From a father who had lost a son.*

"I thank you for your fatherly care and influence with my dear boy. It is good for him that he was taught of you : your influence did indeed make him bright and happy, and I firmly trust that your spiritual teachings led him into the Saviour's love, and that now clothed in the robes of His righteousness, he is indeed bright and happy.

What a happy day indeed was Easter Day ! How pleased the dear boy was that at last he had become a Communicant !"

*From an anxious father.*

"Will you telegraph to my son at —— College, Oxford, to say at what time you could see him on Saturday or Monday, so as to enable him to come to town and back to Oxford the same day ? I and he are very anxious for your advice and guidance in a case of conscience, which has nothing to do with Rome, but is of great importance to his spiritual life."

*From a youth going abroad.*

"As you know, lukewarmness in my spiritual life is on the whole my chief failing, and were it not for the comforting, reassuring, and renovating words that God has spoken to me through you, I think that, though true to my creed, my spirit would have been dead unto Christ ; and I thank God now, and shall I trust to the end of my life, for having brought me into contact with you. . . . That you may live long spared to do as much for others as you have done for me is the earnest wish of yours affectionately."

*From a Medical Student.*

"My friend F. put your kind note in my hands, and I hasten to try and answer it. I dare not come and see you to-day. I dare not meet you again face to face, or even see you at St. Alban's. If you only knew what a coward and traitor I have been, I fear to think what you would think of me.

You would scarcely believe all I could tell you. I have been false to you, to myself, to all my friends, above all false to my God. . . .

Oh, dear Father, pray for me, pray that I may return to God and that I may be penitent, that I may be able to pray with comfort to myself. . . . Some day, please God, I shall see you face to face in the Confessional, and then you will know what has been keeping me from Church—and you."

On Stanton's death a man of business wrote—

"It is of course a very sore sorrow to me. All day long I think of my dear Confessor for 17 years—how he guided my life. It is like the tearing asunder of part of one's own life. He would have been a very great man by his sheer moral ascendancy and natural ability in whatever occupation of any kind he had been called to. He would be utterly untouched and unspoilt, by any amount of honour and glory. He was the greatest preacher I have ever heard in our Church, because he was so absolutely dead to any thought of self-esteem. . . . He was great in the Confessional. It astonishes me to think of his moral greatness, and his knowledge of men and vast sympathy and cleverness, and ready humour which belongs to a kind human heart and interest in others. . . . But he must no doubt have wished in a sense to die, for it is no cant on my part to say he loved his Saviour and the Church with a heroism which I do not deem myself worthy to fathom or realize."

A characteristic feature of Stanton's work was his care for the poor boys of the parish. The poorer, the more degraded, the more wretched they were, the more powerfully they appealed to his sympathy. When a teacher in the night-school or Sunday school reported that a boy was unmanageable, he would say, "That's the boy we want," and would take special

pains to soften and win him. He used to play cricket with the boys, and take them for jaunts by rail and water, and carry them down for days of enjoyment at the houses of his married sisters in the country. His letters abound in such notes as these: "Last Friday I took them to Hyde Park and played Rounders with them in my shirt-sleeves, which did us all good." "If you were to go to the Pantomime at Drury Lane to-morrow, you would see me in the distance, with the choir-boys in front, *intently* following the plan and plot of Jack the Giant Killer." "I went to Margate by steamer for a night last week, with some lads. It was very rough, but we had great fun. The boys who had never seen the sea wanted to be sailors, as long as we were in the Thames; but after an hour's sea-work relinquished the idea altogether."

The Mother Superior<sup>1</sup> of St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, writes as follows:—

"Father Stanton always threw himself so heartily into everything. Nothing was too small for him to take an interest in, no discouragement so great as to damp his ardour, and all blended with and mellowed by the very keenest discernment and strongest common sense. In those days he was constantly over in Haggerston helping with the boys. He would come and talk to them, and I could send them over to talk to him, and they *knew* he understood them so well. No wonder that to this day they all feel 'there can never be anyone like Father Stanton!' One of them, now an old married man, wrote me the day he read of his death in the paper: 'It is with deep regret I read we have lost our dear Father Stanton, his good work is finished, he has fought the good fight with all his might.' Another writes, 'It was a great shock to me to go out at twelve o'clock and to be confronted with placards saying that Father Stanton had passed away. Forty years ago this last Lent, you sent me to him with a note of introduction, and ever since we have been attached to each other. Surely no man has helped so many individuals as he has during the last fifty years! I know how sad you will feel, and it will bring back many thoughts of past years to your mind. How well I

<sup>1</sup> To this lady Stanton wrote at Christmas, 1872, "I am afraid you and your house are the one substantial fact which prevents me lapsing into a general dislike to Anglican Sisters, so probably I owe you a good deal."

remember so many occasions in which you, he, and I figured ! A year ago I asked him about the jubilee of his ordination, and he pointed to the floor and said, ' I shall be down under there then ! ' "

" One of St. Augustine's, Haggerston, choirmen was talking to me the other day and said, ' So Father Stanton is gone ? What a kind man he was ! I remember when I was a little nipper and came over with the choir boys to the Priory Festival, everybody was having tea, and I hadn't got mine given me, and I suppose I looked a bit down, for he saw me and he said, " Holloa, Tommy, got no tea ? " " No, Father," said I. " Well, my boy," said he, " have a drop of mine," and he poured half his cupful into the saucer, and gave it me.' "

" Now that was Father Stanton all over—doing little kindnesses which always are remembered ; saying little kind words which always stick in people's minds, trying all round to make anyone—especially a boy—happy, if he did not look so. Whether it was a small thing like a cup of tea, or a cheery word—whether it was a spare moment of his precious time, when perhaps he was feeling a bit tired and down himself—he was always at the service of others. I have known him go far away, right out further east than Haggerston, to see a lad who was dying and whom he had lost sight of for some time ; and, if anyone could save that boy's soul, he did. No matter how distant the slum, no matter at what inconvenience to himself, he went at the call of humanity. He was always spending and being spent in the service of others, and the poorer, the more miserable, and—humanly speaking—the more worthless they were, the more he gave himself for them. He once said to me, ' I would lay down my life for the roughs ! ' "

" He was the most helpful person to talk to about one's work, that I ever knew, for he was so very earnest, and so understanding about everything. I remember one special talk over various difficulties and disappointments in work among boys—of how sometimes one was taken in, and often disheartened, over and over and over again. He sat gazing into the fire, and then said, ' Never mind, don't trouble about it all. Perhaps the words you speak now, and which they seem to reject, may after death burn into them like fire, and come home to them. " She hath done what she could " by long-suffering. You don't want to bring them only to Holy

Communion and Confirmation, you want to bring them to God. Christ grieved over infidels, but He never cursed them : " He could do no mighty work there, because of their unbelief," but He never cursed them, it was the hypocrites whom He cursed.'

"One of my 'old boys' and his 'old boy' too, who never failed Sunday after Sunday, year after year, to go to St. Alban's, told me that the last time he spoke to him, just before his going to Upfield, he said sadly, 'Oh, Ted! I wonder whether you will come and throw a handful of earth over me, when I am lowered into my grave, for I feel it won't be very long before I am laid there.'"

The year 1866 was marked by a fresh development of Stanton's ministry. Parochial "Missions" had often been conducted by Bishop Wilberforce, with bands of selected clergy, in the diocese of Oxford<sup>1</sup>; but a "Mission" in the more generally accepted sense, where one or two Mission Priests conduct the whole enterprise, was first attempted in 1862 by the Rev. C. F. Lowder, at Bedminster near Bristol. Stanton's peculiar powers seemed to mark him out as conspicuously fitted for Mission-preaching, and in Lent, 1866, he undertook a Mission at North Kelsey, in Lincolnshire. On the 5th of March he wrote to his sister, "I returned from the Mission yesterday. . . . The Mission was wonderfully blessed of God. All around about the place they thought it would never succeed, and nobody would ever come to church so many times every day. It is because people never realized that all love, all enthusiasm, all devotion, after all must be centred in God and God alone, and the preaching of JESUS, however simply, if in earnest, is like a loadstone which draws out souls in what is really a miraculous way."

Such was the astonishment of one or two of what the world calls sensible, common-sense clergymen, who saw the clod-hoppers thronging to church night after night, and afterwards coming to the Bible Class, and listening to my talk about JESUS till 10 o'clock; and they had to be up again at three to go out to work. They—the neighbouring clerics—

<sup>1</sup> "Bishop Wilberforce held 'Missions' in every part of his Diocese with good success. We retain the old name, but have drifted into something essentially different." (J. W. Burgon, B.D. 1876.)



were *astonished*. An unenthusiastic Priest is I believe of *all men* the *most* miserable. I would rather shoot myself than live in the world an example of conforming to the miserable state of Religion about us, instead of endeavouring to *fire* hearts made for God with that love which He came down on earth to kindle.

I most probably shall go another mission, to Chatham Barracks, before Lent is over."

The Mission to Chatham, undertaken at the request of two Army Chaplains, was abundantly blessed. Soldiers came to Confession and Communion; and a warm feeling of mutual affection sprang up between the Missioner and those whom he had addressed. On the 21st of the following July he wrote to his sister—

"On Monday I saw the soldiers; nothing could be nicer than they were. . . . Next week too I go to Kelsey again, to visit the scenes of my Mission in Lent. It seems a lot to do, but it does not matter if it is 'All for JESUS.' Work, work, while it is day; the night comes when no man can work, are our dearest LORD'S own words."

On the 30th he wrote: "The soldiers asked their new chaplain to get me down to a picnic and to preach, both of which I did last Friday. A great many of my friends are now with their regiments abroad. I only pray, with 'New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of Heaven.' The affectionate way in which they receive me makes me quite wish for army work, but I am too 'High Church.'"

The sequel proved that this self-judgment was entirely sound. The Church was just entering on a period of acute conflict, and Stanton had his full share of the strife and suffering which it entailed. He opened his inmost heart in the letters which he addressed to his mother, and which she preserved with peculiar care. They must be read in their entirety, if we are to understand his theological position; but, before we come to them, some of more pacific temper may be introduced.

*To his Sister.*

"May 12, 1866.

"We had a grand day on Thursday,<sup>1</sup> very grand, 5 Celebrations of Holy Communion, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.30, and about

<sup>1</sup> Ascension Day.



400 Communicants. The Evening Service crammed. I preached a sermon about the blessings good men left behind them after they were dead, as JESUS left, after He ascended, even making it expedient for us that He should 'go away.' A stranger called on me afterwards, and gave me some of Mr. Keble's hair, which of course I prize. Wasn't it nice of him?

What a panic the city is in! Where is money safely invested? Not in farming stock, see the Cattle Plague; not in merchandise, for GOD has 'broken the ships with the East Wind'; not in Banks, for with small whips He is overthrowing the tables of the money-changers.<sup>1</sup> I will tell you where—in Heaven, where, etc., for where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

'Grant, O Lord, that we may in heart and mind thither ascend and with Thee continually dwell.'

*Collect for Ascension Day.*

Here now I have given you a skeleton sermon for to-morrow—fill it in for yourselves, clothe it with your own drapery."

*To the same.*

"May 24, 1866.

"I went to see the Flowers on Thursday.<sup>2</sup> They are most brilliant and beautiful, and quite beyond all description both for magnificence and curiosity.

I had too an uninterrupted view of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Teck,<sup>3</sup> and all the Royal Party, who were there on the opening day, for about 15 minutes, as I mobbed them, following them about really to see them well, as I had never seen the Princess. She is certainly very pretty. The Prince is not half so good looking as his brother Prince Alfred. I think he has got quite coarse-looking since I saw him at Oxford.

Mr. Warburton<sup>4</sup> the Deacon, who was ordained to us here, died yesterday. R.I.P. He was a very good, dear fellow—we feel his loss very much."

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co.

<sup>2</sup> An International Horticultural Exhibition was held at South Kensington, May 23-31, 1866.

<sup>3</sup> Prince Francis of Teck was married on the 12th of June, 1866, to H.R.H. Princess Mary of Cambridge.

<sup>4</sup> Francis Egerton-Warburton (1842-1866). He was nursed in his last illness by Sister Hilda Stewart, of East Grinstead, afterwards Foundress-Mother of Mallory Abbey.

*To the same.*

" July 21, 1866.

"The Retreat at Cuddesdon is over ; I write from Oxford in passing back to London.<sup>1</sup>

The Bishop was present part of the time. I think and hope it has done me good. Our LORD said to His Ministers ' Come ye apart and rest awhile.' This is why we go into Retreat, that we may have 3 days of silence, meditation and Prayer—it is a very valuable help indeed."

*To the same.*

" (August, 1866.)

"We have as yet had no Cholera here.<sup>2</sup> It is very bad at St. George's, E., but Mr. Lowder's appeal in the *Times* brought him in £450, besides gifts of wine and brandy. All the handles are taken off the pumps in London that no one may drink of the water."

*To his Mother.*

" (August, 1866.)

"Many good people . . . send me Cholera preventives. I have enough to kill myself with ; we have not had one case yet in our district. I really quite long to go and help some of my overworked brother-clergy in the East of London, but think I ought to keep myself quite fresh in case I should be wanted among my own people. This rainy, windy weather does a great deal to prevent the disease spreading."

*To his Sister.*

"Sept. 8, 1866.

"I am here<sup>3</sup> with your Mama, and we are as happy as y<sup>e</sup> day is long. We do our work in the morning and go out calling in the afternoon. In the evening we work again till tea, after which we play cribbage and black (?) till 10, then we go upstairs, take some lemon kali and so to bed. I always make tea. We eat mutton broth, partridges, and plums. . . .

To-day is a day I love. It is the nativity of the dear Mother of JESUS. I went to the R.C. church for 5 minutes,

<sup>1</sup> This Retreat was conducted by T. T. Carter, Rector of Clewer.

<sup>2</sup> At St. Alban's.

<sup>3</sup> At Upfield, Stroud.

and kneeling before the Altar in the presence of the adorable Sacrament, asked God to hasten His time when all Christians should be of one heart and mind again."

*To the same.*

"Oct. 15, 1866.

"The Harvest Festival was very successful, the church packed so tightly that people couldn't 'move their hands,' and the offertories more than double what they were before.

We carried a new banner worked by one of the congregation and really magnificent. White silk, quite stiff with embroidery. It is the Banner of the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and has on it the Chalice and sacred Host.

We had all the fruits of the earth in the church, and grapes and corn on the High Altar.

One of the soldiers from Chatham came up to see me, and for last Sunday. He was so delighted with the service, they will be going out soon. All my Mission soldiers come up before they go away. I took him to-day and bought him a Crucifix which he will always wear under his red coat. You don't know how really these men love Jesus. Of course they have been very bad, but they are forgiven now and they love much; it reminds me of this, 'There was a certain creditor which had two debtors, the one owed him 500 pence, the other 50. He frankly forgave them both. Tell us therefore which will love Him most?' 741-43

Answer: 'I suppose he to whom He forgave most.' He said unto him, 'Thou hast rightly judged.'

The soldiers want me to go down and preach another week there. The conditions I laid down are hard ones for *them* to manage. Only will I go, if they will give me a private soldier's bed and board and feed me themselves at their own expense. I will not receive hospitality or food from anyone but the soldiers themselves. They know the conditions and are trying to manage it, but of course cannot as it is against regulations.

All is very flourishing here; the Truth is working into the hearts of all like a sharp two-edged sword; one only prays to devote oneself to the work next year with twice the vigour and energy."

## CHAPTER III

### WORK AND WARFARE

A STORM of anti-ritualistic fury was now impending over the Church, and before long St. Alban's was thrust into an unwelcome prominence.

Ever since Whitsunday, 1862, when the Holy Eucharist was first celebrated in the Cellar-Chapel, the Mixed Chalice, Unleavened Bread, Lights, and Vestments had been used at the altar of St. Alban's. The first chasuble (presented by the Founder) was of white linen. Later, some silk vestments were presented by members of the congregation; but they were not brought into use until Mackonochie was satisfied that the ground was well prepared for further advances. At Christmas, 1864, white stoles were substituted for black, and in 1865 Mackonochie, with characteristic avoidance of fuss, "surprised everybody, and displeased nobody, by appearing at the altar, on a week-day morning after Trinity, in a green chasuble." The use of incense was begun at Epiphany, 1866.

This standard of worship was not more exalted than that of several other churches; but somehow or other it acquired more notoriety. Those were the days when the Ritualistic Reporter was abroad in the land, and by his strange burlesques of what he saw at St. Alban's he created a panic which spread far and wide. During the "Silly Season" of 1866 the *Times* opened its columns to letters on Ritualism, which in their dimensions exceeded the Enormous Gooseberry, and in their demands on public credulity rivalled the Sea-serpent. Of these letters by far the most pungent and effective were those of Lord Sidney Godolphin-Osborne, Rector of Durweston, Dorset, whose initials "S.G.O." were abundantly familiar in all sorts of controversy.

When the storm broke, Stanton thus addressed his mother—

“Oct. 23, 1866.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER.

I have just returned from Dover to find your letter waiting for me. It surprises me very much, for I am sure from it that you are only just awakening to the fact that my Faith is the very faith which is so much spoken against. I blame *myself* not you, for not having been more explicit when with you, but I know you will believe me when I say it was simply because I did not like to obtrude my opinions upon you, that I have always avoided Religious subjects and preferred secular ones at Upfield. Now I see I was wrong, and am certainly punished by hearing the very doctrines for which I have always been prepared to sacrifice everything I have in the world, called by my own Mother ‘absurdities.’

My dear Mother, I am a Catholic and have been so for years—a Catholic in heart, longings, and hopes. I have and do pray the good God to dispel Protestantism, as the sun dispels the gloom of night. The very moment the Church of England is authoritatively (which God forbid) committed to the denial of those doctrines which the *Times* calls ‘pernicious,’ from that moment I cease to minister within her fold.

You must not think Mr. Mackonochie has had anything to do with the formation of these opinions. Before I came to him, I refused to serve a curacy at Windsor, which I should have liked beyond all others as the garrison would have been given to me, simply because I was told I must not boldly declare my colours, and I told Mr. Mackonochie himself in this very house I could not work with him unless he was prepared for my teaching these doctrines without any reserve. . . . He has been a Brother to me in every sense of the word, but above all he is one who will give up all for the glory of GOD, and to win souls to JESUS. You talk of Bishops and Archbishops as if they were infallible. Of course they act as they do; they were selected out of the clergy in order that they might, notoriously under political partizanship; but the doctrines of my Bible and Prayer Book are dearer to me than a whole bench of Political Pastors, because in the Bible and Prayer Book I hear the voice of the GOOD SHEPHERD, the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls.

The *Times* has awakened to the real state of the case—it is not the incense and vestments, but the doctrines we teach, that are most ‘pernicious.’ I rejoice in the manifesto. It can ignore us no longer. If we are not doing the work of GOD, the sooner we are put down the better—I pray GOD, hasten our destruction. If we *are* doing GOD’s will, no power on earth can hurt us.

No, I am not offended, my dearest Mother. Nothing from you would ever offend me; but I *am* pained. Your letter was one of a large bundle, some telling me of falls from GOD, and of discouragements, some asking for my prayers, some for love—yours was the hardest to read! Think of me as of an enthusiast for the love of JESUS if you like; I pray to be more so every day. But remember an enthusiasm that has now lasted over 7 years is becoming a principle of Life, and nothing but infidelity could succeed to rejection of what has been so sacred so long—‘denying the Faith’ [I should] become ‘worse than an infidel.’

I write at once without any hesitation. I do not wish to ponder over and measure my expressions in writing to my own dear Mother. Out of the fullness of my heart I speak. GOD in His mercy bring us both to where there will be no more division or doubt, but where He will wipe all tears from off all faces.

Most affectionately your son,  
ARTHUR.”

*To his Sister.*

“Oct. 25, 1866.

“I went to Dover to see the Military Chaplain there. Dover is a very nice place. I stayed one night at the ‘Lord Warden,’ and was lulled to sleep by the dear old waves. The Chaplain wants me to preach a Mission there in Lent. He is a bold man, I tell him, to have anything to do with any of us now. There is, I see, 3 columns more of abuse in the *Times* to-day, abuse of the most virulent kind. Mr. Mackonochie is out and we take things as they go, in quietness and confidence that if GOD is with us it does not matter who is against us.

I have so much to do, sermons, visiting, etc., that I must not write more.”



*To his Mother.*

"Oct. 29, 1866.

"Monday is my most open day in all the week, so I will answer your letter.

Catholics believe, as they believe in their GOD, that JESUS CHRIST is present on His Altar in the Holy Sacrament.

A Catholic Priest believes that he holds between his hands 'The Word of Life' as St. John says he handled 'The Word of Life' with his hands. . . . You never have been, nor are likely to be, taught the great doctrine of the 'Real Presence' at Stroud, and you I most earnestly believe are not responsible. *I* have, and I hold it dearer than my life. *I am* responsible. . . . In God's Word we read of worship in Heaven, the same worship as our Communion Service, the worship of 'the LAMB slain.' *There* are 'flexions and genuflections,' *there* are incense and vestments, *there* is no 'simplicity of unadorned worship,' and I believe the Bible-pattern of our worship is the right one after all.

Oh, my dear Mother, if you did understand it all, if you *did* love the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar even as much as I do—you would never think candles, vestments, etc., meaningless ceremonies. Everyone who comes to St. Alban's at our grand worship says the same thing whether they be friends or foes—'These men believe in the Real Presence.'

Religion is simple, aye childishly simple. The LORD said, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' To do justice, judgment, and mercy—no one denies that. We pray we may become more simple every day, more perfectly children of 'our Father Which is in Heaven.'

But there is such a thing as 'The Truth.' The Bible tells us, 'The Truth will make us free.' The Epistle for yesterday tells us to contend earnestly for 'the Faith once delivered to the Saints.' Faith and simplicity are twin sisters.

But because religion is simple, it does not follow that Public worship should be mean. The Public recognition of our King and GOD in my opinion, which is that of the Catholic Church, ought to be as magnificent as possible. I feel sure GOD accepts such worship in His honour.

I speak very plainly for you invite me to do so. I belong to another generation to what you do. Religious thought is

undergoing a great change. For many years have I believed what I do now. *I do not* believe in 'Age.' I despise the religionism of the old system, I honour and love the good (and, thank God, there have been and are many of them) who have been brought up under it, but I believe they have been good in spite of, and not in consequence of, the system.

And, my dear Mother, this I must say—*You* have never known any ill of me. I have never given you reason to think I am a humbug, or a formalist, or wanting in love and filial affection. I do expect then you will never believe me guilty of 'meaningless ceremonies,' 'pernicious practices,' even although the *Times*, that ungodly accuser, declares me to be so. I shall often think of you, All Saints' Day, next Thursday, for it is the festival of 'our home in Heaven.'

Most affectionately your son,

ARTHUR."

*To the same.*

"Nov. 3, 1866.

"You know I told you when I was at Upfield that it was natural you should not like ceremonial. I should detest it myself, did I think as you do about The Sacrament of The Altar; but directly anyone thinks as I do he feels it is only a natural consequence of his belief. For instance, as I hope for salvation, I would rather be hacked to pieces than omit adoring my God in The Sacrament.

You think S.G.O.'s letter <sup>1</sup> admirable. I don't think that, but I do think there is a good deal of common sense in it, and I think the ruin of the Church of England has been the secular lives of her Priests.

I would never belong to a Church that had not a Priesthood. Aye more, I don't believe there can be a Church without Priests, and all that is embodied in the idea of a Priest. I believe in the Church of England because if A means A and B means B, she declares she possesses Priests. I should have become a Roman Catholic a long time ago had I not found a Priesthood in the Church of England, and I should become a Roman Catholic to-morrow if I could be persuaded to say, as S.G.O. would try and persuade me, that we were no Priests after all. Once let me accept S.G.O.'s letter, and I leave the

<sup>1</sup> See the *Times*, Nov. 1, 1866.

Church of England, and shall 'hate her with as great a hatred as the love wherewith I have loved her.'

I know you don't believe what I do. I know more—the very doctrines I love so much, which at Oxford and Cuddesdon, and ever since I have been here, I have with tears and entreaties offered to the acceptance of others, are the very ones from which you recoil most instinctively. (1) The Adorable Mystery of the Sacrifice of The Altar. (2) Confession to a Priest.

They are much dearer to me than all the incense, vestments, music in the world ; they are my hope of Salvation, for one is to me JESUS CHRIST, and the other pardon in His Precious Blood.

You are only responsible for *your* Faith. I am responsible for *mine*, before my GOD. From henceforth, dearest Mother, we will only think of those points which we hold in common, nor can I write any more about our differences. You know now, and I am glad you do, what is my Faith. We have, both of us,

God to glorify,  
JESUS to imitate,  
Sins to subdue,  
Neighbours to edify,  
Pain to suffer,  
Death to undergo,  
Hell to avoid,  
Heaven to gain.

When we hold so much in common, why bring on the *tapis* those in which we differ ?

You say you believe in my sincerity. You believe that your son is trying to the best of his power to serve his GOD, and this ought to be quite enough to prevent your being disturbed at anything you might read in the newspapers.

You may very well rest on this and wait in hope that both of us through God's mercy shall be together where all doubts are cleared up, where we shall 'know even as we are known.' Where we shall not (as now) see 'through a glass darkly, but then face to face,' being in His Presence where there is fullness of joy for evermore.

Ever most affectionately your son,

ARTHUR."

*To his Sister.*

"Nov. 6, 1866.

"If we have health and strength we will go next year to Switzerland, starting at Michaelmas—see the snow, ride on the lakes, bask in the glow of the southern sun, only leaving our hearts in foggy England. . . .

I have got an invitation to preach at Cambridge. I don't know whether I shall go, they are disappointed of a Bishop and I don't like coming in to fill up such a gap; the only thing is I should have an opportunity of seeing Cambridge which I have never seen. . . . The Chaplain at Dover wants me to preach a mission to his soldiers next Lent. *That* I shall like, as you know."

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Meanwhile the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury had tried to promote peace in the Church, by a Report distinguishing between lawful and unlawful ceremonies. The English Church Union obtained a legal opinion on the points at issue, signed by Sir Robert Phillimore, the chief Ecclesiastical lawyer of the day. The Bishop of London in his Charge of 1866 expressed a hope "that the good sense and good feeling of the clergy and the kindly admonitions of authority" would prevail, without legal prosecutions or "a declaratory enactment of Parliament and Convocation." In January, 1867, Macdonochie, deferring to those combined authorities, made some slight modifications in the ritual of St. Alban's, but maintained the general character of the services unchanged. On the 13th of February Stanton wrote to his sister—

"I went down to Brighton on Monday, and saw the dear old Sea telling me of the boundless love of our good God, and heard the sweet murmurs on the beach ever repeating the same strain of Eternity. You see I am poetical—well, I always am, after I have been to the seaside. . . .

I am so glad about the Bishop of Calcutta.<sup>1</sup> He is so good a man and a thorough Catholic. I might have gone out as Chaplain with him. Dear Mama would have thought this worse than St. Alban's—out of the frying-pan into the fire."

<sup>1</sup> Robert Milman (1816–1876) was consecrated to the See of Calcutta Feb. 2, 1867.

On Shrove Tuesday Stanton wrote to his sister—

“One line just before Lent begins. I wish you had more opportunities of keeping it—more services, etc. They would enable you to understand the sort of inward delight which one feels at entering on the season of the PASSION of the LORD. . . . I have refused all invitations to preach in London in Lent, but have to go to Cambridge, Norwich, Chatham, and Dover. It may be they will entrap me altogether as a soldier before long, but I don’t know. I only care to do what the good GOD wishes me to do, and to go where I may do most for His dear Crucified sake—and St. Alban’s is so strong.”

On the 18th of March he reports that he has been preaching and holding a Bible Class in the Garrison Chapel at Chatham. He adds: “I saw all the old friends who still remain of the Mission last year. Nothing could be nicer than they were. It makes me feel I shall enlist after all. . . . I go to Shepperton this week to preach for a dear old Evangelical Calvinist. I am sure we shall get on, as he loves JESUS.”

Between the 31st of March and the 7th of April he preached a highly successful mission at St. Laurence’s Church, Norwich, of which his beloved friend, E. A. Hillyard, was then Incumbent. Memorials of the Mission are cherished even unto this day, and it was thus described at the time—

#### “MISSION OF ST. LAURENCE, NORWICH.

“The services on Sunday were, Holy Communion at 7 and 11 a.m. with meditation at 7 and sermon at 11; Instruction for Children at 9 a.m. Catechising or Instruction at 3 p.m., and evensong with sermon at 7 p.m. Week days, Holy Communion at 7 a.m., with meditation, and 9 a.m. with instruction for children; instruction for adults at 1.15 p.m., Catechising or instruction at 5 p.m. Evensong with sermon at 8 p.m. and a Bible Class at 10 p.m. The subjects for the meditations, sermons or instructions were given in a small bill which was freely circulated. The congregations at all the services was larger than could have been expected in a city so noted for Dissent as Norwich; the attendance at the early celebrations was, on an average, 70 with about 12 communicants; the midday services were well attended, the Evensong crowded.



The Bible Class every evening was intended by Father Stanton for the outcast and poor, and on Monday night he particularly requested that the congregation at Evensong would not remain, but vacate the church in favour of their poorer brethren. The result was that every night the attendants at this class were of the very poorest and reprobate description, but so entirely were they struck with the eloquence and kindness of their instructor that the same people came every night, at least to the class, and when possible to the other services. In more than one instance, penitents were brought to the tribunal of penance from the very streets by the aid of the mission and a Sister of Mercy.

“Amongst the other and many evident good results of the mission may be reckoned the very large number of persons who availed themselves of the privilege of the confessional, to many of whom this was their first recourse to it. Several more intend to use this sacramental rite before Easter. On the last day of the mission the mission priest in his sermon at the second celebration of the Blessed Eucharist asked the congregation to show by their deeds that they had valued the week’s services and give him some money as a thank-offering for them, promising most liberally to head the list with £10 himself. He said he should give the fund to the parish priest to spend for the good of the church at his discretion, and that he would receive the donations in his vestry after the service. He again mentioned it in the evening, and the result was that the sum of £36 was collected, which, to use the words of one of the contributors, was surprising ‘to be got out of the St. Laurence people.’ It is hoped that the good works of this most earnest mission priest may not have yielded all their results but that the seed may have been sown deep in the hearts of many, to bring forth fruit some fifty and some an hundred fold.”

On the 10th of April Stanton wrote to his sister—

“I spent one day in Norwich (Monday) after the Mission was over, to see the churches, 40 of them, most lovely ones.

The Mission is a great joy to me. The people came round me well, and many more than I dare say were brought to penance and the love of God.



Yesterday we had here a Confirmation. The church was crammed. The Bishop of Dunedin<sup>1</sup> by permission of the Bishop of London confirmed, and must have astonished our people by his enthusiastic praise of our teaching and ceremonial."

Any hopes of ministering to soldiers which Stanton may have entertained were soon dispelled by the following letter from the Chaplain-General to the Forces:—

"War Office, May 13, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

It pains me very much, entertaining as I do the kindest personal feelings towards you, to prohibit your ever again officiating in a Military Chapel, or circulating among the troops, books or tracts.

You have given great offence at Chatham, and I am not surprised. 'The Pathway of Faith,' which you have circulated through the garrison, is in many respects so faulty, that I forbid its being again distributed by you or anybody else.<sup>2</sup> I cannot have the Army unbalanced and torn by the disputes which unfortunately prevail in civil life; and I must prevent, as far as I am able, all intercourse hereafter between the troops and one who, like yourself, has had the exceeding indiscretion to sow the seeds of discord on points of vital importance.

Still believe me,

Sincerely yours,

G. R. GLEIG."

With regard to this prohibition Stanton said in after-life: "I took this very much to heart, for I had put all my soul into the Mission. And then, for the first time, I asked myself, 'Am I right in ministering at all in the Established Church?' Then came to my rescue the kindness, the consideration, of my people at St. Alban's. It healed the wound, and I went on again."

While Stanton was engaged in these evangelistic efforts, mischief-makers were preparing trouble at St. Alban's.

"The Church Association" had been founded in 1865, and

<sup>1</sup> H. L. Jenner.

<sup>2</sup> "The Pathway of Faith; or a Manual of Instructions and Prayers." (Masters.) An exceedingly mild compilation.

Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" says, rather jejunely, that "it was formed to counteract Popery and Ritualism." Its ruling spirits were not exactly men of light and leading, but many of them were rich; for, as Archbishop Benson remarked, "there is something in 'Protestant Truth' which is very concordant with wealth." They had, like all Low Churchmen, an intense belief in legalism, and they attached great value to the intrusion of the State into the province of the Church. A lawsuit which should result in the suppression of Ritualism by judicial authority was an enchanting prospect, and, casting about for a victim, they found him ready to their hand. By this time St. Alban's, with its modified usages, was by no means in the forefront of churches called Ritualistic. There were several others, both in London and in the provinces, where more elaborate ceremonial was used. Why then was St. Alban's singled out for persecution? Partly, perhaps, because the newspapers, ever since its consecration, had been describing, misrepresenting, and misinterpreting its services. Partly, as Dr. Littledale once suggested, because the Church Association was "quick to see much more danger in the spread of ornate services to the classes represented in the congregation of St. Alban's, than had threatened so long as they were confined to such churches as St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Barnabas, Pimlico." It is difficult to repress the thought that, besides these considerations, there must have been an element of personal malevolence in a series of persecutions which spread over nearly twenty years, and pursued Mackonochie from one parish to another, though the incriminating practices went on unchecked when others were responsible for them.

The inner history of these things is for the disclosures of the Great Day. Here it must suffice to say that early in 1867 the Church Association determined to prosecute Mackonochie, notwithstanding his concessions to the Bishop of London. The difficulty was to find a Promoter for the suit, and after some delays, that unpleasing task was entrusted to one John Martin, a solicitor, residing in the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, but technically qualified for the purpose by the fact that his name stood on the rate-book of the district of St. Alban's, as Secretary of a school situate therein; and Martin "promoted the office of the Bishop"—such is the quaint phrase of law—against Mackonochie.

"The Court of Arches," says Mr. Justice Blackstone, "is a court of appeal belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whereof the Judge (who sits as deputy to the Archbishop) is called the *Dean of the Arches*; because he antiently held his court in the church of St.-Mary-le-bow (Sancta Maria de Arcubus). Many suits, also, are brought before him as original judge, the cognizance of which properly belongs to inferior jurisdictions within the Province, but in respect of which the inferior judge has waived his jurisdiction, under a certain form of proceeding known in the Canon Law by the denomination of Letters of Request."

To give or to withhold these "Letters of Request" is a matter wholly within the discretion of the Bishop, and unfortunately Tait had a peculiar fondness for harrying Ritualists. For two years he had kept a watchful eye on the alleged irregularities of St. Alban's, although maintaining friendly relations with Mackonochie, and on the 28th of March, 1867, he signed the Letters of Request, transmitting the charges of the Church Association from his own jurisdiction to the Court of Arches. Stanton thus commented on the proceedings, in a letter to his mother—

"Just one line in the midst of great work, to thank you for your very nice letter, and one word for your reflection about this Religious Controversy.

We have attacked no one. They have attacked us. We defend ourselves, for self-defence is a principle of liberty and life. Religious Controversy is to be deplored, but we are not responsible."

On the 9th of May, 1867, Stanton wrote to his sister—

"I went to the opening of the Bishop of London's Chapel last Monday. All the service was conducted in the Ritualistic style; not one note of Anglican Music, all Gregorians, and the same hymns and *tunes* as we use here. All this amused me immensely.

I am so glad the Reformers came here: they asked to come because they understood we were friends of the people. This delighted me you may be sure."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Holborn Branch of the Reform League asked for a special Service in St. Alban's Church, and this was held on Sunday afternoon, April 28, Mackonochie preaching from St. John i. 14.

The hearing of the case against Mackonochie began on the 15th of June, 1867, and went on for nine months, but the clergy of St. Alban's, strong in faith and confident of their position, continued their daily work with tranquillity and vigour.

The Royal Commission on Ritual, which had been appointed on the 3rd of June, 1867, as a method of staving-off difficulties, issued its first report on the 19th of August, recommending, amongst other things, that the use of the Eucharistic vestments should be "restrained."<sup>1</sup> On the 23rd Stanton wrote to his sister: "You must not imagine we shall take any notice whatever of the result of the Ritual Commission, still less of the lying slanders of the *Times*; only counting it an honour and a joy to endure cheerfully misrepresentations, for the Truth's sake."

On the 18th of October he wrote as follows to his mother:—

"I am sorry I could not stay longer with you at Upfield but you never can know the pressing character of the work it seems I have to do. That I ever should be a comfort to anyone ought to be a confusion to me; and there are the shady sides of life, the darkness and terror of which *you* never will see, into which I hope to cast if only one beam of light, one ray of hope. To be called to do this work I believe is a higher call than any earthly call to high places can be. Anyhow, I would never exchange for one moment."

In Advent, 1867, he preached at Chilton, a village on the Berkshire downs not far from Steventon, a Mission addressed primarily to the lads employed in the large Training Stables there. By the kindness of one who attended this Mission I am enabled to supply the following account of it:—

"Mr. Stevens' Training-Stable was in some respects unique. Both before and after the Mission two-thirds of the choir were jockeys, and one blew the organ, the Trainer's eldest son read the lessons, and during the winter helped in the night school; a jockey prepared the tables for it, putting out inks, copies, etc., another took on himself the repairing and covering of Lending

<sup>1</sup> A delightfully ambiguous word, introduced into the Report by Bishop S. Wilberforce. See his *Life*, Vol. III. 214.

Library books. It was Mr. Stevens' rule that on Sunday mornings only the horses to run next day at races were to be taken out ; every facility was given for the lads to be at the 8 o'clock service. At 11 o'clock the stables and yard gates were fastened until the service was over ; all lads were expected to have attended it. On Ascension Day many of the lads, with the villagers, were at the 4 o'clock Celebration before they went out to exercise the horses, and to work. To a village thus prepared for the Gospel, Fr. Stanton came at the request of the Rector, the late Rev. E. Morland Chaplin, with whom the Rector's churchwarden, Mr. Thomas Stevens, the trainer, co-operated in any measure for the benefit of the parish, and for the lads and men employed in his stables. Fr. Stanton immediately became most friendly with the jockeys and frequently in the evenings, or when they had leisure from work, would sit with them winning their confidence. The villagers came to the week-day services to listen to the stirring addresses given by him, and very many of them after the Mission ended continued their attendance at the services. Fr. Stanton's personality was great ; the writer mentioned the hope that he would meet with a youth who seemed to have lost all near relatives and had taken to a wandering life, sleeping in barns, and with clothes not too clean ; in fact he was hardly responsible in many ways. Fr. Stanton met the Rector as they were returning from the village and said, ' Tell Mrs. — I met her dear dirty man and fell on his neck and embraced him.' During the remainder of the poor fellow's sojourn at Chilton he used to come to church, sitting near the door so that he might not be observed ; he died a few years later.

"At the last service Fr. Stanton gave each person as they left the church a picture of our Lord on the Cross with underneath :

' All for JESUS.'  
Mission,  
Chilton, 1867.

Many of these were to be seen on the walls of the cottages.

"Fr. Stanton's charmingly boyish ways and good spirits made him most attractive ; he was beloved by the Rectory children and dogs ; he seemed to captivate the hearts of all who came into touch with him."



*Photo: R. Faulkner.]*

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON.

*[About 1867.]*





*A. H. S. to his Sister.*

“Dec. 30, 1867.

“We have had a very glorious Christmas—the services more magnificent than ever, and great ‘Good will amongst men.’ Thanks be to God. . . . We are all very satisfied with ‘the Case.’ I do not think we shall lose much, if anything. Incense is our weakest point, I think; but I hope we shall keep that, as of all Catholic ceremonies, it is the most scriptural, antique, and beautiful.”

In Lent, 1868 (March 7–16) Stanton was called to conduct a Mission at Mapperley, near Derby, being assisted by his colleague, the Rev. H. T. Howes. “Early in the week there was a fair, at the end a crowded, attendance at the Evening service. The early Celebrations were latterly very well attended. About the middle of the week any who liked were invited to stay and hear about Confession, and by the end of the week about fifth (nearly all men) had made their first Confessions. ‘So good was God, and so strong His Holy Spirit.’ On the last Sunday several received their first Communion. The influence of the Mission was permanent. The weather had been wet throughout the week, and Fr. Stanton had three miles and back to walk or drive daily.”

On the 19th of March Stanton wrote to his sister: “I have just returned from my Mission, a little the worse for wear, but not much, and in good spirits to face all the many troubles our good GOD gives us to bear.”

At this point Bishop Wilberforce unexpectedly appears upon the scene. Of course he had known Stanton at Cuddesdon; he had heard him preach at St. Alban’s, and this spring he had invited him to take part in a Parochial Mission at Newport Pagnell, Bucks. Stanton wrote thus to his sister: “It’s only one of the Bishop of Oxford’s Missions. I don’t much believe in it or think it does much good, but will not refuse as the Bishop wrote himself to ask me to join. . . . It is a matter of wonder they have a firebrand like myself down there at all.”

*To the same.*

“March 2, 1868.

“I go to-morrow to Newport Pagnell—to preach, and to stay with Mr. Bull at Lathbury, I think. After that I go

for a Mission into Derbyshire, then to Marlow, then to Tottenhamhoe; so I shall as usual have a great deal of running about the country this Lent.

The country must indeed be beautiful. After Easter I look forward to seeing it in its Resurrection brightness."

Apparently Stanton's ministrations made a favourable impression, for on the 24th of March the Bishop wrote a letter which showed at once his own kindness of heart, and his complete misreading of Stanton's temperament.

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

I have heard that you are weary of Vestments, incense, etc., and find that all these externals tend to trouble the deeper and more inward work—and are looking out for a different sphere of work.

Will you tell me if this is true?

I am ever,

Most sincerely yours,

S. OXON."

Stanton was the very last man in the world to disparage "externals" or to think they "troubled" the internal work of grace. Though he was not a scientific ritualist, he loved ritual, and regarded it as the visible vesture of the Divine. His æsthetic sense was strong; and, when planning a mission-room or decorating an oratory, he entered with zest into every detail of form and colour and material. Thus in undergraduate days he wrote to his artistic sister—

"Do *not* paint a Cross of lilies. Any cross of any size is better than a cross of lilies for over the altar, that has no meaning. If the Cross is objected to, paint only diaper work, but do not compromise by a Cross of lilies. A plain gilded Latin cross over diaper work, or a very little ornamented would be best."

After the great festivals, his letters abound in such phrases as "Our services were splendid" and "The altar looked glorious." His love of sacred art was a master-passion. In 1868 he wrote to his sister, thus acknowledging a picture of

the Entombment : " It is a Saturday's picture, for Saturday is ' The Day of Burial ' as Friday is of ' The Passion ' and as Thursday is of the Ascension and the Eucharist—*i.e.*, our LORD's departure in the Body, but presence in the Sacrament. I try and make Saturday a day of preparation for death, and prayer for the Dead. So the picture is very helpful, as who would dare to die if JESUS had not ? or who would not shrink from the nailed-up coffin and hole in the ground, if JESUS had not had the sealed stone over HIM and lain Himself in the bowels of the earth ? "

*To the same.*

" Holy Saturday, 1868.

" A very happy Easter to you all. I wish you could spend it here ; but in GOD's Nature you can have the beautiful flowers and the sweet incense and the gorgeous vestments ; and the beautiful stars, the candles always glimmering round about the THRONE of the LAMB, and the birds will sing *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, for JESUS Whom we crucified and laid in the Tomb has risen again that we may rise too."

But we must now return to controversy.

On the 25th of March, 1868, the Dean of the Arches delivered his Judgment in the case of *Martin v. Mackonochie*. Its chief points were as follows :—

1. That it is not lawful to elevate the cup and paten during the Celebration of the Holy Communion in a greater degree than is necessary to comply with the rubric.

2. That it is not lawful to use incense for censuring persons and things, or to bring in incense at the beginning of, or during, the Celebration, and to remove it at the end of the Celebration.

3. That it is not lawful to mix water with the wine during the Celebration (though perhaps such mixture might be made before the service begins).

4. That it is not unlawful for the Celebrant to kneel during the Prayer of Consecration ; at least, unless the Bishop has in his discretion made an order forbidding it.

5. That it is lawful to place two lights upon the Holy Table during the Celebration.

No order was made as to costs.

Mackonochie, writing to the Bishop of London, at once

promised submission on the points where the ruling was hostile to his previous practice ; and for the time all seemed to be making for peace.

It was in the memorably hot summer of 1868 that a writer who called himself Richard Rowe visited Stanton at St. Alban's, and described his visit in *Good Words*. "St. Alban's district," he wrote, "was broiling like rancid bacon on this bright May afternoon," when he made his pilgrimage to Baldwin's Gardens ; and this was what he found there—

"I was ushered up a stone staircase to a study on the second floor. A whimsical recollection of Giant Pope's Cave in 'Pilgrim's Progress' occurred to me as I went in, but what I saw was not 'an old man, crazy and stiff in his joints, grinning and biting his nails,' but a tall, active, earnest, and intelligent-looking young 'Father Clement,'<sup>1</sup> holding out his hand with a smile of courteous welcome. 'Father Clement' was clad in a silk cassock, a cloth cape, something like a horse-soldier's (I am not up in the nomenclature of ecclesiastical dress), and a Vandyked cloth cap, that suggested a just-budding mitre. There was mediæval furniture in the book-lined room, candlesticks of an ecclesiastical type, a picture of the Holy Family, another of the Virgin, an image of the robin with its sacredly stained breast, and such-like ; but the mildly-thoughtful bust of the Bishop of London, loyally placed in a post of honour, looked with pensive forbearance on it all ; and I soon found that my animated interlocutor was no mere dreamy or *dilettante* admirer of an ecclesiastical past galvanized into seeming spasmodic vitality in the present, but firmly convinced that his form of Christianity was the only one that could get a real practical grip on living men and women—especially on the degraded ones swarming around the Clergy House. The basis of Ritualism, he said, was a belief that all human flesh was lovable and venerable, because CHRIST had worn the human form, and therefore the most depraved ought to be looked on and looked after as saintly brethren in obstructed embryo.

. . . . .

"Altogether he was so different from the prim pompous

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Father Clement: A Roman Catholic Story" (by Grace Kennedy).

being a 'High Church parson' is often supposed to be, that I could not help remarking to him how widely he differed from the popular notion. Instead of a dogmatist, as stiff as starch, a somewhat spooney spectre, 'walking ever with averted eyes' fixed on its beloved Middle Ages, I had found a genial, quick-witted man of nineteenth-century flesh and blood, able to laugh with all his lungs, and whilst fixedly (however funnily) of opinion that his own theological system is by far the best adapted to the wants of the present, willing (at any rate, in word) to make wide allowance for diversity of views, even to bid God-speed to the worthy City Missionary who dogs him on his rounds, under the conscientious conviction that he must be somewhere branded with the Mark of the Beast."

*A. H. S. to his Sister.*

"(Sept., 1868.)

"H. McNeile<sup>1</sup> has all the Protestantism without the learning of Dean Goode; so the change certainly is not for the better. But the work of the Gospel is being done in a negative way, if the Ripon people can be made to loathe Protestantism as simply virtual infidelity, and so be more prepared some days hence when the change comes, and surely it must come soonish now, to embrace the Catholic Faith. . . . I am very busy and have got to go out preaching like an old Ranter all over the place. It is such a nuisance and people are never better for sermons, at least not often."

*To the same.*

"Oct. 12, 1868.

"I enjoyed my 'retreat' very much; it was in the new Monastery at Cowley near Oxford; the monks waiting on us. The perfect rest and absolute silence *physically* did me good—spiritually too I hope it wasn't lost."

Unfortunately for the peace of the Church, the Judgment of the Court of Arches had proved highly distasteful to the

<sup>1</sup> Hugh McNeile was appointed Dean of Ripon in succession to William Goode. He was installed Oct. 29, 1868.



Puritans, and the indefatigable Martin promptly gave notice of an appeal from the Court of Arches to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The appeal, which was limited to the permission of kneeling during the Prayer of Consecration, the use of the altar-lights, and the disallowance of Costs, was heard on the 17th of November, 1868, and on the 23rd of December the Judgment was pronounced. It was adverse to Mackonochie on all three points, and also allowed the costs of the appeal to the prosecutors. Technically, the Judgment was only a Report of the Judicial Committee, to be submitted to Her Majesty; who on the 14th of January, 1869, approved of the Report, and by Order in Council directed that it should be duly "observed, complied with, and carried into execution." A "Monition" to this effect was addressed to Mackonochie on the 19th of January.

Stanton's feelings are expressed in a letter to his sister—

"Christmas Eve, 1868.

"A Happy Christmas to you all. . . . We have a great deal to do, a great deal to think of, a great many hearts besides our own to cheer up, a great many 'hands which hang down and feeble knees to strengthen,' but notwithstanding all this I shall not forget to think of you all down at Upfield."

*To the same.*

"Holy Innocents, 1868.

"You ask me, and you will be asked by others, what I think of this wretched Judgment, so I'll be plain with you, and do you be plain with others in speaking *about me*.

I am using all the power I have with Mr. Mackonochie, *i.e.* I plead my having been with him now 6 years. I tell him I will go with him preaching throughout England for money, *if only he will resist it altogether*. If we can ignore it legally, so much the better; if not, illegally and take the consequences.

And I tell you why.

It is a *base injustice*, and if an injustice in politics ought to be resisted as tyranny, much more so an injustice in religion—a threefold tyranny.

It is an injustice:—

1st. Because, up to this time the Privy Council has *settled* not so much on the grounds of the law as on the grounds of

Toleration, but now because it was a Tory Protestant Privy Council against Catholics, they have settled, not, as usual on the grounds of law, but of Intoleration.

2nd. They have knocked us down by an unfair blow. They make us whom they *know to be poor* (while the Church Association is known to be rich) pay not only for trying to defend ourselves but for being knocked down—we who never attacked anyone—we who still feel we are the obedient children of, not the State Church, but the Catholic Church.

Therefore in the name of the GOD of Justice, let us resist tooth and nail. If they don't think us Christians let them remember we are Englishmen at any rate. *We* have our feelings as well as others, we too love freedom.

For six years now have I served in the Church, ever snubbed, ever thwarted, no encouragement from superiors—let the superiors look to themselves and ask themselves if the Church of England is to be supported by oppression.

The encouragement we have is our own oneness with GOD, and the hearts of men—the only encouragement after all that is worth the name.

‘ Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act as in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o’erhead.’

There are some dear Priests I *know* who are prepared to go to prison rather than give in. GOD bless them ! If any one asks what I think, show them this letter—don't hesitate. Our Christmas *has* been a happy one. The wrong done to JESUS in the stable with the ox and ass has given us a sense of fellowship with Him, and this is joy.”

*To the same.*

“ Dec. 29, 1868.

“ I am afraid I cannot come down just yet not till after next Sunday week, but I will try. There is so much anxiety now—one's own heart and the hearts of others to keep up ; bidding people not to go over to Rome in disgust, but to hold on and fight against all these odds : hoping almost against hope that justice and toleration will be given us—in the End.

I think most people are disgusted. The Judgment is two-edged : if it will wound us deeply, which it certainly will, it

will also gash the hands of those that wield it. As yet all our people remain staunch to us, but we have not yet made any change in the service. In some ways we shall increase our Ritual. The Host will be given in the form of a wafer, and I hope, Lamps will continually burn before The Altar of the Lord.<sup>1</sup> Following Mr. Richards<sup>2</sup> of All Saints, we shall be more explicit in teaching the doctrine of the Mass—a name we must now adopt, as the Privy Council have referred us to the book in which the Holy Communion is called the ‘Mass.’ So after all the Protestants won’t get much change out of us, although the injustice remains the same, after all.”

We have already seen that Stanton was a Liberal alike by tradition and by temperament. His family had long upheld the Liberal cause at Stroud ; he himself had voted for Gladstone at the General Election of 1865 when Oxford dismissed him ; and in the summer of 1866, when the Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill was thrown out, he was “ full of excitement and interest about John Bright’s and Gladstone’s speeches, full of the meetings in Hyde Park, and the memorable occasion of the mob pulling down the railings.”

At Christmas, 1868, Gladstone became Prime Minister for the first time, and Bright joined the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade. Stanton did not become personally acquainted with Gladstone till a much later period ; but he had access to Bright through the political associations of his family, and to Bright he now addressed his complaint. The response is interesting.

“ Rochdale, Jan. 6, 1869.

“ DEAR SIR,

I have read your letter with much interest, but I do not think it is in my power to interfere in the matter.

It is one which the Courts will determine, and in which I could not interfere without impropriety.

I suppose the questions now agitating the Church must work on, until some great crisis arrives, when, for the sake of freedom, one of them will throw off the shackles of the State.

<sup>1</sup> The Seven Lamps which hang in the Sanctuary at St. Alban’s were presented by A. H. S. at Septuagesima, 1869.

<sup>2</sup> W. U. Richards, Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street.

The growth of zeal within the State Church is fatal to its existence as a political Institution. I do not believe the interference of the Courts of Law can remove the difficulties which spring inevitably from the growth of zeal which is now seen in all parts of the country, and in every section of the Church.

I do not suppose 'strict law' has had so much to do with the recent decision, as a determination to suppress what is menacing to the harmony of the Church. Whether harmony can be obtained by legal compulsion is more than doubtful—in past time the plan has not been very successful.

I recollect the morning at your Father's house at Stroud. My dear friend Mr. Cobden was writing a letter, and I read to him the famous article in the *Times* announcing the doom of the wicked Corn Law. We sought industrial freedom—you seek ecclesiastical freedom. I wish you may find it, but I think it cannot be found within the borders of a State Church Establishment.

You will think this letter unsatisfactory, but I cannot say more.

I am very faithfully yours,  
JOHN BRIGHT."

Mackonochie, whose temper was less emotional than his curate's, took the Judgment, as he took everything else, with unruffled calmness. He announced that, though he demurred on spiritual and constitutional grounds to the authority of the Judicial Committee, still, having appeared before it, he intended to fulfil its requirements. At the same time he declared that, in his opinion, the remedy for the Church's troubles was Disestablishment. "Let us see all our brethren taking courage out of defeat, and rallying themselves in their proper posts for the glorious contest which is before them—Freedom for the Church of their Fathers. . . . I for one say, Let the State send forth the Church roofless and penniless, but free, and I will say 'Thank you.'"

In sentiments such as these the Vicar could rely on enthusiastic support from Stanton, whose hostility to the union of Church and State waxed stronger and keener as he witnessed its working. "Mention Church and State to me," he

once exclaimed, "and it is like shaking a red cloth before a mad bull." In 1879 he wrote to a young priest: "I can't think of the Anglican Establishment as your Vicar does, for to me the whole thing seems a religious get-up for the well-to-do." Thirty years later he said to an interviewer—

"I am strongly in favour of Disestablishment, and always have been. The connexion between the two has done harm to both—more, however, to the Church. Take our plan of electing Bishops. In the early centuries they were elected by the people—as they ought to be. Now they are chosen, sometimes by a Tory, sometimes by a Radical Government. The Dean and Chapter meet and ask the guidance of the Holy Ghost to enable them to choose, knowing all the while they have the 'congé d'élire' in their pockets. To me this comes perilously near blasphemy."

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Lent began on the 10th of February, 1869, and Stanton wrote to his sister—

"I enclose our series of Lent services. It will be a trying Lent for us, you may be sure; but I daresay GOD will give us many conversions, as, since *The Suffering* on the Cross, nothing is so attractive to the instincts of the soul as suffering.

'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto ME.'"

On Easter Monday, March 29, he wrote to his mother, with reference to the anniversary of his father's death <sup>1</sup>—

"I was unable to write to you on Good Friday to remind you of our mutual commemoration on Saturday, for sheer hard work. Good Friday does not allow me *one moment*. You must not however think that last Saturday passed without its Commemoration. The Saturday before Easter is my favourite day in all the year—the day of our Blessed LORD's resting in the grave. It's a day on which I love to think of all the Dead dear to me.

This year the two Commemorations fell together.<sup>2</sup> You must not think this feeling about the Dead morbid. It is full of love and sweetness—it makes death seem less terrible, for it separates us less from one another—us who are dying from

<sup>1</sup> March 27.

<sup>2</sup> March 27, 1869, was Easter Even.



those who are dead, to die in the LORD and to be buried with Him, and the grave has no victory after all—Death has no sting.”

Meanwhile the activities of the Church Association took a new form, which was at a later date disclosed in the Bill of Costs presented to Mackonochie by the Proctors for the prosecution.

July, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Attending Mr. Pond, instructing him to attend St.			
Alban's on Sunday, July 11th . . . . .	0	6	8
Taking his statement and fair copy . . . . .	0	18	4
Paid him for his attendance . . . . .	2	2	0

Attending Mr. Pond, instructing him to attend the early Communion on July 12th ( <i>i.e.</i> the next day, Monday) and four following days . . . . .	0	6	8
Taking his statement and fair copy . . . . .	0	18	4
Paid him for his attendance . . . . .	5	5	0

(Two guineas for Sunday, one each week-day.)

Three persons were employed.

Similar entries occur all through, exceeding in the whole One Hundred Pounds.

While these amiable inspections were in progress, it was announced that a “Twelve Days’ Mission” for all London, or at least for such parishes as would accept it, would be held in the following winter under the sanction of the three Bishops in whose dioceses London was situate.<sup>1</sup> The Mission began on Sunday, November 14, 1869, and ended on Thursday, November 25. Stanton was the Missioner at St. Columba’s, Kingsland Road. At that date St. Columba’s Clergy House was not yet built, and the Vicar lived a little distance from the church. This did not fit in with Stanton’s energetic schemes for the Mission, and he asked for the use of the vestry, where he could live and sleep, and where people could find him at any time. One who was present at the Mission writes—

<sup>1</sup> These were Bishop Jackson of London, Bishop Claughton of Rochester, and Bishop Wilberforce, just translated to Winchester, which then contained South London.



"On Saturday Evening, November 20, 1869, I cut across the nearest byeways of the Haggerston streets, and as I saw the light from the Eastern window glimmering through the fog in the Kingsland Road, I also heard sounds of singing, and knew that the service had already begun. I went breathlessly in at the north door, into the dimly lighted church, and there, through the darkness and gloom which lay behind the pillars, a procession wound out into the lighted nave, those who formed it singing at the top of their voices a most enthusiastic mission hymn to a very catching tune. First came Father Stanton in cassock, surplice, and tippet, singing lustily, and behind him followed a crowd, and oh ! *such* a crowd of working men. Shoe-makers in leathern aprons, as if they had just left their benches ; one man, a carpenter or joiner, with his linen apron tucked round his waist, and a basket full of tools on his shoulder ; then a lame man, hopping along on crutches ; then costers out of Hoxton, roughs out of the Kingsland Road ; a sprinkling of respectables, and sundry women of every description. On they came, and the lofty church echoed with their voices, as they passed up the nave and crowded into the seats.

"And then he stood up, and addressed them in burning words, out of the many of which I can only remember these few—

" ' It is a cold night, a *very* cold night. The bitter north wind is blowing and the stars are shining outside. Hark ! don't you hear some One outside in the cold, knocking at your hearts, saying, " Let me in ! Let Me in ! " Will you not take Him in and warm Him with the fire of your love ? Salvation is waiting for you, will you not open and take it in ? *Now* if you will, you *can* refuse to see Him, but a Day will come, when you *must* see Him face to Face, and He will say, " Do you remember that cold night in St. Columba's Church, when I came to you, and you refused to see Me ? *Now*, depart from before My Face for ever ! " ' "

" ' Go where we will, we cannot get away from Jesus. We try to shut Him out, we close our eyes to Him—but—He haunts us like a ghost ! We are walking unheedingly along a street, and we turn a corner—and lo ! there He is ! we meet Him, we run against Him, and He has wounds in His Hands and in His Side, and they are dripping with blood for our sakes ! ' "

"I cannot remember more, but the whole rough Saturday-night crowd sat spell-bound while he spoke. And then he knelt and poured out a heartfelt extempore prayer, which must have appealed to all present. After that there was a great silence.

"Suddenly a woman's shrill voice echoed through the lofty church. 'I want to pray'! There was a minute before the response came from the Missioner, and the answer came calm and clear over the heads of the people. 'If you want to pray, pray.' And so she did. He told me afterwards he was rather puzzled at the time whether to let her or not, seeing that St. Paul had said that women were to keep silence in the churches; still, if she felt moved to pray, he thought it was better to let her do so."

There was one incident connected with the Mission at St. Columba's which had permanent results for the Missioner.

Theodore Mansel Talbot was the only son of Mr. Christopher R. M. Talbot, of Margam, a man of great possessions and position in South Wales, who sat as a Liberal for Glamorganshire from 1830 till 1890, and was Father of the House of Commons when he died. Theodore Talbot, as heir to his father's immense possessions, had been brought up to no profession. Without occupation he would have been miserable, and he was repeatedly urged to stand for Parliament; but he seemed to shrink from the insincerities and compromises of political life. He realized that God had duties in store for him; but the discovery of the direction in which those duties lay was, as men judge accidents, accidental. From his early days he had been thoughtful and devout; but, like many another man of similar type, he was drifting rather aimlessly through life, when, during the London Mission of 1869, he chanced to wander into St. Columba's Church. Stanton was preaching. As soon as the service was over, Talbot came to the preacher, told him his circumstances, and said: "Here I am. What can I do?" The answer was immediate. "Come down to St. Alban's and help us there."

Talbot obeyed the summons, and in obeying it found his true vocation. He practically disappeared from society. When he was in London, his time was spent in the slums of Holborn, instead of the drawing-rooms of Belgravia and the

Clubs of Pall Mall. He deserted his father's house in Cavendish Square, and took lodgings in Brooke Street, close to St. Alban's Church and Clergy House. Very soon he became Stanton's most intimate friend, and most strenuous fellow-worker in the field of social religion. The two men were exactly the same age ; and alike in the spheres of religion and of politics they were of one heart and one mind. What Talbot's sympathy meant to Stanton in the stormy times which lay ahead we shall see as the narrative proceeds.<sup>1</sup>

On the 29th of December, 1869, Stanton wrote to his sister—

“On Christmas Day I dined with 12 of the greatest blackguards in the parish—in the Club's rooms.<sup>2</sup> We had roast beef, plum pudding, oranges, nuts and baccy—and enjoyed ourselves very much.”

The year 1870 was marked by one of Stanton's most successful Missions. It was held at St. James's Church, Hull, from the 13th to 20th of March ; and Stanton was assisted by his fellow-curate, H. E. Willington. A layman who then lived at Hull writes as follows : “ I have every reason to remember this Mission with great thankfulness : it was practically the turning-point in my life. I attended most of the evening and Sunday services, and can never forget the earnest appeals to crowds who flocked to hear him.”

Another writes : “ I attended a wonderful course of Addresses to Men on “ the sins of the flesh ” at 9 or 10 p.m. each evening.”

A clergyman writes : “ Stanton used to stand in the street each night, and throw up his surplice again and again to attract attention, and then, in cassock and biretta, hold a Mission service, afterwards leading the crowd into church. He told me once that he always ‘ threw the Prayer Book out of the window ’ at the first start of a Mission ; but this was metaphorical.”

At the following Whitsuntide, Stanton paid a flying visit to the scene of his Lenten Mission, and was enthusiastically

<sup>1</sup> It is believed that Stanton paid his first visit to Rome in 1870, Talbot being his companion on the journey.

<sup>2</sup> For the Club, see p. 127.

received. On returning to London he wrote to his sister : " I have just returned from Hull. A crowd met me on the station platform and cheered. The Secretary of the Docks wrote a ' menacing ' letter to the Archbishop <sup>1</sup> and the feeling made him give way and I was allowed to preach."

The last sentence reveals another of those episcopal rebuffs to which Stanton was always unduly sensitive, and which before long terminated his career as a Mission-Preacher.<sup>2</sup>

In the intimacies of personal friendship, idiosyncrasy forms the bond which joins two men together. Each loves the other just for what he is. But, when the connexion is primarily official, idiosyncrasy may play havoc ; and when men not only are associated in a common work, but dwell under the same roof and live their lives in one another's society, the risk of strain is serious. People who knew Mackonochie and Stanton sometimes wondered whether it was possible for two men of such strongly marked personality, and so curiously unlike, to " dwell together in unity " for any length of time.

Stanton was eminently a man of moods : now buoyantly gay, now heavily overcast ; strongly emotional, sensitive to a fault, and by nature much inclined to resentment of injury or insult. Mackonochie was of an unvarying temperament ; equable, grave, enduring ; much more given to thinking than to speaking, and by nature distrustful of the emotional appeal. Stanton, just before the close of his own life, wrote thus of his former chief : " In some respects he was narrow, very narrow, and merciless to anyone who Romanized, etc., but that all sprang from his intense conscientiousness. He was a splendid friend, and would stick closer than a brother, for weal or woe. I never thought him, as a preacher, a good preacher, but I never knew anyone whose sermons were more appreciated. He was so transparently sincere and overwhelmingly unworldly."

That this was no exaggerated eulogy is, I think, made abundantly clear by Mackonochie's share in the following correspondence, which enables us to understand how two men, temperamentally so unlike one another, could live and work together for twenty years. The history of the correspondence is thus stated by one who remembers the occasion :

<sup>1</sup> William Thomson.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 266.

"In 1870 Stanton was very much upset on finding that some soup, said to be unfit for food, had been distributed by the Sisters to a number of poor in his district. In his generosity of heart, and disgust that the poor should be so treated, he gave £1 to each of the families who had been the victims of the bad soup. This was too much for Sister —, who complained to Mackonochie, with the result that he asked Stanton to give up his district. Stanton felt this very acutely, and told me that he felt that his work in the parish was over."

On the 4th of April, 1870, Stanton, who was staying with his friend Hillyard at Norwich, wrote as follows to Mackonochie :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

After weighing all the pros and cons (seriously and deliberately) I am still of the same mind as I was a month ago—*i.e.* that the time has come for me to leave St. Alban's.

Nay, more than this. I fancy now I ought to have considered the question before, when as you know 2 years ago or more the same conclusion suggested itself to me.<sup>1</sup> Then I stifled it—only too ready to do so on account of the thousand cords that bind me there—but I must not do so again. Some day or other the wrench must come, and I believe it is right it should come now.

About the exact time of my going I leave entirely to you. The difficulty of getting someone to serve instead will be, I think, small, but there may be that of getting a licence out of the Bishop. I am very desirous that you should not feel my absence on this account, and if you wished I would be at hand, only too glad to take any services or sermons when the other clergy were away. Only I would rather not preach a course, or by special appointment.

Nor can I close this letter without thanking you for the unceasing acts of kindness you have shown me all along, which

<sup>1</sup> This previous resignation is thus explained: "Mackonochie drew up a list of all the Guilds and Confraternities which had gradually grown up, and placed himself at the head of each, without consulting Stanton or offering to share the control of any of them with him. This Mackonochie generously offered to do as soon as he found that any feeling of soreness on the subject existed, and the little cloud passed over."



have helped me thro' what I believe will prove to be the most eventful part of my whole life."

[The end is missing.]

Mackonochie replied with admirable calmness.

"April 5, 1870.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have clearly only one course. If you will go, of course you must go. I quite agree that you had better have gone as you would have gone two years ago than leave as you are leaving now. You refer to our conversation some six weeks back. I must therefore repeat that I never have distrusted you, nor, to the best of my belief, given you any reason to think that I have done so.

As regards the fomenter of this trouble I feel no disappointment. You and I have often agreed both as to his good qualities and as to his defects. These latter it is not now necessary to consider, further than to say that they make his present line of thought and action quite intelligible: but for one like yourself to be carried away by his weakness is more than a disappointment. It is a greater pain to me than I can tell—it is the turning against one of one's own familiar friend whom one trusted.

However, it is God's will, and must be accepted as such. I can but thank you for all that you have done for my people, and for all the love which you have shown to myself. God, Who now takes it from me, Alone knows how often and how greatly it has helped me.

Yours very affectionately,  
in our Blessed Lord,  
ALEX. HERIOT MACKONOCHIE.

P.S.—I have, I see, simply accepted your resignation. I would much rather, if it seemed to be of any use, ask you to reconsider the matter, so that, if possible we might again be, as we have been, One in our work.

As regards next week<sup>1</sup> I am afraid that I must ask you to take rather a large share of the work. Can you take the Evening Service through the week and on Easter Day, and the 'Three Hours' ? "

<sup>1</sup> Holy Week.



Stanton replied as follows :—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

It would be very hard work for me to preach at St. Alban's next week in every way. The Three Hours I don't think I could take, so if you can arrange without my preaching I should esteem it a kindness.

I do not myself, nor do I think I ought to, look upon my resignation as in any way resulting from, or affecting, the personal relations we stand in one to another.

It has never crossed my mind that you have ever personally distrusted me. On the contrary you have reposed in me the greatest confidence man can give man—a trust which no heart could fail to appreciate.

But this personal trust only brings into sharper relief the mistrust of my work ministerially, of which fact, whether you see it or no, *I* feel convinced.

And I honestly confess I find no fault with you here. For I can see valid reasons more than enough for this mistrust. Our minds are not cast in the same mould. There are many more ways than one to the same end. I believe our ways ought now to divide ; GOD has given us our peculiar characteristics in work : we ought to be content to separate for a time, if only we may meet again at the End.

I think you hardly appreciate the fact that it well-nigh breaks my heart to leave so many who love me so much : but if what is right must be done at any cost necessary, I plead that no sort of bitterness make the bitter more bitter still, but that everything be done quietly, gently, and lovingly, in God's Will, Who made us both with different habits of mind but Who has given us one and the same view of the Catholic Faith.

Yours affectionately in Him,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON.”

On the 8th of April, Stanton's friend and fellow-curate, H. A. Walker, addressed him in the following letter :—

“I am exceedingly sorry to hear from Mackonochie that you have sent in your resignation. I hope you will forgive me for what I say, but I cannot help thinking you have come to a wrong conclusion.

If I am writing without knowledge of facts which have induced you to take this step, I would ask you only for Mackonochie's sake and the Church here to put aside your determination at least for a time. Whatever Mackonochie has done contrary to your feelings, would you not in some measure take into consideration the troubles, worries, and anxieties he has had to carry? I am convinced your going will be a great blow to him, personally, and a still greater blow to your own work.

If you say personal considerations must not come in the way, then I hope you will allow the souls of those whom you have helped to have some weight in your thoughts.

I verily believe that if you will only make up your mind you can talk the matter over with Mr. M. and make some arrangement, for I am sure it is only a misunderstanding, and one capable and easy of removal—*i.e.* if you will only speak out what rankles in your mind—I must not say more, because I want to catch post."

On the 9th of April Mackonochie wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

Thank you very much for your most kind letter received to-day. Whatever the issue, it at least puts us on our old footing of personal affection, from which I trust none of the further steps in the matter may remove us.

I will do as you wish about the sermons. Do not think that I wish to aggravate, if I say a few words more. I must thank you most heartily for your more than full acceptance of the confidence which I have always tried, however imperfectly, to make as ample as your expressions.

I must add that I have never, to the best of my knowledge, distrusted your work ministerially any more than I have yourself personally.

You say that God has cast us in different moulds. Be it so! The strength of our work has always seemed to me (and I have often said so) that we are all cast in different moulds, and yet by the Grace of the Holy Spirit of Concord have been all able to work in harmony and love.

Is it asking too much to beg that when you return you will tell me some of the matters in which you think I have

distrusted you? I hear various rumours from those to whom — has spoken (I do not find fault with him for speaking): but some of them I know not to be true as far as my own mind is concerned: and some are so utterly trivial as to be unworthy both of you and him. I should be most thankful to hear from your own mouth the complaints which you have against me: that I might be able to answer them. This is no more than is conceded to a felon in the Dock. Of course, your work differs from mine, because each man is more or less *sui generis*. No doubt I might in some things not have used the same means: but neither should I have attained the same results.

I do not distrust you because you have accomplished that which I could not have accomplished, by means which GOD has not given me power to use.

Yours most affectionately,

In our Blessed Lord,

ALEX. HERIOT MACKONOCHIE."

*Beati Pacifici.* The ministry which, but for Mackonochie's gentleness and humility, might now have come to an end, lasted with ever-increasing power and acceptance for 43 years.

In the year 1869 a band of Priests associated themselves in a "Society of the Holy Spirit" with the hope that "by study and converse they might learn to understand the questions of the day, and bring to bear upon them the light of the Christian Realities." The Founder of the Society was the Rev. R. W. Corbet, and its home was the Rectory House of Stoke-upon-Tern, in Shropshire. Here Stanton, who came to dislike the rigidity and formalism of ordinary Retreats, used to retire for seasons of prayer and meditation. "He came to Stoke Rectory for retreat. He used to say a *Layman's Retreat* suited him best: its *length of silence* was sufficient for his temperament. On the whole he liked, as did Lowder, a few days' quiet in a house where the 'Hours' were said and a rule of silence observed, wholly or in part as far as the retreatant was concerned. His love of humanities, and personal devotion to our LORD, preserved a wondrous buoyancy and elasticity of temperament and understanding throughout, and enabled him intimately and humorously to gauge the relative

value of things. This struck me much in his early ministry, and released him from the morbidness which troubles a sensitive temperament under misunderstanding."

It was from Stoke that, on the 25th of July, 1870, Stanton wrote the following letter on the Judgment of the Court of Arches in the case of W. J. E. Bennett, who had been prosecuted by the Church Association for teaching the Objective Presence in the Blessed Sacrament:—

"I see Mr. Bennett's case is given for him. I am glad only because if people persecute they should pay for it. It does not matter in the least to me whether the law says CHRIST is in the Sacrament or not. He *is*, and that's all I care about."

On the 2nd of December, 1869, the Church Association, through their old friend Martin, had delated Mackonochie to the Privy Council for disobedience to the Monition in the previous January; relying on the sworn evidence of hired spies, who all testified to Mackonochie's disobedience in continuing to elevate the Chalice and Paten, in using lighted candles when not required for light, and in kneeling and prostration during the Prayer of Consecration. On the 4th of December, 1869, the Judicial Committee decided that Mackonochie had cleared himself on the two counts of Elevation and Lights, but that he had disobeyed in genuflecting. Kneeling and genuflecting were, in the eyes of the Committee, two names for one thing, and Mackonochie was condemned in costs. Ten days after the delivery of this Judgment, the spies again visited St. Alban's; and on their report the Church Association, again through Martin, delated Mackonochie for renewed disobedience to the Monition, alleging that he sanctioned on the part of others what he was forbidden to do himself; and in a further affidavit he himself was charged with the same offences. The case went dawdling on through the summer and autumn of 1870, and on the 25th of November Judgment was pronounced, to the effect that Mackonochie had not complied with the Monition, and that therefore he must pay all the costs of the application and be suspended from his office and benefice for three months. The Judgment was of course reported in the papers; but the formal notice of Suspension was not served on Mackonochie, and posted on the door of the church,

until just before the beginning of High Mass on Advent Sunday, November 27.

Mackonochie submitted with the tranquil dignity which was characteristic of him. He took his seat in his stall, and the service proceeded, though with no incense, and no lighted candles. Stanton preached the sermon, taking for his text the decree of the Privy Council, and, as an admiring hearer wrote at the time, "simply raved." He spoke with passionate indignation of the gross injustice which had marked the proceedings from first to last; of the ambiguities and uncertainties which pervaded each successive decision of the Courts; of the bitter hate which the world feels for Sacramental truth; of the unequal measure dealt out to Socinianism and to Ritualism. And then he burst into a strain of noble eloquence—"It is the crowning honour of a Priest of JESUS CHRIST to suffer for his Master's sake. You will not hear the voice of your beloved Priest for three months, but, as he sits in his stall, his silence will speak more powerfully than the rarest eloquence. Remember the words of the Psalmist: 'I became dumb, and opened not my mouth, for it was Thy doing, O Lord of Hosts.' Dear St. Alban's people, you are dearer to us than ever, for we are not only one in faith, but one in suffering also. And you men especially, you who love what is noble and true and just, let this sink into your hearts, and say: 'What must the tree be which bears fruit like this?' . . . Let us not forget that it is our duty to regard those who have done us this great injury with feelings of kindness and love. We must look forward to the time when the mists shall have vanished, and all things have become clear."

On the 6th of December Mackonochie addressed to the *Record* a letter setting forth with great clearness the successive steps of the litigation; and he subsequently published it, with some amendments, as a pamphlet. It concludes with these words—"I accept this Suspension as purely and simply a legal compulsion. I must accept it, or do that which I believe would displease God more; but it is only the world's Suspension. In the presence of God, and in the forum of my own conscience, I am as free as if no Suspension whatever had been issued. Having elected to obey it, I will do so in all ways in which I can obey it without disobeying God; but

I do not for a moment accept it as depriving me of privileges, or releasing me from duties, which God has enjoined upon me as a Priest, and from which He only can release me.”<sup>1</sup>

On the 19th of December Stanton wrote to his sister—

“As you may imagine I am ‘reg’lar in for it’ as my dear chaps say, and cannot write much. . . . We are going to make this Christmas grander than ever, as, not believing ourselves to be liars, we are not going to be brow-beaten by a lying Privy Council. I said at a meeting last night that if Mr. Mackonochie’s Suspension did anything to kick over that foul ‘rooks’ nest’ the Establishment, I thanked GOD for it; and they cheered right well.

But in all probability they will kick us out before another year is over; still sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I don’t think the Bishop<sup>2</sup> dare interfere before Christmas, and we know how to act if he does afterwards.”

*To the same.*

“Dec. 29, 1870.

“I am very busy feasting, here, there and everywhere. I had my dinner party again—12 of the biggest blackguards, as Society calls them. We had it *à la Russe* this time—silver forks, beautiful flowers in the middle, and beautiful conserved fruit at dessert. I smoked a Churchwarden pipe for company’s sake.

We haven’t let our people suffer this Christmas because of our blackguard treatment by Her Most Sacred Majesty’s Privy Councillors. A Happy New Year to you all. To us I don’t know what will happen. Please God they shall never make us either cowards or Protestants.”

After the Feast of the Circumcision, 1871, a Harrow boy (who is now a bishop) wrote thus to a school-fellow—

“Such a splendid service at S. Alban’s on Sunday, ending with the Hallelujah Chorus accompanied by a full band: exactly the same service as on Christmas Day, when I was

<sup>1</sup> Mackonochie resumed his ministrations on the 26th of February, 1871.

<sup>2</sup> John Jackson, Bishop of London.



also there : they had the band to compensate for the poverty of Catholic ritual ; such a magnificent sermon from Stanton ! I've quite gushed ever since. I saw E. there, who was equally vehement." <sup>1</sup>

In Lent, 1871, Stanton wrote to his sister—

"The Privy Council Judgment does not affect *me* in the least. To yield in lighted candles is as bad as to yield in vestments and position. I have ever taken my stand on not yielding a jot or tittle to a profane secular court, and have always disagreed with Mackonochie here. Now of course we all think alike ; the only thing to do is to be prepared to be turned neck and crop out—which I think we are.

Our Evening Lenten services are wonderful. We put up a huge crucifix with candles on either side, and preach and say Compline every night. We are determined to do all we can while we can.

I think the Germans are detested in England. Justice without mercy is at once their greatest praise and greatest condemnation." <sup>2</sup>

*To the same.*

"Next Saturday I go on my way to Liverpool for a week, then on to Manchester to help preach a 'Mission' with Fr. Mackonochie. I will send you a Bill of the services when I get one. You must pray GOD we may do something to 'set forth CHRIST crucified' amongst the people to whom we go."

That indeed was the supreme, nay, the sole, object of Stanton's preaching : but his method was, at this period of his ministry, highly polemical ; and, though his younger disciples delighted, as we have seen, in his vehemence, some

<sup>1</sup> "When everyone's feelings were wrought to the highest degree of affectionate sympathy and fear of some extreme measure against the beloved vicar, Stanton expressed and relieved the universal feeling and deeply moved everyone by his address, preached (with Mr. Mackonochie in his place) on the words of Daniel x. 19, 'O man, greatly beloved, fear not ; peace be unto thee ; be strong, yea, be strong.' E.V.E."

<sup>2</sup> Peace between France and Germany was concluded on the 2nd of March, 1871.

older friends were seriously perturbed. Edward King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, had been Chaplain of Cuddesdon when Stanton was a student there, and now was Principal. He always retained a warm affection for "that naughty Stanton," as he used to call him, and now he manifested that affection in a truly fatherly letter.

"March 18, 1871.

"MY DEAREST STANTON,

You will understand as well as any one the *duty* and the *difficulty*, of rebuking those you most love. I need not say how very sincerely I have admired your bold and self-devoted life or how grateful I am to God for the great work that He has enabled you to do; but all this makes me feel more seriously the duty of telling you plainly when I think you are going wrong. Forgive me, my dear friend, if I say plainly that I think you are doing *yourself* and *others* great harm by your violent language on Church Subjects. I have been asked by several to warn you of this (by Liddon for one)—especially I beg you to consider the danger of such language as you are reported to have used in *Church*—it is too *worldly*, too *low*—it will of course attract and excite young people, and those who are not strong in Spiritual things, but believe me, dear Friend, I do not see the marks of a Holy, Spiritual man in such language as that, and I fear you are giving real occasion to those who are spiritually minded now, to suspect the worst of the carnal and material dangers of Ritualism, and to those who may now admire you, I fear you may be giving occasion for a future reaction which will overthrow all your labours. I am pained to write to you like this, dear Stanton, but I think you are *wrong* in using such language and doing harm to yourself and others, and because I love you I tell you plainly.

Let me beg you to consider this; you are young and have quickly become a leader of others and now few will tell you your faults, knowing truly your greatness—but you are in danger from this high position and the excitement of religious popularity and in danger of forgetting the higher gifts—longsuffering—gentleness—temperance.

Now I have been a true friend and risked your friendship, for though I love you more than you may think, I do not desire

to hide, even in my love, that I think you are *wrong* and *doing harm*.

God guide you and Bless you a thousand-fold,

I am as ever,

Your most affectionate,

EDWARD KING."

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We are now approaching a lull in the storm which habitually beat upon St. Alban's; but even this period of comparative calm was disturbed by a quaint controversy between the Founder of the church and the unconquerable curate. On the 29th of May, 1871, Stanton wrote as follows to Mr. J. G. Hubbard:—

"SIR,

The Archdeacon of London<sup>1</sup> has been here this afternoon from the Bishop of London about 'certain windows put up lately in the church which obscure the light.'

The only two windows lately put up are, first, the one put up by a member of your family, and the other by a member of my own.

The Archdeacon said the information emanated from yourself.

It would have saved the Bishop the trouble, and ourselves the annoyance, had you taken care to explain to the Bishop that neither the one nor the other of the windows obscures the light, both being very small and on the north side of the church.

I write that you may at once remove the false impression you have made on his Lordship's mind.

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

After some delay, Mr. Hubbard replied as follows:—

"June 13, 1871.

"MY DEAR SIR,

I am *very* sorry that you are interested in the recent 'darkening' of the Church. You beg me to explain

<sup>1</sup> P. C. Claughton, sometime Bishop of Colombo.

to the Bishop of London that I have misled him by that impression as the stained glass is on the *North* side of the Chancel.

I cannot admit that I have misled the Bishop—or that you are right in assuming that light cannot come from the North. Is there any room in the Clergy House in which you can try the effect of blocking up a North Window? If so, pray try it.

I wrote to the Bishop of London to this effect—That stained glass had been placed in the North-eastermost light in the Clerestory of the Chancel. That the intention was (according to the plans which I had seen) to fill all the lights in the Chancel with stained glass—that if this were done the Chancel would be so darkened as to stand in constant need of artificial light, and that the instructive and edifying paintings on the East Wall would no longer be discerned. That I considered these results would be injurious to the Church. That I had more than once refused my consent to this proceeding and having no preventive power I requested the Bishop through the proper medium to ascertain whether my objections were well founded.

Is there any misrepresentation in this statement? If there is I shall gladly recall it. If there is not, may I suggest that it would be safer not to charge me with misrepresentation until you had ascertained the facts of the case, including the possibility of *light coming from the North?*

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

J. G. HUBBARD."

Stanton made his rejoinder on the 14th of June.

"SIR,

You have thought fit to allow a fortnight to elapse since I wrote to you.

The misapprehension which did, from Dr. Claughton's account, occupy the Bishop's mind has, I trust, before this disappeared.

I presume his Lordship has by this time formed his own conclusions on the matter, and could only be wearied by a further allusion to it. It was Dr. Claughton's statement

'that windows had been lately put up which darkened the church,' that I wrote to you about.

This was most certainly a misrepresentation, and as Dr. Claughton said you had written to call the Bishop's attention to it, I could not but write to ask you to undeceive him.

You ask me now 'is there any misrepresentation' in the 'statement' you did make to the Bishop?

There is.

The filling up of the clerestory windows will not darken the church, so as to make it 'stand in constant need of artificial light.' We have always understood Mr. Butterfield designed the church with a view to their being so filled.

And there is something worse. For there is an insinuation implied in the words 'The church would be so darkened as to stand in constant need of artificial light,' which may have escaped your notice, but which implies that we wished to create a necessity for the use of artificial light, a 'suggestio falsi,' which amounts to a grievous wrong.

You must be aware there is no room in the Clergy House with more than three windows, there are about forty-four windows in the church; so that your invitation to block up one of the windows in the Clergy House to illustrate your theory would not answer the end proposed, unless one is to three, as one to forty-four.

I am, Sir,

Your obt Servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

Stanton told the present writer that, on receipt of this second letter, Hubbard wrote to Mackonochie saying that his curate was evidently out of his mind, and offering to defray the cost of his maintenance, for a season, in an asylum.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CLIMAX

THE year 1871 passed uneventfully, as far as the general life of St. Alban's was concerned, but was marked by a fresh development of Stanton's activities in the direction of Social Religion. The outrages of the Commune in Paris, and the apparent increase of Republicanism in England, were leading thoughtful men to realize the urgent necessity of applying the principles of the Gospel to the transactions of social life, and so bridging those gulphs between class and class, which seemed to be widening every day. Stanton watched the course of events in France with eager interest ; he " rejoiced to see *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality* on the walls of Paris " ; and he resolved to make those watchwords realities among the people whom he served. With this end in view he soon founded " The Brotherhood of Jesus of Nazareth," which aimed at uniting men of different classes in the love and service of the Divine Master ; and he now determined on an enterprise which should be primarily social.

" St. Alban's Club " had begun very quietly, with a group of working men resident in the parish ; but it rapidly increased in popularity, and on the 20th of September, 1871, Stanton wrote as follows to his sister :—

" I am buying the lease of a beer-shop for a working men's Club in Brooke Street ; a great deal of legal business has to be done, so I shan't get down to Stroud as soon as I hoped. My working-men's Club is so successful and they like it so much, I feel justified in launching out. Being a Radical, I want it to be like a West End Club, where they can call for anything they want, beer, spirits, dinner, supper, etc., etc."



Mr. James Whishaw writes from Petrograd—

"I first got to know Stanton in 1871. He was then I think the very handsomest man I ever knew, tall and very slight. He used very often to come to my rooms at 'Bart's' where he had a flock of admirers. . . . I was a member of the St. Alban's Club. The Club-rooms were half way up Brooke Street, on the left going up. I think my joining that Club did me a lot of good. Stanton asked me what I could do to help the young fellows. I suggested teaching either boxing or swimming, and we decided on the latter. I used to take a party of the very dirtiest you can imagine two or three times a week to the bath. . . . Ever since then I've got on exceedingly well with those who are so often erroneously called the Lower Orders."

*A. H. S. to his Sister.*

"Dec. 29, 1871.

"Christmas time is getting over now with us, and we've kept it as usual, no falling off in any way I think. A Dissenter who once rowed me for baptizing his lad has sent me £30 for my Club, but it won't be opened just yet as the walls won't dry."

The Club took possession of its new premises on the 1st of February, 1872, and Stanton addressed this admirable letter to the members—

"MY FRIENDS,

To-day we enter on a new existence, or rather a crisis in our existence, as a Club; for to-day we take possession of our new premises.

As under the circumstances it is undoubtedly, better taste that we should do so quietly, without any public demonstration, I take this method of addressing you—the occasion I think requiring me to do so.

And first of all, I wish to acknowledge the kindness of our former Secretary, T. M. Talbot, to whose pecuniary help and indefatigable energy the enlargement of our Club is principally owing; and also that of our well-wishers, who have assisted us to the amount of nearly £200.

Our new premises are not large, but you will find them comfortable ; there is an old adage, ' We must crawl before we walk, and walk before we run.' Some day we may need larger.

But we have ~~new accommodation~~—a Bar, at which will be sold to Members, Beer, Wine, and Spirits, as well as Tea and Coffee ; a Kitchen, from which can be supplied Breakfasts, Dinners, and Suppers ; new Bagatelle-Boards, Card-Tables, a larger Library, a Reading-room, etc.

I do not conceal from you that this, our new venture, has been, and is likely to be, very severely criticized ; the admission of Beer and Spirits, as well as Cards, has called out many remonstrances.

One Clergyman wrote to me to say : the only end he could see to it was ' Drunkenness and Gambling.' Many others have spoken to me about it.

My answer to them, and to any of you who may be surprised at my advocating, as I do, this addition to our comfort, is that Beer and Spirits are, in themselves, not wrong for use any more than Beef or Mutton : and that to insist on all being total abstainers, because many drink too much alcohol, is as unreasonable as to insist on all being vegetarians, because many eat too much meat.

So, too, about Cards. There is nothing wrong in Cards themselves, unless the wrong lies in the doctrine of chances, which is absurd.

The real wrong in both cases lies in the abuse, not in the rightful use ; and the way to correct an abuse is, I believe, to restore its rightful use.

As a member of a Club, I feel myself at liberty to have a glass of Beer, Wine, or Spirits when I wish, or to have a rubber of Whist when I have time or opportunity. I should be sorry to think that you were denied in your club what I am allowed in mine.<sup>1</sup>

As the Luxury of the day is not to be checked by advancing the claims of an universal asceticism, so neither is its drunkenness by the panacea of total abstinence.

I hope that, by the moderate use of alcohol and cards, you yourselves will be a practical proof that I am not mistaken in my view of the question.

<sup>1</sup> Stanton was a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, from 1867 to 1909.

Again it is said that many will learn to play cards and drink spirits at our Club, and then go away and use the experience acquired there for the purposes of gambling and drinking elsewhere.

My answer to this is: That self-restraint is the true education of life, and that every man must learn to know how to use things, if he would know how to avoid abusing them.

Our new arrangement necessitates new Rules. They are principally the rules of the Club Union, with the addition of special Bye-laws to suit our particular needs. The Committee, which from circumstances can only be a provisional one, wish you to consider the Bye-laws tentative until the day of our General Meeting, June 22nd, when they will be subject to the revision of the Committee that you should then be pleased to elect.

I am confident that the good feeling of the Members will be sufficient guarantee for their observance.

About the possible success of the Club, this much: If it meets your wants, it is a success; if it does not, it fails, and merits failure. But, whether the one or the other, it is an honest attempt to meet a great difficulty of the day, and as such cannot be without its value.

I think we understand one another.

Very faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON."

To his sister he wrote on the 30th of August—

"The Club flourishes very well just now. Over 200 members, and we begin to feel we want a house, just double the size, for as the evenings close in members want to join, and with us all who join *come*, not like West End Clubs where so few come comparatively speaking; but house-buying and furnishing in London costs so much money.

Our present undertaking has altogether cost £1000, but it's all paid off—but we must be cautious and feel our way. I *think* I am growing quite business-like.

Mr. Talbot has been so good about this, shared every expense, and more than shared the bother, and I get most of the credit, which is not at all fair.

For they talk very much about the Club. It is so strange

to them that I should be at the bottom of it. ~~For~~ no religious element is to be found in it—no religious newspaper allowed. Neither do we allow Education Classes, or Mutual Improvement Classes. It is strictly a club, and not a trap to convert or educate, and all the government is entirely in the hands of the members themselves, and I am quite satisfied in seeing and knowing it keeps the fellows out of the dens of vice abounding here. Last night I had a prayer-meeting, and then went to the Club and played 2 rubbers of whist.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Talbot goes to Scotland to join his father's shooting party. He is restoring Margam Church exactly like St. Alban's. I am afraid the Welsh people will not like it at first, at all, and his next neighbour Lord Bute having become a Roman Catholic will not help matters."

One of the relations to whom Stanton was most warmly attached was his aunt, Mrs. Joseph Stanton, and on the 14th of November, 1872, he wrote thus to his mother:—

"Poor Aunt J. after all was not *much* bettered. I hope a little. The doctor led her to expect she must suffer till beyond the reach of suffering, which is not a bright prospect unless the soul has discovered the grand secret—that in suffering is wrapped up all that is heroic, noble, true, pure and good. Then it could be well content.

My room is beautiful with flowers. 1. A beautiful pink primula; 2. A bright yellow pompon; 3. A pot of mignonette; 4. A pink heath; and the sun shines brightly on them between the hail showers.

I am going this afternoon with Mr. Russell<sup>2</sup> to the Bethnal Green Museum, and as he is a great art critic I expect to enjoy my afternoon."

We saw in an earlier chapter that Stanton began the "Watch Night" Service at St. Alban's, and he always conducted it. An observant writer, himself a clergyman, left this account of the service on the last night of 1872—

"The priests of St. Alban's are wise in their generation, and know that their church, above all others, situated in one

<sup>1</sup> St. Alban's Club was housed at 35, Brooke Street, on a site now occupied by flats.

<sup>2</sup> His colleague, the Rev. E. F. Russell.

of the poorest neighbourhoods, cannot, without extreme unwisdom, let slip so golden an opportunity of appealing to the sympathies of the people. Consequently, St. Alban's is thrown open for a midnight service on the last day of the year. 'No bell is rung,' said the Rev. Father Stanton, chief promoter of this and many other methods of getting at the poor of Baldwin's Gardens, 'and yet the people come.' Come they did, at all events, that night. The working men, and still more the working women and children, came literally 'in crowds,' notwithstanding the pouring rain. Nay, more; Father Stanton succeeded in what it had been supposed only Roman Catholics and Dissenters could get them to do—namely, come 'in their working clothes.' And what did this zealous young priest do with them when he got them there? Did he receive them with a correct and 'æsthetic service,' which certainly would have driven them all out again, and prevented their ever coming any more? By no means. There was not a symptom of Ritualism to be seen. The beautiful chancel was not used. The hymns were special ones culled from the Wesleyan manuals. There was no choir. Father Stanton was the sole 'minister,' and he wore no vestments; not even the possibly obnoxious surplice. It was the most simple, unornate, but, on that very account, the most Catholic and appropriate, service that could have been devised for the occasion.

"Precisely at half-past eleven, Father Stanton mounted the pulpit and requested the congregation to follow him in the first hymn, after he had sung it to them, which he did in a not very musical solo; but the chorus was very effective. It was as follows:—

' Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll,  
Where in all the bright for-ever  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?

' Shall we meet ? Shall we meet ?  
Shall we meet ? Shall we meet ?  
Shall we meet beyond the river  
Where the surges cease to roll ? '

"After the hymn, Mr. Stanton read Psalm xxvii. 15, and delivered a brief extempore address on the duty of recognizing the goodness of God while 'in the land of the living.' The

problem started by the preacher was, How is it, if God be good, that anybody has a chance of going to hell? In solving this problem by the answer of free will, I make bold to say this Ritualistic preacher out-preached any Wesleyan in the great metropolis. Matter, manner, and energy were of the very essence of the conventicle; and the congregation, which was essentially a poor one, literally hung upon his lips as he contrasted God's goodness with man's misrepresentations of Him. Lest men should only fear God, he turned their attention to the story of the Incarnation—God at Christmastide, cradled at Bethlehem, crucified on Calvary. In a dissenting chapel I am very much afraid Father Stanton's sermon would have been called 'rant.' At St. Alban's, Holborn, it was a very energetic and effective sermon indeed. 'Do not say you must be damned, dear friends,' he concluded; 'do not harbour the black sin of despair. It is a lie. Say, "O God, Thou art my God." If a fellow only hates his sins because he thinks they will pitchfork him into hell, that is not repentance. Love God as perfect goodness; then you will see all with a new light. Then you will be truly penitent, as frosts melt and flowers spring up when the sun shines.'

"A long silent prayer ensued as the church chimes rang in the New Year, followed by an extempore prayer by the minister; after which the common hymn, 'Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,' was sung to the tune of 'Rousseau's Dream.' At the last verse, 'Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy waiting people home,' Mr. Stanton desired us all to 'sing out loud'; and I can answer for it that every man, woman, and child followed his injunction. He then continued his address. 'Go either to church or chapel.' Such was the practical advice with which the address concluded. 'I know many reasons why you may not like church. But, at all events, put yourselves on the side of God. Be on the side of the good, good God.'"

The record of 1873 opens pleasantly with a sermon at Stroud, which elicited the following letter to one of Stanton's sisters:—

"Could I by any possibility get a copy of the sermon your brother preached yesterday (Jan. 11) afternoon? I



have never heard anything approaching to it. . . . I have heard your brother preach many times before, but yesterday surpassed anything I ever listened to. It was a sermon fit to be preached before the Angels in Heaven."

The writer who described the Watch Night Service revisited St. Alban's for High Mass on Candlemas Day, and gave the following account of what he saw and heard :—

"At the close of the Creed, Father Stanton mounted the pulpit. His hood was fearfully and wonderfully put on; and the effect of his dark fine-cut face against the deep crimson silk was very monastic indeed. He prefaced his discourse with the publication of banns, prayers for the sick, and also 'prayers for the repose of the soul' of one departed. Then he gave out his text, which was from Malachi iii., part of the Scripture appointed for the Epistle of the Festival—'The Lord Whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple.' He dwelt on the peculiar character of the Festival under its double aspect of the Purification of 'our Blessed Lady,' and the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple. It was, he said, like a last look at Christmas, over which was beginning to be cast the dark shadow of the Passion. The curtain was lifted for one moment and the spectacle showed us the power of Christian heroism. We saw 'our sweet and blessed Lady,' carrying in her arms her Divine Son. It was, as he had said, a last lingering glance at Christmas, and a spectacle dear to every Catholic heart, that Mother with that Child at her breast. To-day she is passing, with St. Joseph, the foster-father, through the streets of Jerusalem. There are the dark shadows of the houses, and the glare of the Eastern sunshine, and the passers-by going to and fro. How often has she come before to the same place! Now, though a mother, she is 'spotless as the driven snow.' Father Stanton cleverly pressed this image into his service.<sup>1</sup> What thoughts must have been in her mind as she held in her arms her Son, the Everlasting God, the Prince of Peace! Yes, she bore the Eternal Son, as she ascended those steps.

"In the Temple, how simple was the scene! An old man takes the Child, and a thrill of joy passes through his heart. He had waited for the Consolation of Israel. He speaks a few

<sup>1</sup> There had been a heavy snow-storm in the night.

words ; and then a woman stricken in years comes in. She utters her prophecy. She recognizes the Lord of lords in the Child. The offering is made, the purification is over, and they leave. Night closes, and the Temple-doors are shut. The Lord had suddenly come to His Temple. He Whom they yearned for had come. Heaven and earth had met together ; God and man had met. The glory of the latter House had exceeded that of the former. The latter outshone its predecessor. The glory of the Temples had come. Only two persons recognized it. It had come—and gone.

“ The great thought of this festival is the superhuman manifestation of God to those who watch for Him. He was not recognized by the scribe who knew the law ; by the Sanhedrim, the rulers, the learned, or the mighty. Two old people who had long been waiting were the only ones who knew Him. That Babe Who was set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Those who saw Him were ‘ full of the Holy Ghost.’ To them it was revealed that they should see the Lord’s Christ ; and a light greater than that of the sun came to their hearts. That old man saw what the wise could not see. He took up the Lord of life in his arms ; and he felt that now he could depart in peace, for he had seen the Lord’s salvation.

“ ‘ Dear friends,’ he said, ‘ this realization of Jesus Christ is far beyond all learning, art, or science. There is given to those who seek it, a light above that of the sun. Christ communicates Himself in His Divine Personality as well as Essence.

“ ‘ Religion is unsatisfactory unless we can thus have personal intimacy with Christ. If we have but heard of Him through men and books, He only exerts a secondary power on us. Our conception of Him merely amounts to a moral certainty, as with any other great hero we read of in history. We have seen Him only through the shadow of ideas. We have not taken Him in our arms and gazed on Him with ineffable joy.

“ ‘ There is, you know it well, a special light, transcendent and transluminous. The converted man will say, “ I have read, and heard, and argued laboriously about Christ, but some day there came to me, at the corner of the street, or at my own fireside, or during some sermon, a mystic certainty about

Him. The scales dropped from my eyes. I saw my Lord, as I had never seen Him before. I felt the power of salvation. I went back again to my books, and, as I read the old pages, a new light flashed upon me. New arguments came which I had never seen before ; and Faith, got from that mystic light, confirmed them. I never can deny this, for to do so would be to deny the secret of my life."

" ' No one can say that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Holy Ghost. You may say you think so ; the Child might be God. But to see it with the light of the superhuman day is another thing. Far different to *know* that the Lord Whom you have looked for has suddenly come to His Temple. Then you may say—

' Oh ! my sweet Jesus, come to me  
My longing heart's desire ;  
With tears of love I've wept for Thee,  
Thee doth my soul require.

' A thousand times I've yearned for Thee ;  
Jesu ! when wilt Thou come ?  
When will Thy Presence gladden me,  
And make in me a home ? '

" ' If the Revelation of Christ is not so, if it depends on knowledge or reading, where is the Sacred Democracy of the Faith ? It would be an oligarchy of genius. How could the little child make the Sign of the Cross ? How could the poor man be lifted up from the dunghill ? Jesus Christ Himself seemed to burst into enthusiasm when He thought of this, saying : " I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

" ' Of course, the great question is, Have all these people conscious communion with God ; this mystic knowledge of things about which we hear so much and see so little ? Yes. Wherever God has created life, He has given certain powers, going out beyond the organism of the life itself. Plants have powers which seem to trench on animalism. The vine throws out its tendrils for support, and roots pierce down to a congenial soil. Animals show powers which seem beyond instinct. We speak of the sagacity of the dog and the cunning of the fox. So in the higher life of man, there are strange instincts. There are impressions we cannot account for ; there are moments

when we seem to stand out beyond ourselves. We feel intelligences within us which we cannot explain—such as prognostications and presentiments.

“ ‘When God makes His faithful ones partakers of Himself, He gives them a certainty far greater than that which is arrived at by logic and science. We can see this in the lives of the Saints, in the annals of the Church. People lead lives of extraordinary faith, which neither they nor you can account for. “By the Grace of God I am what I am,” is all they can say.

“ ‘But, you will still ask, Is it likely I shall ever feel like this? I have heard of conscious conversion and intercourse with God, but it seems far above my head. I never felt it, though I have practised religion for years. I cannot put my hand on a particular day of my life, and say, “On that day I became converted.” How is it I cannot do as others? Do not be distressed. Go on waiting for the Consolation of Israel. Do you not see that they in the Temple had been doing so? That old man had been promised that he should see the Lord’s Christ. He waited patiently, “full of the Holy Ghost,” and at last the Lord suddenly came to His Temple. He did depart in peace.

“ ‘So, too, that old woman; she had long fasted and prayed. Day and night, Scripture says, she had waited for the Consolation. It had not come, but day after day, and night after night she still went on—still fasted and prayed. “In eternity time struck the hour,” and Jesus Christ came. She had not waited in vain; and henceforth she could talk of nothing else to those others who were waiting too. And have you not felt this? You groan and pray to see God: to press Him to your heart and feel Him yours. You want to grasp what lies behind all your Prayers, Communions, and Confessions. You want religion to be a personal affection for Christ, something you can never let go. It shall come to you: when or how I cannot tell; but it shall come. Perhaps it may be at the end of your life, when the shadows of this world pass away, and the morning breaks over the everlasting hills. You shall see the King in His beauty, Whom you had tried to follow at such a distance off. Then will you say, “O God, Thou art my God. Jesus Christ, Thou didst come to earth for me.” And you will be able to add, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.” ’ ”

As regards St. Alban's, the year 1873 was uneventful, and such incidents as it presented lend themselves to correspondence rather than to narrative. On the 2nd of July Stanton wrote as follows to an undergraduate friend :—

"Charissime, I am glad you love dear Mother Juliana. . . . Seriously, it is a very deeply spiritual book.<sup>1</sup>

The *Times* is evidently trying to stir up a row against us 'poor Puseyites.' The anti-Confessional meeting seems to have cut its throat by violence and the usual shady hints on the subject it proposed to consider.<sup>2</sup> . . . Don't introduce any one to me unless you think they really would like it. I am most unsatisfactory in so much—politically socialistic, in faith papistical, in Church policy a thorough-going Nonconformist. You know all this, but you must reflect before getting others to know so unsatisfactory a creature.

Salute the sea for me. If you consult it, it will tell you of GOD, and awaken such strange longings in you. Look across it and repeat the hymn we love: 'Calm land beyond the sea.'"<sup>3</sup>

*A. H. S. to his Mother.*

"July 8, 1873.

"There is a great ecclesiastical excitement now about Confession; but it will hardly interest you. I am so used to being in hot water that it does not affect me much; only being an Englishman I claim a right to hold my own opinions. But I was born in a thunderstorm and am destined to live and die in a thunderstorm, as one of my brother-curates remarked."

*To an Undergraduate.*

"July 26, 1873.

"I rejoice in your enjoying yourself now after the long lay-up in Queen Anne Street. (When the Republic is set up, these streets must really be re-christened!)

I should be just as ecstatic as you are about the scenery. The first day I ever saw the Eternal Snows in the Alps, I sang

<sup>1</sup> "XVI. Revelations of Divine Love," by Mother Juliana, Anchorite of Norwich.

<sup>2</sup> A meeting to protest against Confession was held at Exeter Hall, June 30, 1873.

<sup>3</sup> F. W. Faber.



hymns and songs, and shouted, extended my arms, and behaved generally like a lunatic. The very shapes of mountains are heavenly and speak of Heaven and the Holy and the Beautiful, as the sea murmurs the deep things of God. What do they not miss who do not care for scenery, or have no ear for music ; as *you* would say, who would not become ecstatic over a crimped cotta !

We have all felt the Bishop of Winchester's death very keenly. He certainly was a bulwark of Evangelical truth in the Establishment, and we cannot afford to lose him ; at least so it seems." <sup>1</sup>

*To the same.*

"Sept. 9, 1873.

"You may well love those dear Liberal Catholics. By the bye, have you read the 'Life of Montalembert' by Mrs. Oliphant ? It is so charming, and she is so sympathetic and liberal a Protestant, and a liberal Protestant and a liberal Catholic have *something* in common ; when I say 'liberal' I mean *really* so.

I do love those men, I should so like to see them in Heaven. They are the *Sal Mundi*, as you know I think.

No, no, no. Félix <sup>2</sup> is not of the company. Eloquent and ingenious as he is, to me he has nothing in common with those men, but the outward obligations of that marvellous system which holds them both. . . . What do you think of the Pilgrimage ? <sup>3</sup> I suppose you *rather* like it—I don't. The whole thing to me is a bit of clap-trap imitation, bringing religion into contempt with most men, especially Englishmen. It is natural devotion in France, forced in England, and not at all edifying, I think."

*To the same.*

"Sept. 19, 1873.

"I did not take my idea of the Pilgrimage from the *Times*. In religious matters I believe the *Times* *never* can take a liberal view of things. I do not look for it.

But I took my ideas from Manning, and although I do not

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop successively of Oxford and of Winchester, was killed by a fall from his horse, July 19, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Père Félix, S.J. A popular preacher in Paris.

<sup>3</sup> On the 2nd of September six hundred Roman Catholics started from London on a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial.



associate him with Roman Catholicism altogether, I expect, or at least I have a right to expect, to be guided by his expositions on the subject. And I confess his line about it disgusted me. The manifest untruthfulness of the reference to St. John's vision in the Apocalypse, if it had not been *in re* Catholicism, would have been ridiculous.<sup>1</sup> What we want is the statement of The Truth, and the reasons of acceptance of it, and no metaphysical dust.

I am afraid I feel very sceptical about the French Legitimist Miracle devotions. It all seems to me very base and wrong. Perhaps my political animus is aroused."

The Railway Guild of the Holy Cross was an institution which appealed strongly to Stanton, alike on its devotional and on its social side. On Thursday evening, December 4, 1873, the Guild held its special service at St. Alban's. Stanton preached from Hebrews ii. 14, 15. The text, he said, suggested three practical thoughts: first, the slavery of the fear of death; secondly, our deliverance from that fear; and thirdly, our deliverer Jesus Christ. "Now what imparts horror to a slight illness? the horror that it may become worse and end in death. What makes such excitement among men at the news of a great accident? Because we all think that our turn may come next. In all sickness and disaster there is that secret feeling which the Apostle calls 'the bondage of the fear of death.' If I could tell any of you infallibly that you were to die to-night, you would turn pale and red by turns, trying to rend the bondage which holds you. We know that in death we taste annihilation; we know that we shall be in a new state of things, that all undergoes disintegration, and we groan at the thought of it. The pains of Hell have got hold of us, and made us cowards, but belief in Jesus Christ has set us free. The text tells us that Christ liberated us from the bondage of the fear of death by taking our nature upon Him, by living our life. That liberation exists in just this point—directly Jesus Christ was born a mortal man, like all of us, He began to die. What saved Him from the slavery of the fear of death, but this—

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to the *Times* of Sept. 9, Manning drew a strange parallel between the supposed revelation to Margaret Mary Alocque, and Rev. x. 10.

that He had ever before Him one grand purpose, to do the will of God? From Him we may learn how to live the heroic life, which holds death in contempt, having one great and noble end, which, like the mountain-top, is lost in the heavens—the aim of living singly to the glory of God. All around you is passing away, youth, mature life, all fading into the grave. What matters it? ‘He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.’ Now, we can understand why the life of Jesus Christ never lost its heroism. But not only by His life; by His death also, He overcame death. Eternal Life came face to face with death, and the battle was fought and the citadel taken; the keys of death and hell were delivered up to Christ. If it were possible to go to Heaven without dying, would you do it? Surely not, when your Lord and Master has died before you. Surely you would follow in His steps. Without death in the world, there could not be the heroic end of life—to die for country or for friend. Take away death, and you take away the last effort of love. It has been well said that the whole education of life is preparing to die. St. Paul caught this idea when he said, ‘I die daily.’ He practised dying every day, that he might not be a coward. Remember, that we are baptized into the death of Christ. If God calls you suddenly, fold your hands and bow your head and say, ‘Lord, do unto me whatsoever shall seem good in Thy sight.’ If we want to see of what stuff a man is made, we look to see how he died. Therefore, as Christian men and women looking for the coming of Christ at Christmas, let it first of all do this for us, that it delivers us from the bondage of the fear of death. The Railway Guild is trying in the midst of work to live a noble life for Christ. The Master lived a carpenter till He was thirty, working and living quietly the heroic life, not subject to the fear of death. So, when death comes, you, my brethren, will be able to meet it like free men, not like slaves. Remember this my lesson to you in the first week in Advent, that he who believes in Christ, who is associated with Him in life and in death, is a slave no longer, but a free-born man.”

The year 1874 was full of strife, both ecclesiastical and political, and Stanton had his full share of both. We must begin with a word about politics. We have already seen that

he was a Radical to the backbone, and came of a family traditionally Liberal. One New Year's Eve he wrote to a friend: "I hope that during the next year we may love, more enthusiastically than ever, liberal principles, and be willing to endure all and everything to extend them, so extending the Gospel of GOD, Who, according to Father Lacordaire is 'the only entirely Liberal Being.'" To a mind which regarded politics from this exalted point of view, there was much that was distasteful in the mingled violence and chicanery that vitiate the strife of parties; yet nothing could estrange Stanton from the cause which he had deliberately espoused.

The second London Mission had been fixed for February, 1874, and clashed rather awkwardly with the General Election. On the 12th of February, Stanton wrote to his mother—

"I send you a Mission hymn which I made them all sing last night. I know you will like to have it.

'My God, my Father, dost Thou call  
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?  
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?  
I come; I come; Lord, save Thou me.

'O Jesus, art Thou passing by  
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power?  
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?  
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

'O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,  
My tenderest Friend refused too long?  
And art Thou pleading, striving now?  
I come, I come: make weakness strong.

'Yes, Lord, I come: Thy heart of love  
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.  
I cast me at Thy feet to prove  
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.'

The Mission is doing very well. Every evening the church is crammed now, and by just the right sort of folk.

We have meetings for men, meetings for women, midnight meetings for the frequenters of the Public Houses, and meetings at 10.30 for the poor bad women; but all goes on very steadily and quietly. Mr. Hillyard of Norwich is our preacher, and a better one I've never heard. . . .

I hear the excitement about the Election still continues at Stroud."

At this time the Borough of Stroud returned two Members of Parliament; and one of those members had often been a Stanton. Political feeling in the neighbourhood ran high, embarrassed social relations, and even disturbed the harmony of families. The Parliament which had been elected in November, 1868, was dissolved in January, 1874, and at the General Election in February Arthur Stanton's brother Walter was returned at the head of the poll, with a Liberal colleague. The Tories petitioned against the return; the election was declared void; another election was held, and a Tory was returned at the head of the poll, with a Liberal, Alfred Stanton, (cousin of Arthur and Walter), as second. Thereupon the Liberals petitioned against the return of the Tory. Arthur Stanton highly approved of this petition.

"No wonder the Liberals feel exercised. The course they have taken is not prudent perhaps, but it's plucky, and commands my entire sympathy, but then I am a hot-brained Radical, and had rather see 2 Conservatives in for Stroud than a Conservative and a half-Liberal in by compromise. For mind you Alfred is no more a Radical than Disraeli. Please keep me up to what's going on. My great concern is, How do the money-matters stand? What will the poor Rads do for 'the ready'? For the Liberal treating was a pitfall dug for our people by the Brewers and Publicans, and the Blues ought to feel blue at their victory. . . . I say GOD speed the Rads. I fear they will lose—gentry and money against the rag-tags and debt—the weaker must go to the wall."

The Tory was unseated, and Henry Brand (afterwards Lord Hampden) stood as a Liberal, while James Stanton (another cousin) deserting the faith of his family, stood as a Conservative. Brand got in, but the Tories contrived a third petition and this time Brand was unseated, being replaced by another Liberal. Some references to this highly complicated situation will be found in succeeding letters, mingled with matters of graver import.

On the 20th of April, 1874, Archbishop Tait introduced the ill-starred Public Worship Regulation Bill<sup>1</sup> into the House

<sup>1</sup> "They passed the Public Worship Regulation Act. What an Act! What a title! As if the House of GOD was a dairy or a hackney-carriage!" (A. H. S. 1909.)

of Lords. In the House of Commons Disraeli, who had just become Prime Minister on Gladstone's defeat, welcomed it with effusion. "This," he said, "is a Bill to put down Ritualism." As such he believed that it would be popular, and, with his assistance, it became law, in spite of Gladstone's vigorous and single-handed opposition. It was to come into operation on the 1st of July, 1875, and thenceforward all questions about the mode of performing Divine Service were to be referred to a lay Judge, appointed by the Archbishops jointly to hear and determine all representations under the Act, which might be made by "three aggrieved parishioners." This was indeed a short and easy method of crushing Ritualism; and, in order to make it offensive as well as unfair, the two Archbishops chose as their Judge and representative Lord Penzance, who had hitherto presided over the unsavoury business of the Divorce Court.

*A. H. S. to his Mother.*

"March 13, 1874.

"I hear you are very fairly well, notwithstanding you live in the midst of political strifes and contentions; I never thought it would much affect you though.

One of your sons moves in religious strifes and another in political. What both must take care of, is never to be embittered; partisanship has a tendency towards illiberality. . . . I did not see the procession.<sup>1</sup> Had I had a place, I think I should have kept at home considering the weather, but I walked up Regent Street and saw how prettily it was decorated, crowded with country people all staring—a most amusing crowd."

*To a young member of the Brotherhood of Jesus of Nazareth.*

"Lady Day, 1874.

"I asked your brother to write to me, for I wanted to write a few lines to you.

I have thought a good deal about you. I know you are very ill, and so wish I could help comfort you and make you happy, dear fellow.

<sup>1</sup> Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride, made a "State Journey" through London on the 12th of March, 1874.

I value so much your affection, and hope it will last for ever and ever, as it is founded on and in our mutual hopes in JESUS CHRIST.

What I should like you to feel about yourself is expressed in the Gospel of to-day—what our dear Mother Mary said, 'Be it unto me according to Thy word.'

So, dear laddie, do *you* say, 'Be it unto *me*,' etc.

The LORD will do by you whatever seemeth good in His sight, and He knows best. You do *feel* this, don't you, dear fellow!

Say an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for me, and believe me,  
Ever most affectionately yours.

I know you are in good keeping where you are,<sup>1</sup> and so am quite happy about you."

*To the same.*

"April 17, 1874.

"You write as if you were a bit better. I hope you are, dear lad.

I am so glad you were able to be at Mass Easter Day, and receive Holy Communion. It has made me feel quite happy about you.

You mustn't mind being ill and having to bear a great deal. All noble-hearted Christians have to bear a great deal and suffer much. How much no one but GOD knows—but all they put up with only makes them more like to JESUS CHRIST, and the end of all our hopes is, to be like Him.

We had a grand Easter here. The Altar looked lovely, and does so still.

I remember you at Mass and say an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for you—as you do for me. One day I hope together we may see JESUS and Mary—and all the dear Saints who loved GOD on earth.

*Only care to be hereafter with those who love God."*

*To his Sister.*

"May 11, 1874.

"I devoutly hope 2 Liberals will be returned, but cannot expect it. I prefer 2 Conservatives to a compromise.

<sup>1</sup> In a Hospital at Clewer.



I wish I could be with you to enjoy the amusement of the occasion, and to share the discomfiture if need be. What does Jim<sup>1</sup> say to the Conservatives turning the Ritualists out of the Church? Does he enjoy being 'seethed in his mother's milk'? I shall be down soon to congratulate or console you, as the case may prove.

The Queen, Dizzy, and the Archbishop are the 3 combined to smash us up."<sup>2</sup>

*To an Undergraduate.*

"May 18, 1874.

"I am sorry about your two friends whoever they may be. I really feel *very sorry* for them. I think it is deplorable when any young Englishman becomes a papist and associates himself with a system which never can be English or liberal. It blights his whole life, and the freshness of his character goes, and, as I believe, he does not become a whit better Christian; so, dear fellow, it is to me a matter of sorrow.

I have often thought you would be led into the same ruck. I am not sure you won't, and can only hope that a fresh view of things will spring up within you, as a fresh breeze from off the sea, so that once and for ever you may 'cast away the cords from you,' and 'the snare be broken and you be delivered.'

My own dear fellow, from my heart I desire this for you. I can't write much. I like F. Robertson's sermons of course immensely, all the more because they take quite another view of things from my own; and he has a wonderful power of mental analysis. . . . I feel I don't consider the Roman question from your point of view. I am attracted by its Evangelicalism, but repelled by its clericalism, and I do not believe its action is that of the Holy Spirit."

*To the same.*

"June 18, 1874.

"I am so glad about those dear popish fellows. Somehow it gives me a hope they will one day feel 'the snare is broken and I am delivered.' Dear fellows, God bless them.

<sup>1</sup> James Stanton, the Conservative candidate.

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is to the P.W.R. Bill.

Since I last saw you the great trouble which I have secretly feared so long has come upon me. My own dear Aunt died last week, in my arms.<sup>1</sup> She doated on me, paid my debts, did everything for me; threw herself entirely into my interests. . . . She has gone, and with her half my heart.

I suppose I shall feel all right soon about it; but GOD, I think, woos us to wish to die, by gradually taking off those we love; till all our heart is gone after them, and we can't but follow."

*To the youth mentioned on p. 144.*

" July 10, 1874.

" Your brother tells me about you so I know how you are getting on, still I was very pleased to see your handwriting.

I often wish I could see you—but how can that be? for you know I have no time to come down.

The Brothers often talk of you and we always pray together for you as 'sick.'

I hope one day we may all be together for ever where all sickness and pain have fled away altogether for ever.

It's such a comfort to me to think you are with the Sisters and near a Catholic Priest. Often Confess and Communicate. You cannot please GOD better. And when you do so, say a little prayer for me.

Good night, dear fellow! I am not far off you in heart. Don't forget the text I gave you, 'The LORD do unto me whatever seemeth good in His sight.' And may the saints pray for you and the Angels watch over you, and the sign of the Holy Cross be betwixt you and all your enemies."

*To an Undergraduate.*

" July 18, 1874.

" Mr. X. is going to be married. This is a great grief to me, not but what I think country clergy had better be; but he was cut out for the higher and the lower line of things—the higher,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Joseph Stanton, with reference to whom Stanton wrote thus to a friend: " My Aunt stuck to me through thick and thin, through my Ritualism and Radicalism. Her whole life seemed bound up in mine, and her death of course is a great blow to me; but she is off to the Land of the Free, where there shall be no more pain, nor anything that maketh a lie."

because abnegation of self was part of his joy ; the lower, because he was 'all along of me' in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. All these extremes are given up to the attractions of a fashionable lady, and he sinks *in medias res*, and so I

' groan,  
And slip aside and, like a wounded life,  
Creep down into the hollows of the wood.'

As for the Archbishop's Bill I care none at all. I have been weaned long ago from the Established Church, and have learned to seek nourishment elsewhere."

*To his Sister.*

" July 22, 1874.

"I hope most devoutly Brand will get in. . . . Let it be plainly known you are Yellows<sup>1</sup> more than ever altho' you cannot be so demonstrative in Yellow bills, etc."

*To two Undergraduates on a tour.*

" July 27, 1874.

"I rejoice in Gladstone's move.<sup>2</sup> It was heroic and knight-errantry, and not parliamentary. The man is a Christian at heart, and oh ! what a rare but lovely element in a statesman of the first water. . . . Salute the breezes and let them sing to you of the true, the beautiful, the real, and sigh to you for the wrongs and tyrannies and pains of poor human nature—so shall you both be freshened up to stand forward and bear witness to the Truth as 'Citizens of the World to come.'"

*To his Sister.*

" July 28, 1874.

"I see by the paper Brand is in. I am so glad ; politically, because Brand is a thorough good Liberal ; socially, because it was ridiculous that Stroud should be represented by 2 Stantons of different colours.

And it is a great triumph to the poor Liberals, who had a hard time of it for the last six months at Stroud.

Give my best love to La Mère, and congratulations to all good Liberals."

<sup>1</sup> Yellow is the Liberal colour at Stroud ; Blue the Conservative.

<sup>2</sup> Gladstone moved six hostile Resolutions on the P.W.R. Bill.

*To the same.*

" July 31, 1874.

" The Tories had better drop the petition, it will do them no good.

Jim wrote me a very nice letter about matters. . . . He ought to be a Liberal now Dizzy has rounded on us so. Brand is a Liberal of the Winterbotham sort—on the way to being a Rad.<sup>1</sup>

We have to make up our minds what we shall do. Three Jews who live in the wilds of North America, if they have shops in our parish,<sup>2</sup> can turn us out of the church. Not that I should shed one tear at being turned out of the Establishment, for I hate it with all my soul."

*To the same.*

" August 4, 1874.

" I fear Brand is a prosecuting Protestant ; these Liberals profess to know nothing about religion."

*To an Undergraduate in bereavement.*

" Oct. 16, 1874.

" Yes, it has come tempered to you ; at least tempered as much as such a crisis in your life can be. With the death of your Mother all the tenderest associations of home recede into the distance. It must be so. No life can be to one what one's mother's is, as no death can be as her death. GOD bless both to you, my dear, dear fellow.

May it always be a cord from out Eternity drawing you, at times, even to love the idea of death yourself—the beginning, at least, of that reconciliation to it, which the loss of those one loves ought to perfect in us."

*To his Sister.*

" Dec. 11, 1874.

" I am very sorry about Mr. Brand (not but what I was utterly disgusted with him, after he went to Parliament, *in re* P.W.R. Bill), but I feel very much now for him, and the

<sup>1</sup> Henry S. P. Winterbotham (1837-1873), M.P. for Stroud. See the allusion to "the young statesman" in Liddon's "Christmastide Sermons," p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the "Three Aggrieved Parishioners" contemplated by the P.W.R. Act.

Liberals of Stroud. My impression is that Pigott is a horrid judge, but it's only an impression.<sup>1</sup> Certainly the Liberals laid themselves open to the spite of their enemies. . . .

We shall go on here as long as we can, and next Sunday have everything as usual, taking no notice whatever of the Judgment against us. We are all of the same mind, that it were better to go to prison than yield one point."

In order to make intelligible the occurrences of 1875, it is necessary at this juncture to look back.

The Rev. John Purchas, Incumbent of St. James' Church, Brighton, had been charged in the Court of Arches with a variety of Ritualistic actions, some of which indeed were so curious as to be even laughable, while some were the commonplaces of Eucharistic worship. Purchas declined to appear either personally or by counsel. The Dean of Arches decided against him on most of the points, but justified him in the use of the Eucharistic Vestments, the Eastward Position, Wafer-bread, and (when not mixed ceremonially) the Mixed Chalice. The Promoter, ill-satisfied with this very partial victory, appealed to the Judicial Committee, and on the 23rd of February, 1871, the Judicial Committee delivered their Judgment ; which has been thus described by the present Archbishop of Canterbury <sup>2</sup>—

"It was a very long and careful document . . . and from the elaborate arguments it adduces, and from the constant references to authorities more or less ambiguous or obscure, it was naturally vulnerable at many points. Briefly summarized, it reversed the decision of the Dean of Arches on all the important points which he had decided in Mr. Purchas's favour. It declared the Vestments, the Eastward Position, the Wafer-bread, and the Mixed Chalice to be all illegal, and condemned Mr. Purchas in the costs both of the suit and the appeal."

Such was the law of Ritual as defined by the Court of Final Appeal in Ecclesiastical Causes when a fresh stage in the persecution of St. Alban's, Holborn, was opened.

Early in March, 1874, some articles appeared in the *Times* foreshadowing coercive legislation against the Ritualists ; and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baron Pigott tried the Election Petition.

<sup>2</sup> R. T. Davidson.





*Photo: S. A. Walker.] GROUP OF ST. ALBAN'S CLERGY. [About 1875.]*

*Front Row.—REV. H. A. WALKER—REV. A. H. MACKONCHIE—  
REV. A. H. STANTON—REV. H. E. WILLINGTON.*

*Back Row.—REV. H. G. MAXWELL—REV. E. F. RUSSELL—REV. G. R. HOGG.*





the enemy took heart of grace. On the 27th of March, 1874, it was announced at the Annual Meeting of the Church Association that "as Mr. Mackonochie was the great offender, he was to be brought before the Courts of Law in a new suit for the offences which he was constantly committing in his church." The proceedings would include not only those matters which had been already decided, but would also raise the question whether Mackonochie was right in having "erected a Confessional" in the church, and in having given notice of the times at which Confessions could be heard.

On this declaration of war, the congregation of St. Alban's began to bestir themselves in self-defence, and their first move was to apply for guidance to the Bishop of London—John Jackson, who had succeeded Tait at the beginning of 1869. Bishop Jackson was chilling and unfatherly in manner, but a truly devout Evangelical. With a view to promoting peace, he recommended Mackonochie to remove a large crucifix, which had been found very helpful in the Mission of the previous February, and also the curtains which protected people making their confessions from ill-bred curiosity. Mackonochie at once complied, but as usual, his compliance failed to pacify the foe.

Easter was observed at St. Alban's with its accustomed ceremonies, "the whole spectacle," according to the *Daily Telegraph*, "being sumptuous and joyful"; but trouble was nigh at hand. As the P.W.R. Act was not to come into force till 1875, the Church Association was constrained to initiate its new suit against Mackonochie in the old Court of Arches. The indefatigable Martin applied to the Bishop of London for the usual "Letters of Request"; but the Bishop held that, as Mackonochie had removed "the screens or curtains used for Confession," there was now no ground for proceeding against him for having erected a "Confessional." With regard to all the other points—Lighted Candles, Undue Elevation, Processions with Crucifix, Banner and Candles, the *Agnus Dei*, the Sign of the Cross, Kissing the Prayer-Book, Wafer-bread, Vestments, and the Eastward Position—the Bishop granted the "Letters of Request," and the suit was begun in the Court of Arches on the 22nd of May, 1874.

The actual hearing of the case was deferred till after the vacation. Mackonochie appeared under protest. Counsel and

Judge retraversed the familiar ground, for the only fresh point—the erection of a Confessional—had been omitted by the Bishop of London from the Letters of Request. Now appears the importance of the Purchas Judgment, to which reference has been made. The Dean of Arches regarded himself as bound by that decision of the Judicial Committee, although it conflicted at several points with his own previous rulings. In his Judgment, delivered on the 7th of December, 1874, he acquitted Mackonochie of undue Elevation, but condemned him on all the remaining counts, and sentenced him to six weeks' Suspension. Hereupon Mackonochie gave notice of appeal, believing, as he subsequently stated, that the Appeal would be heard by the new Court created by the P.W.R. Act. "Although," he said, "the new Court will have no more valid spiritual jurisdiction in spiritual causes than the present, yet its constitution gives more hope of an impartial administration of justice."

It was now obvious that 1875 must be a year of storm, for the Church at large, and for St. Alban's in particular. Stanton's letters show traces of the actual and impending agitation.

*To an Undergraduate.*

"Jan. 2, 1875.

"I should like to read Fr. Ravignan's Life, but nothing would reconcile me to the Jesuits.<sup>1</sup> I often fear you mistake me. I cannot breathe in the atmosphere of centralization as theirs. The hyper-ecclesiastical system is an entanglement from which I escape with a will—the snare is broken, and I am free.' . . . But I think did I hear Z. go on, I should defend Jesuits, tyrants, chains, irons, prisons, faggots, and flames. A bigoted Protestant drives one out of one's senses. . . .

We had a good Christmas here, music just as usual; still, always the *arrière pensée* 'Shall we be here next year at all?' to spoil it.

<sup>1</sup> Stanton's dislike of Jesuitism may not unreasonably have been confirmed by such a letter as the following, addressed to him on the 18th of October, 1870, by a member of S.J.:—"SIR, I cannot refrain from protesting against the misrepresentations that you have made of yourself as being a Catholic. You are before God a mere Protestant and the Minister of a Miserable schism. Imitation can never produce Identity. Yr. obt. sevt., ALBANY J. CHRISTIE."

Ah! you may say the 'Gentlemen' Clergy ruin the Church; for they do. But nothing can be done until after the smash-up, which GOD in His goodness send us soon."

*To the same.*

" March 8, 1875.

"As for the Romanists, GOD bless them. I am sorry but not surprised.<sup>1</sup> I am only wishful now that they may die loving GOD out of a pure heart, when their time comes."

*To his Mother.*

" March 10, 1875.

"March is sacred by many associations to us; there is so much hope too about it, days get so long so quickly, everything begins to look up, and the darkness and cold are past really, and the atmosphere is clearer than during any other month of the year. All this is so very hopeful to hopeful people. . . .

I am quite as busy as ever I can be, which of course you know is of necessity *and* choice at this season; but I am very well. I have put on a bottle of Bass's ale at dinner, a glass of port wine and a biscuit at eleven, and porridge in the mornings—all extra this Lent, because the doctor said if I talked so much, I must do it, and the consequence is I am boisterously strong.

This is all about myself, because I know you are anxious to know how I am getting on at this time. After Easter I shall come down, and you will see for yourself."

*To the same.*

" April 4, 1875.

"This is the last day of our Easter services, perhaps the last of all, if they intend to 'smash us up,' as my friends the Americans say.

I haven't been able to go and hear Moody and Sankey,<sup>2</sup> but shall do so directly I come back."

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the "two friends" mentioned on p. 146.

<sup>2</sup> Two American Evangelists—D. L. Moody and I. D. Sankey—began a series of "Revival" Meetings at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, March 9, 1875.

*To the same.*

"May 4, 1875.

"I hope you will trust all to Infinite Goodness, when you are not sensible of the support of faith.

Thursday<sup>1</sup> is a great day with us here; simply 'He went up into Heaven.' That is quite enough to make it a great day, for where our TREASURE is there must be our hearts."

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At this point the persecution of St. Alban's entered on a new phase. It became apparent that Mackonochie's appeal must be taken before the 1st of July, 1875, the day on which the P.W.R. Act was to come into force, and therefore must be heard by the Judicial Committee. Accordingly, on the 21st of May, Mackonochie withdrew it, and notified the fact in a dignified letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. "The whole history of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council from its first existence makes it impossible to trust its impartiality as constituted for ecclesiastical cases, and my own personal experience has taught me that I have no ground to expect from it either consideration or fairness."

On the same day, Stanton addressed the following letter to his eldest brother, who was a Barrister:—

"Can you recommend me an unprincipled Old Bailey lawyer (a K——y if possible) to be ready to meet any Anglican prelate on his own platform? Such 'Raskills' must be met with 'Raskills' and I should like to have one ready to hand.

Tell Madge that Mackonochie won't be strung up next Sunday. So there will be no excitement particular, and Russell will preach.

These last few days, the weather is too delightful."

On the withdrawal of the Appeal, the sentence of the Court of Arches took effect, and on the 13th of June, 1875, Mackonochie found himself suspended for six weeks. This event was the signal for some decisive proceedings. On the 14th of June Stanton wrote thus to an Undergraduate:—

"This is a very difficult and trying time to Christian people in general and to us in particular. Russell preached

<sup>1</sup> Ascension Day, May 6, 1875.

a beautiful testimony last Lord's Day night. He called the Established Church a dunghill, which was 'the word with power,' wasn't it? 1 Cor. ii. 4." <sup>1</sup>

The suspended Vicar, like a wise man, took a holiday, and retired from the strife of tongues to Italy, leaving the parish to the care of his loved and trusted colleague, Stanton. On Sunday the 13th of June, the services were performed as usual, Stanton preaching an impassioned sermon on the Suspension and the legal system under which such an outrage had been possible. This sermon produced a remonstrance from one whose words were never lightly uttered:—

" June 18, 1875.

" MY DEAR STANTON,

" I have been doubting what to do. Had your Parochial Festival gone on, of course, I should have preached, as I promised, but as that is broken up, I think my engagement may be considered as at an end.

I am sorry and feel obliged in honesty to add that the Report of your Sermon has grieved me, and really prevents my coming as I should still like to do in spite of my engagement being over. My dear Friend, *do* be more careful. I honour, and admire, very much what you have done, and I wished to show the sincerity of my love for you by coming, but I cannot let my love for you lead me to deceive you.

May God guide you, dear Friend.

Your sincere and affectionate,

EDWARD KING."

On the 20th of June the proceedings were the same, Stanton laying stress on the fact that a poor parish was persecuted, while rich parishes, where the same ritual was used, were left undisturbed. On the 24th of June, Stanton, as Curate in charge of the parish, was summoned to an interview with the Bishop of London, who directed him to conduct the services according to the Purchas Judgment.

<sup>1</sup> " This is not quite accurate. I did not call the Established Church a dunghill, but, to illustrate the point of my sermon, quoted from Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection': 'Provided the dunghill is not before their parlour window, they are well contented to know that it exists, and perhaps as the hot-bed on which their own luxuries are reared.' —E. F. R."



The effect of this was that he was to wear no vestment except a surplice—not even a stole—and was to celebrate the Holy Eucharist with such bread as was in ordinary use. The immediate result of this interview was that the following notice was affixed to the doors of the church :—

“ N.B.—There will be no celebration of Holy Communion in this church until further notice. All other services as usual.

“ A. H. STANTON.

St. Alban's Clergy House, June 24, 1875.”

Stanton wrote thus to his sister—

“ I have seen the Bishop of London to-day. I am responsible to him for all that goes on here for the next 3 months. I told him what a blackguard shame we all thought it, and also that as far as the Established Church went, he might do anything to me he liked, for I didn't care the least. He seemed really sorry about it, and assured me he had nothing to do with the decision.

But to be Curate to a Protestant Bishop is a horrid position to be in. I can scarcely bear it for 3 months.”

On Sunday the 27th, Mattins was said as usual. At the end of the office, Stanton mounted the pulpit and announced that the absent Vicar thoroughly approved of the course which he had taken. He spoke very gently of the Bishop of London, who felt himself bound to regulate the services according to the Purchas Judgment. The Clergy, on the other hand, felt that it would be irreverent in them, believing as they did in the Eucharistic Presence, to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries with the maimed rites which the Judicial Committee enjoined, and he believed that the whole congregation felt as they felt. “ Would any of you,” he exclaimed, pointing to his surplice, “ have me stand at the Altar in such a vestment as *this* ? ” <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This phrase became the subject of nonsensical misrepresentation. On the 8th of July Stanton wrote to the Editor of the *Times* with reference to a debate in Convocation :

“ SIR,

In the *Times* of the 7th inst. in the account of the Bishops on the Ornaments Rubric, the Archbishop of Canterbury is reported to

What then was to be done? He asked them all to follow him out of church, when the collection had been made, and, without fuss or demonstration, to accompany him along Holborn Viaduct, and through Newgate Street, to St. Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, just behind the old General Post Office, where they would find a Solemn Celebration at twenty minutes to twelve. The suggestion was enthusiastically adopted, and the congregation followed the clergy to St. Vedast's, which they filled to overflowing. There Stanton preached from the text—"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." This lesson, he said, was illustrated by the action of the Rector of St. Vedast's, who, when the Clergy at St. Alban's were considering their course, came to the Clergy House and offered them the use of his church for a special Celebration every Sunday, while the Suspension lasted. The service then went forward with the accustomed adjuncts, the Celebrant being one of the curates of St. Alban's, the Rev. G. R. Hogg.

This dramatic action evoked a chorus of indignation, astonishment, and disgust from all such as expected the Ritualists to submit uncomplainingly to every species of injustice; and in that chorus the papers which speak for "Churchmen of the Old School" and the "respectable" classes generally, bore their full part. This outburst had its due effect on the Bishop of London, who on the 3rd of July prohibited the Clergy of St. Alban's from officiating in any church where the illegal ornaments were used. On Sunday the 4th, Stanton preached at Mattins, and suggested that, as the congregation was too large for St. Vedast's, those who could not find room there might attend the midday Celebration at St. Paul's Cathedral.

have said 'there was the fact the other Sunday of a Curate pointing to the surplice before the congregation and saying that CHRIST's presence would not be expected if the Holy Communion were celebrated in that.'

Now, as without doubt, I am the Curate referred to, will you in justice allow me to state that I never used such words, or any other words from which so preposterous a doctrine could legitimately be inferred?

I have always been taught, and have taught, that the only external conditions necessary for CHRIST's Presence in the Holy Sacrament, are a Priest, bread and wine, and the Words of Institution.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

On Sunday the 11th, and Sunday the 18th, of July the same procedure was observed, and Mackonochie, writing from abroad, thus encouraged his flock—

*To the Communicants, St. Alban's, Holborn.*

“MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

I hear with great sorrow that the pressure of the fight for the Rights of GOD and of the Church of England, which we are called upon to fight, has fallen so heavily upon you. The deprival of the means of receiving the Body and Blood of the Saviour at His Altar in your own Church is a terrible blow to you. You have, thank GOD, shown that you are fully prepared to bear this and far greater evils, by whatsoever agent of His will, inflicted. You have all vowed—some quite recently, both at your Baptism and Confirmation, that you will in gratitude for these and all GOD's most precious gifts, be His faithful *soldiers*—mind this ‘soldiers’ not mere servants, but soldiers, not for peace only, but far more for war (‘I am come,’ the Saviour says, ‘not to send peace but a sword’) and that too ‘*faithful*’ soldiers who do not fear a few wounds, or weary waiting and watching, but who fight the more boldly the greater the need of these.

It is the waiting and watching that are the trial. Judas was true enough until his patience was tried: and the other Apostles found it just as hard to wait for Our Lord's time, but they waited in hope against hope and were crowned. We, too, must hope and wait in hope against hope and we too shall be crowned. Be sure then, that you do not lose, wilfully, one Communion or miss hearing Mass on one Sunday without absolute necessity, on account of this sad trouble that has come upon you. The Priests in whose care I leave you, will advise you how to act; observe, for Our Dear Lord's sake, all their counsel, and GOD will bless it.

Be sure at the same time that you never hear a Mass or Communicate without saying a prayer for those through whom this loss has come upon you. They act in ignorance; but GOD will hear your prayer as He has lately heard the prayers of others, in like case, and make your sufferings turn to their Conversion. Your watchword must be, ‘No flagging; no desertion; no surrender.’

GOD bless you.”

On the 20th of July Stanton wrote as follows to Archbishop Tait :—

“ MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

A clergyman stated as a fact yesterday that your Grace has advised the Bishop of London to withdraw my licence.

My excuse for troubling your Grace about this statement is—

First, Your Grace has always spoken very kindly of myself personally, even when obliged to censure my words or actions. And I am particularly loath to believe you could have thought it necessary to take such a course.

Secondly, because, the Bishop of London's conduct to me during Mr. Mackonochie's suspension seeming unaccountable to me, your Grace's asserted action in the matter was offered as the solution of the difficulty.

If I do not hear from your Grace I shall conclude it is substantially true and the conclusion will add to the burden of trouble which at present I have to bear.

I would wish your Grace to understand that it is only for my own satisfaction that I solicit an answer.

I am, respectfully and affectionately

Your Grace's obedient servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON.”

Tait's answer was both kind and straightforward.

“ July 23, 1875.

“ MY DEAR MR. STANTON,

I have received your letter of the 20th inst.

I am not aware that the Bishop of London has ever consulted me on the subject of St. Alban's. At all events I have no recollection of any such consultation. And I have no reason to suppose that I ever expressed to him, in conversation or otherwise, the advice which you say is attributed to me.

At the same time I should not be candid with you if I did not say that, were St. Alban's in my Diocese and were you really to preach the Sermons which are attributed to you in the

public Newspapers, I should very seriously consider whether it was not my duty to withdraw your Licence.

You know the high opinion I have always entertained and expressed of your zeal and general devotion to your work ; but I certainly think that the peace and welfare of the Church is seriously endangered by the course which you have thought it your duty to pursue.

Believe me to be,

My dear Mr. Stanton,

Yours very truly,

A. C. CANTUAR."

Stanton had been engaged to preach for his intimate friend, Arthur Tooth, at the church, soon to become famous, of St. James, Hatcham. At that period Hatcham was included in the diocese of Rochester, of which the bishop was T. L. Claughton. On the 23rd of July Stanton received a formal Inhibition forbidding him to officiate in the diocese of Rochester ; and it was accompanied by the following letter :—

" July 23, 1875.

" DEAR SIR,

I never felt greater regret than in being compelled by my sense of duty to forward to you the document which will be herewith delivered. I am obliged to go out of town this evening or I should have requested you to see me that I might explain to you that it is only on account of the very violent declamations in which you have suffered yourself to indulge lately, that I feel bound to protect my people, as far as I can, from their disturbing effect.

You do not seem to me to be quite master of your feelings in the Pulpit.

We were educated *iisdem sub penetralibus* at Trinity, Oxford, and to address this letter to one with whom I have even that link, and whose affectionate devotion to his Vicar I cannot help admiring, costs me no little pain.

I am, dear Sir, with my most earnest hope and humble prayer that you may, by and by, see some things differently,

Yours most faithfully,

T. L. ROFFEN."

Stanton promptly replied—

“ July 23, 1875.

“ MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

I am not surprised at your inhibition, if you have been moved thereto by the reports of my Sermons in the papers.<sup>1</sup>

But I am surprised that you should not have given me a chance of correcting the almost universal misrepresentations they contained before you took so very harsh a step.

When the press is against a man, he becomes a victim of its mis-reports, but I feel it very heart-rending that it should be able to deliver him bound up hand and foot to a Bishop for condign punishment.

Thanking your Lordship for the kindness of the accompanying letter,

Believe me,

Always your obedient servant,

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON.

I trust that when your Lordship returns to town, you will allow me the interview that your absence has prevented, as I believe I can remove the unfavourability of the impressions that your Lordship has formed about me.”

*The same to the same.*

“ August 2, 1875.

“ MY LORD BISHOP,

More than a week has passed and I have not heard from your Lordship.

I conclude therefore that you do not feel bound to reconsider the course you have adopted towards myself in formally inhibiting me.

Under the circumstances I do not *now* ask your Lordship to do so, neither do I any longer prefer my request for a personal interview. It is only right that I should add that *to me* it seems that, without any provocation, your Lordship has done me the gravest wrong it was in your power to do.

I am Your Lordship's

Obedient servant,

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. 156.



Mackonochie was now back among his flock, who received him with enthusiasm. The suspension had expired on the 24th of July, and on the 8th of August the celebration of the Holy Eucharist was resumed at St. Alban's, with the modified ceremonial proper to a *Missa Cantata*, or Low Mass sung. On the 11th Stanton wrote to an Undergraduate :

"The Father<sup>1</sup> is shunted at last on to the right line of rails. No more mutilated services. We have Low Mass now, all right, and, if more bother, return to the High Mass. This is most satisfactory. If we die, we shall now know what for. . . . The great event of last Sunday was not reported at all. RUSSELL WORE A BIRETTA!"<sup>2</sup>

But, though peace was now restored to St. Alban's, Stanton was still exposed to the blasts of episcopal displeasure. He was engaged to preach at St. Mary's Church, Cardiff, on the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M. On the morning of that day, the Vicar received a letter from the Bishop of Llandaff<sup>3</sup> forbidding Stanton and another invited clergyman to preach at St. Mary's. Stanton of course obeyed, but only with the result of eliciting a formal Inhibition dated September 18. The correspondence between him and the Bishop tells its own tale.

"Oct. 9, 1875.

"MY LORD BISHOP,

I find on my return to London an Inhibition sent me from your Lordship's lawyers with a request to acknowledge its receipt. This I do to your Lordship.

It is, as your Lordship knows, a formal document and has of necessity a formal judicial character. And its issue being the gravest punishment your Lordship has power to inflict on any clergyman outside your Lordship's Diocese, concerns not only myself but my relatives and all who bear me good will.

I therefore ask respectfully what has been my fault to deserve this. At the repeated and importunate request of the Vicar of St. Mary's, Cardiff, I promise to travel nearly 200

<sup>1</sup> Mackonochie.

<sup>2</sup> A jocose allusion to the Rev. E. F. Russell, and his distaste for certain additions to the ritual.

<sup>3</sup> Alfred Ollivant.

miles to preach at his church at his Dedication Festival. Was this wrong ?

Mr. Talbot tells me that your objection to myself is that I am one of Mr. Mackonochie's curates.

I was sent to Mr. Mackonochie by a dignitary of the Church ; is it blameworthy that I have remained with him fourteen years ? Whatever my fault may be was it necessary that you should send me a formal Inhibition ? Had you written to express your unwillingness that I should officiate in your Diocese I should have complied at once. Why such severity ?

I do not, my Lord, question your official right to inhibit me without giving me a chance, but I think your Lordship will credit me with sincerity and respect when I ask, for the sake of my friends as well as of myself, for some explanation of your Lordship's apparently very harsh treatment of me.

I am your Lordship's  
Obedient and respectful servant,  
ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

"Oct. 13, 1875.

"REV. SIR,

In answer to your letter I beg to say that I extremely regret the necessity which caused me to take the apparently harsh step of which you complain. Nothing could have been more contrary to my own inclination than to adopt such a course towards any Clergyman.

The reason which I alleged to Mr. Talbot was in substance that circumstances had occurred in my Diocese, which convinced me that your being permitted to appear in its pulpits would increase the disquietude and apprehension which had been excited amongst us, and which it was my duty, as far as possible, to endeavour to allay. Painful therefore as it is to take upon oneself a great responsibility, it was with that end in view that I did so in this instance ; nor do I conceive that I am bound to give any further explanation.

But as you ask me whether it was wrong in you to promise the Vicar of St. Mary's, Cardiff, who had almost importunately requested you to do so, to travel nearly 200 miles to preach in his church at his Dedication Festival, I answer, No. I may however add that on the 7th of September,

only one day before the Services at this Festival were to commence, the Churchwarden of St. Mary's had sent me a printed statement and list of them, put forth by the Vicar, which had created uneasiness, and officially requested my interference.

Mr. Talbot may perhaps have mentioned that in reply to a letter received from him I had informed him of a correspondence that had taken place between the Reverend Mr. Ives and myself, and that my reason for making the communication was to suggest that the serving of the formal inhibition might possibly be spared. From the terms of his letter I had inferred that you were still on the Continent and that there would be time to act on the suggestion. I am sorry that your early return prevented it from being acted upon as it had in the other case.

I remain,

Reverend Sir,

Your faithful servant,

A. LLANDAFF."

"Oct. 20, 1875.

"MY LORD BISHOP,

I only received your Lordship's answer to my letter yesterday.

I am glad to find from its contents that my inhibition is my misfortune rather than my fault, and that I am in your Lordship's opinion a victim of circumstances.

As far as I am concerned personally this is all that I care for, and I should be content that the matter should rest here. But as your Lordship knows, my inhibition was made public in the *Times*, and other daily papers and so without affectation must be assumed to be a matter of public interest.

After what has passed between your Lordship and myself, you will not, I am sure, think it presumptuous in me to ask you to remove it, and to rely on my good faith as a Christian man not to preach in your diocese if your Lordship intimates to me your desire that I should not do so.

I am

Your Lordship's

Respectful and obedient servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

"Oct. 21, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,

Will you kindly explain to me whether the concluding words of your letter, 'if your Lordship intimates to me your desire that I should not do so,' imply that I am to send you such an intimation, if I should at any time hear of your being asked and intending to preach. I do not in the least doubt your honour and good faith in writing them, but they seem to me to be (no doubt unintentionally) ambiguous.

The Rev. Mr. Ives was so good as to write to me—'I very readily give my word that I will not take any part in Services in your Lordship's diocese without your permission.'

Probably you meant the same thing, and on receiving that assurance from you, I will most gladly comply with your desire.

But so long as the peace of my Diocese is needlessly disturbed, and Party spirit exasperated, by unwise manifestations of private opinion in the prescribed Services of our Church, I am sorry that I cannot do so. It would place me in the most invidious position of being constantly on the watch, and give rise in each instance to fresh irritation in the minds of others, if I had unfortunately cause to repeat my prohibition in order to prevent the possibility of increased discord.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. LLANDAFF."

"Oct. 22, 1875.

"MY LORD BISHOP,

I did not intend my words to be ambiguous, but I did not write them without consideration.

I did not know how Mr. Ives had worded his letter, but I cannot say that I intended all his words convey.

I have no desire to appear in any pulpit in the Diocese of Llandaff; in fact, after what has passed, should on any special occasion positively refuse to do so, so I felt that your Lordship's prohibition would never be necessitated.

The difference between my own case and that of Mr. Ives

is this. I am constantly a guest at Margam :<sup>1</sup> Mr. Theodore Talbot and myself are bound together by the strongest ties of Christian fellowship possible, and my inhibition has cut him to the quick.

His delight is in the church at Margam and I can hardly give to your Lordship any idea of what a pleasure it is to him for me to take part in the Services.

If however on every separate occasion of my staying at Margam I must write to your Lordship for permission to take part in any of the Services (*which Mr. Ives' words would necessitate*) the old sore will be perpetually opened, and my friend, of whom I must speak to your Lordship as the noblest Christian man I know, and most worthy of consideration, will chafe at a restriction, which even the occasion of my inhibition does not seem to require.

This explanation covers the whole meaning of my words and was my reason for selecting them and I hope you will consider them as good and sufficient under the circumstances as Mr. Ives and not designing or over-reaching.

I believe that, had your Lordship known me, you would never have inhibited me at all, although I am aware that you would disapprove some things that I think, do, and say.

I remain,

Your respectful and obedient servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

"Oct. 22, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,

I am obliged by your letter received this morning. It shows that my enquiry was not unnecessary. But I hope that the parenthesis in my last ('no doubt unintentionally') would show also that I did not ask for an explanation because I thought your words either 'designing or over-reaching.'

It is with very great pain that I find myself at variance with Mr. Theodore Talbot, whom, without any consideration of his influential position, it would be a personal gratification to myself to consult, and if possible to oblige. But it appears to me that the step which in my judgment it has been my duty to take can only be right or wrong; and that whatever it is

<sup>1</sup> Margam Abbey, Glamorganshire, was the home of Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, M.P.

to one Parish it must be to all. If from a consideration of Mr. T. Talbot's high and noble Christian character, which, no doubt, you truly describe, I were to make the concession which you wish me to make it would obviously be regarded as an act of weakness, and all claim to impartiality in my administration of the Diocese would henceforth be despised. You must well know, without my suggesting it, that the public Services in Margam Church would not furnish me with any justification in so doing. I now positively know what till lately I had only known by report, that it supplied the chasuble which was one of the things that created so much agitation at St. Mary's, Cardiff, a few months ago.

There is, I think, but one thing to be done. With private opinions I have no right to interfere. But the peace of the Church in my Diocese I am bound to maintain. Let those who think with Mr. Talbot and yourself abstain from such outward manifestations of their private opinions in matters upon which the Church has not given them plain and explicit directions, as of late have disquieted us.

When I am no longer compelled to be on my guard against the possible violation of it, I shall gladly comply with your desire.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. LLANDAFF."

"Oct. 27, 1875.

"MY LORD BISHOP,

I regret exceedingly that after our correspondence matters must remain as they are, and I must remain, as I believe, the only inhibited Clergyman of your Lordship's long Episcopate.

I certainly do not wish you to take any line of action which would compromise your claim to impartiality, but as I gathered from your Lordship's last letter that the object of my inhibition was to prevent my appearance in the pulpits of your Diocese, I concluded that, the control of my pulpit ministrations being in your Lordship's hands, the requirements of the case would be satisfied, without any stultification of your position towards myself or without any exceptional



regard for Mr. Talbot. But other considerations weigh with you and I have no more to say.

The hope of a future removal of the inhibition has no attraction for me. A wrong done admits of no delay in being righted, and it is in this light that the matter is viewed by my friends and myself. I have done what I could to remove the heart-burning that your Lordship's conduct towards myself has occasioned and so *liberavi animam meam*. My cause now is in God's Hands for His recognition.

I beg to remain,

Your Lordship's

Respectful and obedient servant,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

"Oct. 28, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,

While I trouble you again with an expression of my regret that our relations are apparently so unfriendly, and my action regarded by yourself and your friends as a wrong done, I beg to thank you for having done what you could to remove the heart-burning which you say has been occasioned by it.

I am sorry that I do not clearly understand from your words the conclusion which you say you gathered from my first letter. But as it is not very probable that a further explanation would alter the state of the case, I think it would only be giving you unnecessary trouble were I to request you to favour me with one.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. LLANDAFF."

The correspondence of this troublous year ends on a more peaceful note.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I wish you a merry Christmas, and shall be with you in heart and recollection.

I do hope you are fairly well, and in good spirits. Why shouldn't you always be in good spirits?

I hope that, if I ever live to be as old as you are, looking back at Christmas time and at the end of the year, I shall be simply trustful and genuinely happy.

GOD, Who has 'held us up ever since we were born,' is sure to perform His good work in us, even to the end. *On Earth Peace.*

With all love,

Believe me,

Ever most affectly your son,

ARTHUR."

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I have called this chapter the Climax, for two reasons.

The first is that, during the period covered by it, Stanton attained the conspicuous position in the Church which he filled till the end of his life. Down to that time he had been the hero, the guide, and the chosen friend, of a considerable band; but the main impression which he had made on the public mind was that of a gifted rhetorician who despised authority. From 1875 onwards, every one recognized him as a power with which the rulers of the Church had to reckon; whose lightest word was an oracle to ever-increasing numbers of laymen; and who could be trusted, not merely to declaim and denounce, but to act with wisdom and courage, when the sacred cause was imperilled.

The second reason for calling the period the Climax is different, and almost paradoxical. After this long succession of Episcopal censures, Stanton completely changed the method of his ministry. "Never," he said, "from that moment have I preached a Mission, or taken a Retreat; I never could think again that I should consider myself a prophet in the Anglican Israel. I felt I must keep as quiet as I could, and do all that I could for St. Alban's, Holborn, and that was to be my ministry." <sup>1</sup>

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Some letters of spiritual guidance, belonging to the period now concluded, may be inserted in this place.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 266.

*To his Sister.*

"A happy Easter to you and all at Upfield. Read the Easter Day Epistle with great attention, daily through the week. It helps to banish feebleness of heart—a weakness which prevents us realizing the rapturous joy of our Great Feasts."

*To the same.*

"Fancy your getting 3 guineas for the picture! I advise you to give it entirely and directly to the Poor. If you send me one guinea, I will divide it between two poor families, who are respectable but almost starved. You find out 3 suffering families, and give them 7 shillings each, and keep one guinea in reserve.

To give to the Poor is to give to JESUS CHRIST directly. He will own it as such, He has told us so, and that money is yours by the talent He has given to you, so I had rather you gave back directly to Him in His poor."

*To the same.*

"This day—the Conversion of St. Paul—is a joy to us. No one can be converted, no one can see the magnificence and power of the Catholic Faith, except by a 'light from Heaven.' No amount of human intelligence can secure a saving Faith, but one gleam of light from the Throne of Grace—for the Eternal Truth itself—can. Yes, this is a blessed day. Thanks be to GOD."

*To a Lady.*

"The hardest thing for you will be the reflection suggested by the discrepancy between your and your sister's religious ideas. But to be quite still, without saying a word, is your line of action, for *she knows* you feel deeply and nothing can prevent the lesson of your presence. In this case silence is a better interchange of sentiment than speech."

*To the same.*

"Yes you are right to come back and work ordinarily as usual, expecting nothing, hoping everything, leaving all to

HIM Who keeps your heart beating till it beats entirely in unison with HIS.

It is difficult to send another a text, because Holy Scripture has *its own* message to each soul and no stranger intermeddleth; and although I am no stranger yet it is better to choose your own text after all.

I send you the little verse of Tennyson I like so much—

‘Forgive my love for one removed,  
*Thy creature*, whom I found so fair.  
 I trust he lives in Thee, and there  
 I find him worthier to be loved.’

It strikes the note which is always vibrating within you, and is true, reverent, and God-trusting.”

*To the same.*

“I think you are quite right in the estimate of the question. The Tenderness of GOD is the Fount from which all the Tenderness of dear Human life flows, and He Who gave you the power to choose and love your husband only asks you to remember that He loves him better than you do after all.

You know so well what I feel that I say no more.”

*To the same.*

“Love is exorbitant in its demands and sanguine in its expectations, and so I think Mrs. — is a little disappointed, or rather a good deal disappointed, that you can’t speak of yourself other than as an invalid.

This is natural and unavoidable; still I think she is, as she ought to be, consoled by the real GOD-like tone in which you write. As dear Mr. Hillyard used to say—what will it matter a 100 years hence? and what will it? GOD ever with His Holy Spirit keep you in this same way of Life—for Way of Life it is—it knows no such thing as death—it is all right—it is all right—‘The LORD do to me whatever seems good in His sight.’ . . . I look *now* to your having a holy happy Easter. They who suffer *with* Him shall reign *with* Him—*with* Him—*with* Him—that’s the point.”

*To the same.*

"I am not vexed, but sorry about your last letter.

The depression is partly beyond your control, but partly it is not—and it is just here where you are at fault.

GOD is just the same as ever. The Sun shines as before—the winds blow as before. Why do you allow yourself to be the victim not of facts, but ideas?

I think work here would refresh you and shall be glad when you take it up again, but this is only incidental and is not your vocation in life.

Looking up to Heaven and saying, 'GOD, I wish to live as Thou would'st have me live, and die as Thou would'st have me die'—ought to be as David's music in the ears of a wearied soul.

Your letter too seems to justify me in my fears lest you should bind yourself about churches, services, and particular convictions too much—it's *such* a danger and if yielded to so soon produces bitter fruits.

I am unable to write more being quite overwhelmed with letters, and work. We confess we are strangers and pilgrims here on earth; *therefore* GOD is not ashamed to be called *our* GOD."

*To the same.*

"Your letter just forwarded gives me time just for one line of good wishes to you for the future.

It is a great unknown to you, but GOD will be in it, and in it you must find HIM—and, finding Him, all is well.

Joy never comes alone here; it must be tempered with sorrow, as sorrow must be with joy, or else we should not be walking with bent heads on the road towards everlasting Rest.

GOD bless to you what the next year may give to you."

*To a Clergyman.*

"I don't remember having publicly expressed any particular opinion on the subject you ask me about, but I do not think 'theatres, balls, or smoking contrary to the essence of Christianity,' altho' I am aware of the grave difficulties from a moral point of view regarding the first of the three.

Certainly I have never made a renunciation of them a condition of admission to any of the Sacraments, except in particular instances, and when I have known them to be the occasions of evil."

*To one in bereavement.*

"Yes, I will remember your nephew—that God Who created and redeemed and regenerated him will bring him to the 'perfect consummation and bliss.' The Gospel tells us 'other sheep *I have* which are not of this fold, these also will I bring.' Perhaps he may be one of the 'other sheep,' for whom my heart always beats."



## CHAPTER V

### A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIPS

THE year 1876 opened sadly for Arthur Stanton. We have already seen the enthusiastic friendship which united him to Theodore Talbot, and the complete sympathy with which the two men had worked for the best interests of St. Alban's. Talbot was Stanton's untiring and munificent helper in all his religious and social enterprises, and Stanton was a wise counsellor in certain difficulties which beset Talbot's position. Mr. Talbot of Margam did not share his son's religious opinions, and naturally regretted his complete absorption in the parochial life of St. Alban's. He urged, quite reasonably, that his son had duties, immediate and prospective, in South Wales, which were at least as imperious as those of Holborn; and, knowing Stanton's influence over Theodore, he begged him to bring this view of duty before the young man's mind. Stanton at once saw the justice of Mr. Talbot's contention, and suggested two methods by which Theodore might be led to take a keener interest in the affairs of his home. As he was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, arrangements should be made by which he could become a Master of Hounds in his own country; and his ecclesiastical tastes might be gratified by liberty to restore the churches on his father's property. Both these suggestions were adopted, and both worked admirably. Theodore Talbot had been Master of the Ledbury Hounds, but in 1873 he formed a new hunting country near his father's house at Margam, where he had already begun to restore and beautify the churches. "Possibly," said one who knew him well, "the greatest sorrow of his life was the inhibition of his friend Arthur Stanton. A long correspondence between him and the Bishop appeared

in the public press, but nothing came of his remonstrance. He had a personal interview with the Bishop, and pleaded for removal of the inhibition, with all the force and pathos of a man wounded to the heart. He urged that it was chiefly through his instrumentality that his friend had consented to preach at Cardiff." <sup>1</sup>

He had always been a reckless rider, and his friends had often warned him against needless risks. The same thought must have crossed his own mind, for he once said to a neighbour, "I sometimes think I am not justified in risking my life so much, in view of all the responsibility that lies before me here." Early in the hunting season of 1875-6 he had a serious fall. He was laid up for some time; but at the very end of the season he got his doctor's leave for one more day's hunting. In jumping a small drain towards the end of the day, he seems to have received a slight concussion of the spine, though he did not fall. He was taken home in great pain, and for weeks he lay helpless and crippled on the sofa. In this distress, he naturally desired the ministrations of his beloved friend Stanton; but the Inhibition stood in the way. Thereupon he wrote to the Bishop, and received the following reply:—

"April 12, 1876.

"MY DEAR SIR,

I am extremely sorry to hear from yourself that you have been suffering from illness, of which no tidings had reached me before.

The step which I felt it to be my duty to take last year, solely had respect to *public* ministrations. If Mr. Stanton can in any way minister to your personal comfort *within your own residence*, provided that the Incumbent of the Parish, to whose wishes I am bound to have regard, raises no objection, I shall most willingly comply with your request.

I should have replied in the same terms from whatever Parish you had written. But, as you date from Llantrissant, unless I mentioned this, you might possibly think that I was influenced by that circumstance. No Clergyman, I imagine, would object.

I very sincerely hope that the view which you seem to

<sup>1</sup> See p. 162.

take of the gravity of your indisposition may result merely from the uncomfortableness of your own feelings, and be a mistake.

Believe me,  
My dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
A. LLANDAFF."

Stanton declined to take this limited view of the scope of the Inhibition ; but the occasion for scruples was soon removed, for at the end of April Talbot was conveyed to Buxton. There his illness rapidly increased, and it was decided that he had better go up to London. Lying at his father's house in Cavendish Square, he made ready for the end which was now seen to be inevitable. He had the comfort of Stanton's ministrations, and made him promise that no Catholic rite should be omitted in his last agony. "He repeatedly received the Holy Communion, always with the greatest faith and fervour. Every preparation in his sick-room that might honour the advent of the Blessed Sacrament was scrupulously attended to. His devotion to the Sacrament of the Altar was supreme. He revelled in the thought of all the honour that was done to that Mystery."

On the 17th of June Stanton wrote to a friend : "Dear Theodore Talbot is, I fear, dying. Pray for him as such. More I cannot say. No words of mine can describe this heart-breaking calamity. He is simply at peace with God." The end came next day ; and on the 21st Stanton wrote to his sister—

"It is a very sad birthday indeed for me. I go to Margam to-morrow to attend the funeral of the best friend and the most heroic man I ever knew."

The untimely end of Theodore Talbot was to Stanton a life-long sorrow, and in comparison with it other griefs seemed small. Yet at the very season when his friend was entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Stanton was exposed to one more of those Episcopal rebuffs which he experienced so often and felt so deeply. Among his papers he left an envelope characteristically docketed "Bp. of Gloucester's

little game," and the contents of this envelope make curious reading.

The parish church of King Stanley, near Stroud, had been restored; the ceremony of Re-opening was fixed for Thursday in Easter week, April 20, 1876, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol<sup>1</sup> undertook to preach on the occasion. The church was dedicated to St. George, so the following Sunday, April 23, was both Low Sunday and the Feast of the Patron Saint. It was felt that, for the poor of the parish, this would be the real day of Re-opening, so the vicar and the squire concurred in a request to Stanton, who of course was well known in the district, to preach both in the morning and in the evening. This request, gladly granted, was met by a remarkable manœuvre on the part of the Bishop, which was thus described by a member of Stanton's family—

"April 20, 1876.

"You will doubtless hear from others, but I must send you a line to tell you what happened at King Stanley church to-day. You will say when you hear it that it was so eminently characteristic of our dear friend 'Double Gloucester' that you only expected it. He came over to preach, and just before getting into the pulpit, he announced from the altar steps thus: 'My dear friends, it is my duty to inform you that the sermons in this church on Sunday next, both morning and evening, will, God willing, be preached by the bishop of this diocese.' Until this morning, when he came over, he gave not the smallest idea to any one of his intentions. I rather thought he would have allowed you to come and preach. I did not think he would have had the pluck to inhibit you, and did not think he would insult the whole family by quietly ignoring you."

It was when he was smarting under these paternal chastisements that Stanton took a decisive step in the direction of Disestablishment. He joined the Liberation Society, but, in order to show that his action in no way committed St. Alban's, he gave his Club as his address. His name appears in the list of members for 1876 and 1877; but in the latter

<sup>1</sup> C. J. Ellicott.

year the imprisonment of the Rev. Arthur Tooth, Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, for resistance to the decrees of Lord Penzance's Court, led him to join with some like-minded friends in founding a new institution of like intent. This was the "Church League for promoting the separation of Church and State"; and it may be interesting to record the names of those who were present at the inaugural meeting, held at St. Alban's on the 29th of May, 1877.

Clergy: Rev. A. H. Mackonochie (in the chair), Rev. A. H. Stanton, Rev. T. Pelham Dale, Rev. M. Ben-Oliel, Rev. Ivor Guest. Laity: Mr. J. A. Heaton; Mr. J. Dawson, Mr. Bowdler Sharp, Mr. T. Layman, Mr. T. Fifoot (churchwardens of St. Alban's), Mr. H. W. Hill (afterwards Secretary of the English Church Union), Mr. E. F. Croom, Mr. Weston Sparkes, Mr. Mortimer, and Colonel Childers.

The meeting first voted a Resolution affirming "That the separation of the Church and the State is the moral necessity of the age"; and then Stanton moved "That permanent Church endowments are not necessary, but rather contrary to the fundamental principles of Christianity." It is to be remarked that he held this doctrine to the end of his life, and that it even affected a bequest which he made to St. Alban's in his will.

One or two letters belonging to this period of his life may be here inserted.

*To a Theological Student.*

"March 22, 1876.

"I am really rejoiced by your account of Cuddesdon. I feared lest Anglicanism should oppress you, and hardly thought LIBERTY awaited you.

I rather hoped you might have been 'converted,' as I hoped for Russell's conversion during the stay of those 'two godly men, although not of our communion,' in London.<sup>1</sup>

I shall certainly have pockets made in my trousers for pulpit-use. Thank you so much for the hint. I suffer very

<sup>1</sup> Messrs. Moody and Sankey had conducted a Revival in London in 1875.



*Photo: Lock and Whitfield.]*

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON. [1876.]





generally from the proprieties of that rostrum, and the practice will give a conventional and easy expression, for which effect I have no vocabulary at my command."

*To his Sister, with reference to another sister who was ill.*

" July 24, 1876.

"She is perfectly patient, and entirely resigned, and 'wonders how it is she is so,' forgetting that when the end does come to us, GOD always 'makes all our bed in our sickness,' and lays us down very gently to die."

*To a spiritual child.*

" Feb. 7, 1877.

"My lame brother of B. J. N.,<sup>1</sup> who is the dearest fellow out, talks to me about you and tells me you have been ill again.

To be ill so much must be very hard to bear, yet if it is GOD's Will the very hardness is a secret joy.

I always think of our dear Lady's words when the Angel came to her, 'Be it unto me according to thy word,' and they seem to me to contain all that makes up perfect submission to GOD's Will concerning us.

The Spring months are certain to be very trying to your health. I hope you are happy. Aye, even gay of heart; but I should like to hear of or from you.

I went to see dear Fr. Tooth last Saturday. He was quite cheerful and inwardly happy, but Horsemonger Jail is an awful place for a sensitive soul like he is.<sup>2</sup>

Pray for him, dear lad, and for all who are trying to do GOD's Will, and you are forwarding the coming of His Kingdom.

' 'Tis true our names will never live in story,  
But we may be a wave in that great tide  
Which still shall float the human race to glory,  
Long after we have done our work and died.'

GOD bless you, Our Lady and the Saints pray for you, and the Holy Angels guard you."

<sup>1</sup> Brotherhood of Jesus of Nazareth.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Tooth was liberated, not on his own petition, Feb. 27, 1877.

The year 1877 was marked by an event which calls for special notice. This was the foundation of "St. Martin's League," and the history of the League is thus narrated by its Treasurer, Mr. Walter Schröder.

"In May 1877, three or four letter-carriers met in Father Stanton's room and suggested that he might form a Society or Club for Postmen. After a few meetings he decided to do so and call it St. Martin's League, to which employes of the Post Office could belong. Rules were drawn up and a medal designed, bearing the device of St. Martin, and the motto 'Non recuso laborem.'

June 6, 1877. The League was founded. A service was held in St. Alban's, Holborn, and an address given by Father Stanton when fifty members joined. Father Stanton became President, and from the commencement of the League till its close was practically responsible for its maintenance. *Membership* meant employes at the P.O. belonging to the Church of England; *Associates*, employes at the P.O. not belonging to the Church of England and paying a subscription of 1s. annually; and friends of the League subscribing not less than 2s. 6d. a year.

The objects of the League were Love to God and Man.

To God: by endeavouring to lead good lives.

To Man: by having at heart the common brotherhood of humanity, and trying to live up to the principles of Fraternity.

This being interpreted meant: To provide for London letter-carriers and sorters Houses of Rest where they could sleep, eat, or read in quiet. From the nature of their work they had many hours 'off' during the day, and, as the men and lads lived in the suburbs, it was a great advantage to them to have a place near the Office where they could go during these times; at any rate it was an alternative to the crowded coffee-house or public-house. The admission of members was at a short religious service."

The League grew and spread, and for several years flourished exceedingly. In 1879 Stanton wrote to his sister—

"The 'Church Ass.' are trying to get up a fearful shindy about St. Martin's League, and have called a meeting, with the

Members of Parliament for the City, the Post Office Secretary, and Mr. B. the Banker, to crush me and my league.

It will be a great joke, I fancy. The fellows want to kick up a row, and turn the swells out neck and crop, but I must stop this."

In his annual address to the League, dated "Martinmas, 1880," Stanton wrote as follows of the work so far accomplished :—

"I. We have thrown a bridge of friendship across the gaping chasm which separates Clergy from the working classes, and the interchange is mutually appreciated.

II. We have proved that such friendliness is not only duty but great enjoyment.

III. We have shown many that even Ritualistic parsons *can* care for something else besides candles and 'clergymen's clothes.'

IV. We have supplied from our own resources wholesome and rational amusement.

V. We have made many comfortable whose duties involve great discomfort, and given very many the opportunity of a seaside holiday.

Are you content with this? I am, and more than content."

In 1882 he wrote : " You know the Church of England *has* seemed to be a stony-hearted mother to *me*. It may be that it was inevitable, and that I was too ardent a son, in the idealistic days of my first ministry at her altars, twenty years ago ; but certain it is, the green aspirations of younger days were frosted by the polar blasts of ecclesiastical censure, and I well-nigh perished in the long winter of discouragement.

" But the Dean of St. Paul's<sup>1</sup> gave me the lift-up by becoming Patron of the League, when the President was under a fourfold Episcopal ban—an act of generous friendship never to be forgotten. And you, by your kindness concerning the League, speaking by acts more eloquent than words, assure me that I have not beaten my life out uselessly against the inevitable. And, as if to crown it all with benediction, the

<sup>1</sup> R. W. Church.

Archbishop of Canterbury,<sup>1</sup> who ordained me deacon and priest, accedes, with every expression of kindness, to preach for us."

With reference to this sermon, the Archbishop wrote in his diary for the 26th of February, 1882 :—

"To-day I have preached at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to 500 postmen who form 'St. Martin's League.' Stanton deserves immense credit for getting together these young men. Sad that there should be such quarrels in the Church, and that men like Stanton should be mixed up in them."

Stanton wrote to his sister on the 2nd of March—

"The service went off very well, as you must have read, and is a great lift-up for the League. Altogether it was very amusing in its details. . . . We got £50 at the service, and more than £50 has come in besides, so that we are right, pecuniarily speaking."

Besides all the Rest-Houses in London, a "Holiday Home" for members was opened at Brighton and subsequently transferred to St. Leonards, where suitable premises were bought and adapted at a cost of £1700. The following memorandum by Stanton, dated November 1, 1881, will show the lines on which the Home was conducted :—

"The house to be closed at eleven P.M. No smoking in bedrooms. No spirits brought into the house. Meal-times punctually kept. Anyone not amenable to the Rules of the house will have the rest of his money returned, and must leave at once.

"Anyone so behaving will not be allowed to go again to the house unless he gives a promise to the President of the League that he will in future conduct himself properly; such an assurance to be forwarded to the Matron."

*A. H. S. to the Matron of the Home.*

"About betting at cards there is only one course open to you—*i.e.* to send all so engaged away, paying them their monies according to the time they have been in the house. *All* so engaged ought to leave the house. You cannot discriminate,

<sup>1</sup> A. C. Tait.

for discrimination means hesitation and argument. The whole party discovered at the game or games must leave, even if it leave the house empty.

They may continue their betting and gaming in London or St. Leonards, but not at the house. This is all *you* have to do. The Council must settle about the membership.

As all know the circumstances of the League, the betting and gaming at cards is so dishonourable that you can have no temptation to sacrifice the character of the League to the individual."

Stanton bestowed immense care on this St. Leonards Home, and constantly ran down there for a day or two's change. "In *London*," he once said, "such places are not sufficiently attractive—at least such is my experience." As years went on, changes were introduced into the postal service, which diminished the need for the Rest-Houses in London, and this fact, combined with other circumstances, brought the League to a close. It was dissolved in 1892. "There was no decay at the finish; the work was laid down because the necessity for its continuance did not exist to so great a degree. Whenever and wherever tried, the experience had been highly appreciated by the postmen. It engendered good feeling and fellowship, and kept them healthy and happy, breaking into the monotony of their daily "walks." It was not pretended that anything further was attempted or performed. Its idea was social rather than anything else, and whatever work God-ward was effected was done by good feeling and brotherly kindness amongst the members themselves, and by the Associates and other friends by their interest and help. The "outside" subscribers had recognized that the work was sound and deserving of assistance, and that the members of the League were entitled to help for their public duties, performed, as they were, at all hours and in all weathers to the benefit of the community at large.

Was there any lasting good? Those best able to judge reply "Undoubtedly yes," and probably Father Stanton would have been the first to say that his twenty-five years of labour and love for St. Martin's League showed some of the best results of his life's work."

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On the 11th of October, 1877, Stanton wrote thus to his sister :—

“Oh! how I hope this horrid war is coming to an end. Nothing ever can justify its horrors and wholesale slaughter, and War stands condemned before civilization and humanity, if not before modern Christianity.”

The allusion is to the Russo-Turkish War, which raged from April, 1877, to March, 1878. At the beginning of 1878 it became apparent that Lord Beaconsfield, then Prime Minister, wished England to intervene on the Anti-Christian side. A public meeting to protest against War was held in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 24th of February, 1878; Stanton attended, and spoke; and thus defended his action.

“March 1, 1878.

“I hate war on principle, and war with Russia now I should consider crime. . . . Many of my friends were scandalized at my appearing with Bradlaugh in the interests of peace; but I would stand on the same platform with the Devil, if the Devil would advocate peace; and the working men asked me to come and speak from the Gospel side. How could I refuse, and allow peace to be proclaimed by an infidel?”

*The Hon. Auberon Herbert to A. H. S.*

“March 1, 1878.

“I have for several days been intending to write to you, to thank you for myself for your kindness and courage in helping us—but I now write to enclose the following Resolution :—

‘The Workmen’s Committee desire to express their warmest thanks to the Rev. Mr. Stanton for his courage in supporting the cause of peace by his presence on the 24th, and most earnestly hope he will once more stand with them on Sunday, March 10, in the same cause.’

I most heartily re-echo the last wish.<sup>1</sup> There are only a few men in England who would have stood with us. You deserve our truest respect.”

But no political contentions, however interesting—not even controversies and litigations in the Church, though they

<sup>1</sup> A Treaty of Peace was signed on the 3rd of March.

touched him more nearly—could ever distract Stanton's mind from his appointed work of spiritual ministry. On the 20th of September, 1878, he wrote as follows to a Deacon on the eve of Ordination to the Priesthood :—

"I will not forget you at Mass to-morrow and Sunday. My only hope is that you will be a Priest after the order of CHRIST JESUS, His clericalism, yours, and the aim of your soul to copy Him *exactly* in *everything*. For many years now I have felt the grip of the Evangelical Truth that to flee to Him straight is the only refuge out of the countless difficulties into which the religious thought of the day projects one.

Fancy you and me, after all said and done, 'found together in Him.' DOMINE, Refugium nostrum, salve !

The difficulty is this—one feels as a Priest, often, such a humbug. You'll have to say goody things, do sacred actions, when you feel anything but good yourself ; bless when you need blessing, absolve when you need absolving, comfort when you need yourself 'the consolation of GOD,' consecrate when you can't pull your faith together, act as a messenger of salvation when you are on your knees, prostrated by your own unworthiness.

Only take care of this—*Keep your motives true*. Be true, Be true, Be true in all, whatever comes ; lest when the end of all comes, although you have in His Name preached and cast out devils and done many wonderful things, He says to you, 'I never knew you.'

Be a *true* Priest ; for this end came you into the world—'to bear witness to the Truth.' May the Life of CHRIST be your life, and may the prayers of the Saints help you, and the guardianship of Angels keep you. The Purity of our Blessed Lady be between you and all temptations, and the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost your Everlasting Reward ! "

To his sister he wrote on the 9th of June, 1879 :—

"I went to hear Cooper, the Chartist and converted infidel lecturer, preach last night. He is now an old man, but was very Christian and good, and a red-hot republican still.<sup>1</sup> Our

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Cooper (1805-1892).

Theatrical Guild gets on very well, and I have been spending all the afternoon with actors and actresses." <sup>1</sup>

*To a lady who superintended the Postmen's Rest-Houses.*

"The Palace, Londonderry,  
July 24, 1880.

"I got your message from Miss Dolling about the Thunderstorm and almost wished myself in London to have witnessed the 'atmospheric disturbance' which must have characterized its violence.

We have had a good deal of rain off and on, but as yet it has never kept us in. The Bishop of Londonderry, Dr. Alexander, is a most delightful *man* and Mrs. Alexander is equally so, so are the two girls, so we have had a pleasant day indoors in spite of the rain. We have just come in through the pouring rain from a drive which we tried to have.

To-morrow we go to the popish Bishop and experience different conditions.<sup>2</sup>

Everything is most interesting to me—Manners and men, sights and scenery. So it is a real good holiday and at little or no expense.

I have not anything particular to say but I wanted to write to you from a Palace.

I hope and trust all is going on well—and that the boiler hasn't burst again—or the wet come through, or any other domestic worries.

I trust all the dear fellows are well and resting. They all want rest far more than I do and holiday too—but, in this unfair world, they who ought to have it most don't get free. Brother Bob <sup>3</sup> wishes his love to be sent."

<sup>1</sup> "The Church and Stage Guild" was founded in 1879. Stanton was on the first Council of the Guild, and preached for it at St. Thomas's, Regent Street, March 19, 1880.

<sup>2</sup> His Eminence Cardinal Logue writes: "In 1880, the Rev. Arthur Stanton and Mr. Robert Dolling, who was still a layman, stayed with me about ten days at Letterkenny, where I then resided as Bishop of Raphoe. Both gentlemen went to Mass every morning, Sunday included, and seemed to be quite at home among the priests."

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards the Rev. R. W. R. Dolling.

*To his brother Walter, M.P. for Stroud.*

“Jan. 4, 1881.

“If the Tories pal on to the Land Leaguers it will be to their eternal disgrace. No doubt the Land question is the question of the day, but Parnell is a wrong 'un.”

*To the same.*

“July 5, 1881.

“I cannot dine out, as I am always so occupied. . . . I shall be glad to look at and listen to Gladstone, but I give him the silent worship of a heart proud to have lived in his day.”

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At this point we must revert to the history of St. Alban's, and its much-tried Vicar.

On the 23rd of March, 1878, an application had been made to Lord Penzance, as Judge of the new Court, to enforce on Mackonochie obedience to the Judgment concerning Ritual acts, which Sir Robert Phillimore had pronounced in 1875. Stanton wrote to a friend—

“They are at us again—and are going next Saturday to try and get Fr. Mackonochie deprived. Of course we take no notice whatever of what they do, and are prepared for the last defence—possibly ‘fists.’ How people love and hate us! How curious it is! We had a very good Easter and are very contented and happy. If turned out I shall live among my roughs and do some real servile work. I am quite tired of being the gentleman and clergyman.”

When the application was heard, Lord Penzance said that, as in three years no attempt had been made by the complainants to get the Judgment enforced, he would not then pronounce a fresh sentence, but would give Mackonochie the opportunity of conforming his practice to the decision of 1875, on the understanding that he would incur a severe sentence if he refused to comply. The application was renewed on the 1st of June, 1878, and Mackonochie was suspended for three years.

The next step in the legal proceedings was that Mackonochie applied to the Queen's Bench for a Writ of Prohibition

against Lord Penzance, to prevent him from enforcing this sentence of Suspension. This Writ was granted, on the ground that there should have been a fresh trial before the issue of a fresh sentence. The persecuting party appealed from the Queen's Bench to the Court of Appeal, which by a majority of one pronounced in favour of Lord Penzance. Mackonochie did not at this stage appeal to the House of Lords, so on the 15th of November, 1879, Lord Penzance again pronounced the sentence of Suspension for three years, to take effect upon Sunday the 23rd of November. Two days before that date, Mackonochie wrote to a friend: "We do not anticipate any row next Sunday, although of course there may be one. The Bishop and I have, through his Secretary, made an amicable arrangement."

The "amicable arrangement" was that on the 23rd the Bishop's Domestic Chaplain arrived at St. Alban's, prepared to officiate, and that his services were politely but firmly declined by the Vicar and Churchwardens. On his departure Mattins followed, and then the Celebration—a *Missa Cantata*—with an overflowing congregation. Mackonochie was Celebrant. Stanton preached from Psalm cxlvii. 16, "He giveth snow like wool." Everyone was listening with breathless eagerness for some allusion to the recent proceedings, when the preacher began his sermon, thus: "There is one subject which has been the topic of the week. It has been the topic of conversation of nearly everyone throughout the length and breadth of the land, and that subject is—the weather."<sup>1</sup>

St. Alban's was allowed to spend its Christmas in peace; but in January, 1880, Martin renewed his activities. The Bishop of London again granted Letters of Request, and on the 16th of April a fresh suit was opened in the P.W.R. Court, having for its object to deprive Mackonochie of his benefice, as a penalty for his "contumacy and contempt, and incorrigibleness and obstinate disobedience to his Ordinary." Hired spies gave the necessary evidence as to what Mackonochie had done when celebrating on the 23rd and the 30th of November, 1879; but on the 5th of June, 1880, Lord Penzance refused to pass the sentence of Deprivation, hinting, not obscurely, that Martin's right course would have been to delate Mackonochie for his disobedience, with a view to getting him imprisoned. On

<sup>1</sup> Which was abnormally severe.



the 14th of June Martin, who had retired from the suit, publicly stated that he would be no party to a policy of imprisonment, and that his one object, from first to last, had been to get the law declared. Meanwhile Mackonochie, who, as a friendly critic said, "had a genius for litigation," appealed from the decision of the Court of Appeal to the House of Lords, which on the 7th of April, 1881, dismissed the Appeal, and affirmed the three years' Suspension pronounced in 1878. At the same time the Church Association appealed against Lord Penzance's refusal to pronounce Deprivation, and the Judicial Committee, on the 22nd of February, 1882, decided against Lord Penzance, and remitted the case to him for punishment. The storm which had been gathering ever since the end of 1877 was now ready to burst. On the 21st of July, 1882, Mackonochie wrote to a friend: "Another Suit—for deprivation and degradation—will most likely put a stop to my holiday." The working of the P.W.R. Act had been beset by many and curious difficulties, and the proceedings in Mackonochie's case were strangely delayed. He was cited to appear before the P.W.R. Court on the 29th of July, but the case was postponed till after the Vacation. Before the Courts reopened, a fresh element, as momentous as it was unexpected, was introduced into the situation. Lord Halifax supplies the following account of the transaction:—

"It appeared almost impossible, in view of the proceedings taken against Mr. Mackonochie, that a crisis could any longer be averted, and it seemed that events, which all would regret, might very probably take place, affecting not only St. Alban's, but the whole Church of England.

"Like many others, I had thought much about the matter, and, so far as I remember, had ascertained from Mr. Mackonochie himself that, if the principles for which he had been struggling so long could be maintained and substantially vindicated, he would be prepared to consider whether by his own resignation he might be able to save St. Alban's from further trouble, and the whole Church from difficulties the issue of which it was not easy to foresee.

"It was in the hope of being able to facilitate some such solution that I asked Archbishop Tait whether he would be willing to receive me. He was good enough to fix a time and



place, and I saw him, if I remember rightly, in the library at Lambeth. The Archbishop was very kind, as indeed I had always found him, and after some preliminary conversation, I said to him that, though I was in no way authorized to make any definite proposal, I knew Mr. Mackonochie well enough to be sure that principles were all he cared for, and that he was profoundly indifferent as to himself. I believe I added that, in all such matters, principle was everything—persons nothing; and that, if there could be some assurance that some one would be appointed to St. Alban's who would carry on Mr. Mackonochie's work on the lines which had hitherto been associated with that church, I believed Mr. Mackonochie would be quite willing to resign the living, however painful that resignation would be to himself—for his whole heart was in the work of St. Alban's—if by such resignation the difficulties which seemed coming to a head might be averted.

"We had some conversation on the subject; and, if I remember right, the Archbishop eventually replied that it would be impossible to give any such assurance. I answered, I think, that in that case there was no more to be said, and I was only sorry to have troubled his Grace. I was preparing to leave the room when the Archbishop, moving across to his writing-table, said, "Of course, if so good a man as Mr. Stanton were appointed to St. Alban's, I cannot imagine any difficulties being raised as to such an appointment." Nothing more was required; subsequently events proved that I had understood correctly, and I left Lambeth feeling that a solution of the difficulties attaching to the then position of St. Alban's was not far off. Though there were many anxieties and many difficulties still to be surmounted, and though Mr. Stanton did not succeed Mr. Mackonochie at St. Alban's, I believe that what passed at that interview was very directly connected with the arrangement subsequently carried out by which an exchange was effected between Mr. Mackonochie and Mr. Suckling of St. Peter's, London Docks, which equally put an end to the threatened difficulties."

Archbishop Tait, in whom a disposition to harry Ritualists was curiously combined with a deep vein of personal piety, now became seriously ill. On the 7th of August, 1882, he travelled with great difficulty to Osborne, in order to confirm the two

sons <sup>1</sup> of the Prince of Wales, and, after returning to Addington Park, he took to his bed. During the month of October he received an intimation that, when the Courts reopened after the Vacation, sentence of Deprivation would be pronounced on the intractable Mackonochie; and his better impulses moved him to intervene. On the 10th of November he addressed Mackonochie in a letter which contained the following passages:—

“My thoughts, so far as I am able at present to give steady thought to public matters, have naturally dwelt much upon the troubles and difficulties which have made themselves apparent in connection with recent ritual prosecutions. . . .

“I need not assure you that I do not wish in any way to dictate to you a course of action, but if you feel it possible, consistently with duty, to withdraw voluntarily by resignation of your benefice from further conflicts with the Courts, I am quite sure you would be acting in the manner best calculated to promote the real power and usefulness of the Church to which we belong. I make this appeal to you under a strong sense of responsibility. You will, I think, feel with me that the circumstances under which I write are altogether exceptional, and you will, I know, give prayerful thought to the subject. I commend you to the guidance of Almighty God, and ask that He may give to us in these difficult times a right judgment in all things.”

This was a startling proposal; but Mackonochie received it with his usual equanimity, weighed it anxiously and prayerfully in conference with his friends, and finally decided to act on it. He resigned his benefice on the 1st of December, 1882, being succeeded by the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, Vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, who was instituted to St. Alban's on the 7th of December. On the 13th of December Stanton wrote to a friend—

“All this is to me the cutting away from all the old moorings, and I am at sea. Of course I shall do all I can to help Mr. Suckling, for his coming here is most disinterested, and only to please the Father; but of course I feel only ‘tabernacled’ now at St. Alban's. No doubt it was the best thing the Father could do, and is a great sell for the Church Association, still

<sup>1</sup> Prince Albert Victor (who died in 1892) and King George V.

it is done at a cost, and not a little trouble follows in the wake of such an exchange."

The "exchange" was that Mackonochie was appointed to the vacated benefice of St. Peter's, London Docks. It is curious that Stanton, as he once told the present writer, had never heard of Archbishop Tait's remark about him as a possible successor to Mackonochie, which is reported above by Lord Halifax.

An intimate friend supplies the following note :—

"13/9/10. To-day A. H. S. told me that when Mackonochie resigned St. Alban's, Canon Liddon proposed to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's that St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, should be offered to him—Stanton. He agreed to accept it, if it were offered. At the Chapter the voting was even, and Dean Gregory gave his casting vote against it. He intended to have a daily Mass at 8, High Mass twice a week at 12 and on Sundays, and he felt sure he would have had the church crammed."

This seems a suitable moment for an account of Stanton's daily life in the Clergy House ; and it is supplied by the kindness of the Rev. E. F. Russell, who joined the staff in 1867.

"The Clergy who serve the Parish of St. Alban, Holborn, are housed in a building which touches the south side of the chancel of the church, and looks straight down Brooke Street into Holborn. On the first floor the Vicar has his sitting-room ; the floor immediately above him has been usually occupied by the Senior Curate, and the small adjacent sitting-room on the same floor has fallen to the lot of the junior of the staff. Father Stanton used this room for many years. When his senior, Father Walker, left us, he moved into the larger room, and this he occupied until his death. The dining-room is on the ground floor, and here all assemble for all meals in common. This room served, and still serves, many other purposes. Committees meet here, and Instruction Classes are held, and those who have business with the Clergy are seen here. In early days all the Choir-practices were held here, and in still earlier days, before there was a Parish Mission-House, all the stimulant relief for the sick and poor was distributed here. The régime of the Clergy House

was at first very methodical. Father Mackonochie, by nature a precisian, brought with him from Wantage an unbounded faith in the organization of that model parish. The fame of Canon Butler, the Vicar of Wantage, had drawn many young men of great promise in to his staff. Canon Liddon was there at the same time with the future Vicar of St. Alban's, and their chief ruled them all with a rod of iron. So much impressed was Mackonochie with what he saw at Wantage, that its ways and views became to him a sort of standard by which all things parochial were measured and arranged. Father Stanton did not share his admiration for the elaborate Wantage machinery. He chafed against it, as he did generally against all organization, rules, and regulations, or anything which seemed to put fetters upon the freedom of the spirit. The Vicar of Wantage, his *ex cathedrâ* utterances and the paternal, rather peremptory, advice which on occasions he visited upon Father Mackonochie, were very distasteful to Father Stanton, and there are amusing traditions, still current, of passages of arms between him and the future Dean. At first, however, the ways of Wantage prevailed. The parish was divided into districts, each district was assigned to one of the staff, with one or more district-visitors working under him. On Monday mornings all met in solemn conclave in the Clergy House, made their reports, discussed difficulties, and received their instructions. These meetings were not seldom considerably enlivened by the irrepressible spirits and humour of Father Stanton. Every day, at the beginning of things, he was wont to visit his district, from house to house, the whole as well as the sick. In later years, for various reasons he ceased to do this, visiting only the sick and the sorrow-stricken. Where it was deemed advisable, a printed form entitling the bearer to various kinds of relief was left with those who needed help. These orders for groceries, medicines, etc., had to be taken to certain specified local tradesmen who supplied what was ordered to the applicant. The distribution of wine and brandy for the sick was reserved to the Clergy at the Clergy House. I have a vivid remembrance of this daily dole. It was, I need not say, a most popular form of relief. Two of us were told off to the business, one measuring out the wine and spirits and the other recording in a big book the name of the person,

the amount supplied, and the date. I recall with some amazement and not a little amusement this extensive distribution of stimulants, nominally for the sick. Whether it ever reached them, in whole or in part, I cannot say. Father Mackonochie thought it was bound to do them good, and at that time he was of opinion that Teetotalism was Manichæan. Large numbers of our parishioners seemed to share that opinion. I remember that he provided porter for our mid-day meal, and on Red Letter Saints' Days a decanter of sherry with a plate of almonds and raisins. Later on he took an entirely different view of the whole matter. Wine and spirits were much more sparingly distributed and the porter and sherry disappeared from the Clergy House table—unregretted.

The fare at the Clergy House was always scrupulously plain, but ample, and solid rather than delicate. It was, perhaps, better suited to Father Mackonochie's iron frame than to the poor digestion of his less robust curates.

There was at first an Oratory in the Clergy House. Here the household met for Prime and Compline, and the Clergy alone said Sext. After some years, as the work grew and the services of the church were multiplied, it became so difficult for the Clergy to attend at the fixed hours, that the Oratory prayers were discontinued and we were left to say the Lesser Hours as best we could.

Father Stanton's sitting-room bore the impress of his own character, his tastes and habits. Rigid and precise order in arrangement was as conspicuously wanting in his room as in himself. Book-shelves covered the walls, and each side of the windows. His books were an index to his tastes: books of History, especially of the Reformation Period, books dealing with Mediæval art, and some volumes of scholastic Theology which belonged, I think, to his student days at Cuddesdon. Many of the books were presents from grateful friends. In long lines, on shelves within reach stood all Spurgeon's Sermons and the Expositions of Dr. Parker. These probably were the books he turned to more frequently than any other in his store. Besides these were the works of Dickens, and many recent volumes by writers of the Dickens school, who strongly appealed to his humanity and sense of humour. At night when the day's work was over he would listen with delight and frequent peals of laughter to one or other of his



colleagues who read to him from these favourite authors. The Ingoldsby Legends he especially admired and loved to quote. To assume from this that he lived upon the surface of things would be a great mistake and great injustice. Father Stanton was ever a student of truth and men rather than of books. He was a thinker rather than a reader; hence the depth of his convictions, his faculty of clear and lucid statement, and of forcible, imaginative presentation of ideas. His felicity of speech was by no means a native, untutored fluency; rather it was a "*curiosa felicitas*," the fruit of infinite painstaking. His notes written in preparation for his Sermons make this abundantly clear. For the most part the notes of each sermon cover two pages of a quarto manuscript book, and there are almost no erasures. How often I have seen him sitting with one of these note-books in his lap, gazing into the fire, thinking, thinking, lost to all about him, and plunged into the very midst of the subject on which he had to preach! And much went before and after the making of those notes. He always kept by his side a note-book in which he had copied poetry that had moved him, or that put into memorable, musical words some truth of faith or life. No one who heard him can forget the beauty of his recitation of these poems, or the pathos of his voice.

Of the pictures in his room, almost every one was a gift; some were of artistic value, some were not; but all were dear to him because of their donors. They spoke to him of the love of friends, and this was more to him than art, though art, especially Mediæval art, charmed him, and added very considerably to the happiness of his life. Usually a man's room, especially an unmarried man's room, tells you at once his hobbies: but Father Stanton had none. I never knew him spend a penny on any personal possession save upon his clothes and an occasional book. His wardrobe would have fetched very little in Leather Lane, which does much traffic in such things.

On a table to itself stood a beautiful figure in glazed terracotta of our Lady and her Child, a gift that came to him from France. It meant much to him, for he loved the Blessed Mother with the tender devotion and reverence of a son. Almost invariably when people brought him flowers, especially growing flowers, he would carry them down into the



church and place them at the feet of her image, which stood at the pier of the chancel arch.

An all-important piece of the furniture of his room was his barometer. He set it regularly, consulted it many times a day, studied the daily weather-charts, and watched the clouds and the movements of the wind with the closest attention and the deepest interest. Often he might be seen seated on the window-seat in the landing outside his room, the window wide open, gazing steadfastly up into the sky. He had much to tell us about the weather; and in all matters which depended upon it we never failed to consult him.

There was a small piano in his room, and though he could not read a note of music, yet he managed to play 'by ear,' in curious keys and with curious harmonies of his own, whatever he wanted to play, or his men wanted him to play: hymns, songs, marches and dance-music. He played with great vigour, in splendid time, thereby adding much to the gaiety of the festivities of his postmen and rough lads, or at meetings of the 'Lizzies.' The 'Lizzies' were a class whom he had taught when they were children and never ceased to teach until the very last, though some of them had married and had children and grandchildren of their own.

Father Stanton's relations with his brother-Clergy were of the happiest, full of affection and of appreciation for us all. In the earlier days, the immature days of his priesthood, his natural force and fire of character would at times flash out through look and speech, in disagreement or remonstrance. The story of one or more of these disagreements has already been told, but they left no bitterness or any diminution of affection. When I think of his eminence as a preacher it surprises me to remember how appreciative he was of the Sermons of his brother-Clergy. We had none of us any of his great gifts, yet how often, when Choir and Clergy left before the sermon, he would come back and take his place and listen. I recall with humbled gratitude the help he often gave me, when I saw him sitting among the congregation. Here at least was some one whose opinion counted, who thought that what I had to say was worth hearing.

Among the gifts which are communicated by the laying-on of hands St. Paul names three—power, love, and a sound mind. No one who knew him could be unaware of Father

Stanton's power and love, but I doubt whether all knew his 'soundness of mind.' It is a gift not commonly found in leash with fervour, and enthusiasm. But I always felt and have found many to agree with me that to no one could I more safely turn for clear, cool, unsophisticated common-sense, upon any matter, than to him. He seemed able to go at once straight to the mark, to the essential truth of the question. I expect it was this clear common-sense, in the service of his great sympathy, which made him the one of all the London Clergy to whom men turned in greatest number as their Confessor. Before the great Festivals men came to him to their duties, in crowds, hour after hour.

If the walls of his sitting-room could tell what they have seen and heard the tale would be a surprising and a moving one. All kinds of folk, rich and poor, came here to consult him or to claim his sympathy; the men far outnumbered the women; the poor, especially the poorest poor, far outnumbered the well-to-do. He was at his happiest with the broken-down, the lost sheep. In simple truth, 'not in word only but in deed and in truth,' he loved them, with an infinite pity for the overwhelming difficulties of their case, and with the fullest belief in their capacity for goodness, if only a cruel world would but give them a chance. He poured himself out upon these wrecked souls, and taught them the love of God, by the love which they found in himself. There have been, I know, many who have been kept from crime from the knowledge that 'Dad would take it so to heart.' They were right, 'Dad' did take things very much to heart. I never knew a man of such deep, wide sympathies, or whose heart gave such instantaneous response to an appeal. Tell him a story or read him a tale with the least touch of pathos in it, and in a moment his eyes glistened and his lips began to quiver. One day he came into my room and threw himself into an arm-chair and for a time was quite silent. Then he buried his face in his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. It was long before I dared to utter a word. At last the truth came out; he had just heard that an old friend of his had been betrayed into some dishonourable action which had now become known. It was his friend's disgrace that tore him to pieces. Side by side with this my memory recalls the look of utter misery which hung about him for the whole

day, and seemed to make him totally unfit for anything, when he knew that a poor criminal had been executed at Newgate that morning. It is a consolation to think that he has been spared the long drawn-out horror of the war.

It was not only Church of England people that sought his help; all and any were welcome to his best, and he never seemed anxious to convert them to his own belief. Lapsed Romans were sent off to Ely Place to their duties, and the various sects were each encouraged to go to their respective pastors. It was said of St. François de Sales that if you wished to secure his friendship, you had only to do him an injury. I think that certainly one of the lost sheep was of the same opinion as the Saint, for when he begged a shilling, and 'Dad' refused it, he clinched his argument with the reason, 'It was I, Dad, who sneaked your watch.' Father Stanton looked at him silently for a minute and then said, 'Well, I think that does deserve a bob,' and gave it to him.

Amongst many more or less distinguished persons who came to this room to visit him, came on one day Mr. Kensit the elder. He, like the rest, had felt the charm of the Father's preaching. He came, on this occasion, to try to 'snatch him from the burning,' to detach him from the cause which he himself so deeply hated and so completely misunderstood. He had brought with him a roll containing drawings of various instruments of penance—'disciplines,' chains, hair-shirts, and the like. 'These,' he said, 'are the devices by which the miserable priests seek to enslave silly women.' Father Stanton examined the roll for a minute or two; then looking up at Mr. Kensit asked, with much earnestness, 'Where can I buy them? They are the very things for our ladies. Would do them a world of good.' Even Mr. Kensit must have been betrayed into the flicker of a smile.

On another day, one of his old lads who had moved to the south of the Thames came to see him. He told Dad that he now thought St. Alban's was quite Protestant. 'You should see what we do over at ——! Why; last Sunday evening we had 60 candles on the Altar!' 'Oh!' said Father Stanton, 'that is nothing to us!' 'Well, Dad, and what do you do?' 'We, we have a clergyman that takes snuff.' An illuminating answer.

I have been asked if he cared for animals. Dogs always

recognized in him a lover of their kind, yet he never kept one, nor indeed did he ever make a special animal friend, with the exception of 'Blobbs,' the Clergy House cat. The two were devoted to each other. 'Blobbs' almost lived in his room, and followed him about the house, and sometimes into church. Often, whilst the services were going on, Blobbs might be seen wandering round, in and out among the people. At dinner he often sat perched on his master's shoulder, who never seemed to be inconvenienced by this somewhat embarrassing act of friendliness. The day was a sad one when Blobbs died.

It may be imagined that Father Stanton's numerous visitors made very hard work for the servants of the Clergy House. There were days indeed when the Clergy House bell rang on and on almost incessantly. Moreover, some of the visitors were unreasonable and even insolent, and some were not exactly clean. To ordinary servants the place would have been intolerable, but most of those who actually came to us stayed with us, and would indeed have been willing, so they said, to put up with twice as much for him. He made them feel they were his friends and not his servants, and he treated them with a courtesy which sweetened and straightened everything."

## CHAPTER VI

### TRANQUILLITY

WE have now arrived at a turning-point in the life of Arthur Stanton. In previous chapters we have traced the influences which moulded his character, the formation of his opinions, and the development of his powers. We have seen him almost incessantly immersed in strife and struggle, and, at least in one conspicuous instance, the leader of a revolt against authority which had overstepped its moral limits. From 1875 onwards he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the Church of England, and was universally recognized as a foremost champion of her rights against the encroachments of the secular power. But, as regards the particular church which he served, his warfare ceased with the year 1882. When once the Church Association had contrived to dislodge Mackonochie, St. Alban's was left in peace, although Mackonochie himself was still made the victim of an unrelenting persecution. Stanton, though, as we have seen, he felt shaken by the departure of the Vicar under whom he had served so long, soon accommodated himself to the changed conditions, and retained his post at St. Alban's to the end of his life. That what might have been a difficult situation was thus happily avoided was due, in great measure, to the personality of the new Vicar, whose gentleness and humility must have disarmed opposition, even if there had been any inclination to oppose. A change of incumbents generally means a change of methods, but this Mr. Suckling most wisely avoided. Everything went on as before. The modified ritual which Mackonochie had introduced was, for the time, continued, and all the parochial agencies and institutions were still maintained on the accustomed lines. On Good Friday, 1883, the Three Hours' Service, which Mackonochie had so long conducted with never-failing helpfulness, was taken by Stanton, who showed

himself as much at home in this necessarily calm devotion as in the more polemical efforts to which he had so often been called.

The Rev. E. F. Russell writes :

" It should never be forgotten that, humanly speaking, to a considerable extent we owe to Father Suckling the far-reaching influence of Father Stanton's apostolate as a preacher. When Father Mackonochie resigned, Father Stanton was at the zenith of his fame ; people crowded to St. Alban's chiefly to hear him. He was, as all who knew him will remember, a man of marked individuality, holding strong views—political, social, and religious—of his own, and with a passionate impulse to impart them. Altogether a very attractive, very lovable, but not by any means a squeezable, person ; or one who might be counted on to fit in anywhere. That Father Suckling was able to retain his services, and to give them their fullest scope and the vantage-point of St. Alban's pulpit, says much for something much higher than his tact ; it meant in his case a degree of self-effacement to which I can think of no parallel in other good men that I have known. The relations of the Vicar with his gifted curate remained from first to last undisturbed by even a passing breeze of misunderstanding. Their mutual appreciation, affection, and confidence in each other was never shaken. Differing on many points, their views were never in collision, because deep down both were securely one in faith and hope and love."

On St. Alban's Day, 1883, Mr. Suckling issued his first Address to the Parish, and it contained the following words : " Last I come to the Assistant Clergy of St. Alban's, and I cannot close without expressing my many obligations to them. They have most kindly continued to work with me. You can, I am sure, easily understand what I owe to the Rev. A. H. Stanton, for the generous and most unselfish way in which he has helped me. For twenty years he has worked among you, and yet he still keeps his position as Assistant Curate under a new Vicar ; this, I am sure, speaks for itself."

From this time on till near its close, Stanton's life was free from exciting incidents. He was now forty-four years old, in the maturity of his powers, placed in a position which,



through its freedom from official cares and worries, exactly suited him, and at full liberty to order his life and to use his gifts according to his own sense of what was right and expedient. The greater part of his time was, of course, spent at St. Alban's, where he occupied the rooms on the second floor of the Clergy House. He always preached at the High Mass on Sunday, and also did a good deal of preaching for brother-priests, both in London and in the provinces. In 1886 he wrote: "On account of the practical refusal of any grant of money from what are called Church Societies to the Curates of St. Alban's, my begging pulpit-power is subsidized for the St. Alban's Curates' Fund."

He had his appointed hours for hearing Confessions in church, where his station was at the east end of the south aisle—a spot which his penitents will always remember as hallowed ground. He avoided all polemical platforms, and was not strongly drawn to clerical gatherings; but he enjoyed a social meal at a friend's house, and, through all his ministerial preoccupations, he kept in constant touch with his family, paying frequent visits to his sisters at his old home, and following, through correspondence, every detail in its arrangements and surroundings. The main amusement of his holidays was travelling, and, whether at home or abroad, he found incessant delight in the beauties of Nature and of architecture. He took eagerly to bicycling, and enjoyed the exercise (though it sometimes involved him in painful accidents), and later the joy of motoring seized him. Of his travels I shall write more fully later on, but three letters, belonging to this period and each characteristic, may be inserted in this place.

*To his Sister.*

"March 27, 1883.

"You will rejoice to hear I have paid off all the money for the Seaside House, and am quite free.<sup>1</sup> At this present moment it is quite full. It is a continuous pleasure to think that you have accomplished what is a perpetual source of enjoyment, health and good, to so many who need it, and appreciate it so much. You hardly thought I could raise £1600."

<sup>1</sup> See p. 182.

To the Rev. J. E. Dawson.

"April 28, 1884.

"I can't come and preach for you, being inhibited in the diocese,<sup>1</sup> as you know; neither shall I do any work whatever as a Minister of the Church of England again in that diocese unless I have as *formal* a removal of the Inhibition as I had of its fulmination.<sup>2</sup> . . . You must forgive me for saying, without hesitation, *no never*. You know it's as much as I can do to continue to minister in any diocese—but, in the ones where I have been so treated, NO NEVER AGAIN, except under the conditions aforesaid—which are altogether 'out of the hunt.'"

To his Sister.

"May 4, 1884.

"They are going to try and get a Vote of Censure on Gladstone about Gordon. Perhaps they may; for Jingoism is ever in the hearts of men; they won't, I hope, alter him.

I wish he hadn't been pushed as far as he has. It was a mistake of the Government to have anything to do with a man like Gordon, who will always be independent of every ministerial suggestion."<sup>3</sup>

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Stanton had made his first continental tour when he was an undergraduate in his second year. On the 27th of August, 1860, he wrote as follows from Bayeux:—

"Here is the most splendid cathedral of the 12th and 15th-century work; similar to that we see in England, and as it poured in *torrents* all yesterday, we spent our time from 9½ till 1 in the Cathedral; from 1 till 3 seeing the tapestry, which is the most interesting work of hands I have ever seen, being the history of the Conquest of England done by Matilda, William 1st's wife, on canvas. The colours are wonderfully

<sup>1</sup> Of Llandaff.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 162.

<sup>3</sup> On the 12th of May, 1884, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach moved—"That this House regrets to find that the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government has not tended to promote the success of General Gordon's Mission, and that such steps as may be necessary to secure his personal safety are still delayed." The motion was defeated on the 13th by a majority of 28.

preserved, and whole effect shows that the most striking energy and life can be thrown into figures which when viewed by themselves, are grotesque. Then from 3 till 5 in the Cathedral."

In 1865 he made his first visit to Switzerland—an experience to which he always looked back with an even rapturous delight. His companion was one of the twin sisters, to whom he wrote as follows:—

"Charles will tell you all sorts of things about Switzerland. Make out our route with him. I go into Retreat for 4 days to-day. I hope I shall be comparatively very good afterwards. It is at Hurst, Mr. Carter of Clewer to conduct it. I have just been voting for Gladstone. I hope he will get in because I think he has the interests of the Church at heart."<sup>1</sup>

In 1866 he was in Paris, whence he wrote to his sister on St. Cecilia's Day: "To-day Beethoven's Mass in D was performed at St. Eustache, to our great delight. We have been into the École Militaire too. Yesterday we spent at St. Sulpice's Seminary, where we saw the Clergy renew their promises of self-dedication to GOD before the Archbishop; and then we went to the Louvre; so you see we do all sorts."

In 1867 he went again to Switzerland, and thence to Italy. In view of this journey, he wrote thus to his sister—

"I am beginning to think of Monte Rosa with 'great expectation.' When we read in the Bible of the *depth* and *height* of the love of our good GOD—of the Everlasting Hills—it makes us know that created Beauty is given us to make us love Beauty Uncreate, even GOD Himself. . . .

I hope Mama will go to Weymouth. Tell her when she goes to the Chesil beach—which she *must* do—and hears the waves scrape on the pebbles, she must think of me, for it is the ceaseless, ever-varying music which ravishes me."

In 1869 he made a tour in Germany, and wrote thus to his sister—

<sup>1</sup> This was Gladstone's last contest for the University of Oxford. He was defeated on the 18th of July, 1865.

"August 27, 1869.

"I enjoyed the Rhine immensely ; it was so beautiful—and Cologne. I would exchange 50 Milans for one Cologne. There is no doubt there is no Gothic church in the world that can compare to it. The other churches in Cologne are *most* interesting. The relics of antiquity, and faith of our forefathers are more enjoyable to me than the relics which are to be seen of things too sacred to be pryed into—our LORD'S Passion—and where it is impossible to extricate the true from the false. . . . Write as soon as you think the blackberries are ripe, so that must decide the time when I take the rest of my holiday."

Enough has now been cited to show Stanton's keen enjoyment of foreign travel ; but it was not without misgiving that in 1885 he undertook to accompany his friend, Alfred Gurney, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, on a journey to the United States. The Rev. Cyril Edwards, who joined the travellers in America, has kindly supplied the following recollections :—

"A more interesting and jovial companion for such a tour than Father Stanton cannot be imagined. He had come out for a holiday and meant to enjoy it thoroughly. The first occasion when his fun began to bubble was during a bathe in the Salt Lake. The water is so buoyant that there is a real danger of being inverted, and we were cautioned about it before we were permitted to bathe. All of a sudden I heard a splash, and looking round I saw Father Stanton in imminent danger of doing a somersault. He shouted out, ' Do come to me, for my hind legs will keep coming up behind.' He was at home everywhere but in the saddle, and was quite knocked up after a fifteen-mile ride over the Yosemite Valley to a place where we had arranged to pick up the returning coach. His mule refused to go above a walk. So we exchanged mules, with no better result. His new mule was in such a hurry to join the rest of the party now disappearing in the distance, that the rider could not gain the saddle. In the struggle his gold watch-chain broke across the stirrup, and I had to come to the rescue. Eventually Father Stanton led his mule, but as we had started before daybreak, we reached our destination in good time. But Father Stanton had to rest for three days in San Francisco. On the Sunday he was sufficiently recovered to preach an impressive sermon

in one of the city churches. He had a delightful pocket aneroid, and he always kept it in his hand as we ascended the different hills and passes over which our route took us. He said one day out in the wilds, 'If we get starved to death, it will be a satisfaction to know at what altitude we died!' On the voyage home, on board the steamship *Gallia*, he was asked to contribute to the programme of a concert that was arranged for the benefit of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage, so he recited one of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, 'I think we are too ready with complaint, In this fair world of God's.' It was the success of the evening. The applause was so rapturous that he had to repeat the sonnet. He put his whole soul into it, and brought down the house a second time. It was a wonderful tour. Sunday by Sunday, even in the farthest wilds, we had the privilege of Holy Eucharist in the Hotels where we were staying, Mr. Gurney and Father Stanton taking it in turns to celebrate: and the reverent devotion of those services still lives with me. Father Stanton's simple faith and loyalty made him a favourite wherever we went, and his genial company added much to the enjoyment of our trip."

Some letters descriptive of this tour may be here inserted.

*A. H. S. to his Sister.*

"August 3, 1885.

"I have received cheque, pills, and all. The idea of your sending me £5 to spend on myself! I have bought the dearest little aneroid, thermometer, and compass all in one, the size of a large watch, which is to be my companion everywhere to tell weather and height, never out of my pocket. So that as Mama's watch goes with me your aneroid goes, to me as interesting as the time, as you know.

We go to Liverpool on Friday, leave Liverpool on Saturday at 3 o'clock. We shall get to New York probably Monday week—then start right across America. New York is just halfway—fancy that! I shall have a lot to tell you when I come back and will write at intervals. Post Office, Colorado, will find me for about three weeks from this. After which for three weeks Post Office, San Francisco. Then Colorado again, then New York.



Don't think I shan't be comfortable. Everything will be done in the most comfortable way possible, and we have Medicines and every application of modern luxury, etc.

We have a cabin to ourselves there and back. . . . The next letter I write to you will be from New York."

*To the same.*

"Hotel Windsor, New York.  
August 17, 1885.

"We got in last night. All Sunday was lovely. The entrance to *New York from sea perfectly beautiful*. I don't know what it is like; in this it is like N. York itself which seems utterly unlike anything I have seen in the way of cities. There is a foreign look about it, and yet everything being in English contradicts this primary impression. You go quickly everywhere by the elevated railway. It is not very hot, about 80°, with a nice breeze. This hotel is magnificent and everything most splendid but the servants wear no uniform and are off-hand and familiar. To-morrow we go to Saratoga via Albany. Then on to Niagara—I will write to Annie from Niagara. I shall not dread crossing the Atlantic in November now that I know *Mal de mer must be* encountered, and can be got over, and there is no sense of danger in such huge vessels—we return by the Cunard.

It is impossible to say what we shall do for all depends upon the weather.

If you want to write, Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S., will be *sure* to find me.

I guess I'm going through a bit of experience. I haven't taken one of the Twin's pills yet, neither her cholera powders, but I am very well. Mary's rug they all hated was universally admired; the little aneroid and thermometer the Twin gave me, so admired that a passenger has written to London for one exactly similar. I can't be ill, the very thought of the nostrums ready at hand in the event of any attack is enough to frighten any disease away. Unfortunately the toss-up this day week broke the mainspring of my watch, which I had put into a little drawer for safety, but a New York watch-maker is going to repair it and send it here to-night.

Best love to all. I feel quite American, I bet. *The churches* look execrable."



*To the same.*

“ Preston, Iowa.

August 24, 1885.

“ Here we are delayed on our way to Colorado Springs by the tremendous thunderstorms we have had. It seems the track is washed away some seventy miles down and we must wait till it is repaired. Nothing can exceed the beauty of Niagara, I bought two photos to show you, but without the colour and rush and sunshine it is quite impossible to give an impression of the scene. When the train reaches a point where the Horse Shoe Falls are seen it stops and all passengers dismount and gaze, five minutes being allowed for this refreshment. We live in the train, at meal times a blackie comes in and says—‘ First call for breakfast or dinner,’ then second call and then no more, and if you don’t want to eat you must wait till next meal is announced. Then you walk through the cars to the dining car. You choose almost anything you like, returning to your own car or to the smoking car. At night the car is transformed into a huge bedroom and we sleep like on board ship in berths. The washing and dressing room is at one end of the car for ladies, at the other for gentlemen, where all accommodation is provided. Everybody and everything is very free and easy, what I rejoice in is that blacks and whites sit down together and I can notice no difference whatever in the treatment of the dark skins.

Everything is very expensive because a dollar does not go much farther than a shilling—and there are only five dollars in a sovereign, most of the money is given to you in notes, greenbacks of the dirtiest nature, which you are glad to get rid of. The food is very good, the water melons are delicious, they bring you a slice nearly as big as yourself—but you can eat it as it is nearly all water. The temperature yesterday before the storm was, 90 and it was awfully hot—to-day it is only 75. The foliage puzzles me. There are Wych elms and oaks with large leaves, but I have not seen an English elm or beech tree anywhere. As we passed through South Canada we went through miles of forest land, some partly reclaimed, but most of it quite wild, houses and churches all built of wood and everything looking most primitive and simple. In the States it is more civilized, but not in the least like Europe. At Colorado Springs we join Mr. Gurney’s

son and Tutor and go off to Yellow-stone Park where the geysers are and make our way to San Francisco. The Twin Emily will regret to hear I have not taken any restorative save Pyretic Saline as I am perfectly well. There is no drinking and in this State, Iowa, not a drop may be sold, yet the people come into the hotels for all news, to get railway information, tickets, etc., write letters and transact business in the spacious hall which every inn provides. Just about this time you will be getting my ship letter with the incidents of the voyage. We look forward to a pleasanter voyage back, it will be smoother and not so many people on board. Everything is very curious and will as little Alice says get 'curiouser and curiouser' as we go West. We are nearly six hours behind your time in London and shall be 8 hours in San Francisco. Chicago is an enormous town of mushroom growth, huge streets, colossal houses, dirty and untidy, but then we saw it in the rain. We were to have been only two nights in the train, but owing to delay shall be three—the distance between Chicago and Denver being 1036 miles. We crossed Lake Ontario to go to Toronto and were out of sight of land. It was so rough everyone but ourselves were sick, we should have been but for our Atlantic experiences. As we crossed the Mississippi it was so broad you could hardly see one shore from the other, everything is so enormous here, on such a huge scale."

*To another sister.*

"St. Charles Hotel, Portland, Oregon.

Sep. 12, 1885.

"I have not written to anyone since I was at Salt Lake City, that most beautiful place with its lake so salt that four buckets of water produces one bucket of salt. It is 20 miles from the city itself but we went and bathed in it. You cannot sink, you can't get your 'hind legs' down, so it is almost as impossible to swim as sink. It is like the Dead Sea, for many rivers run into it but none run out. The Mormons call the river that flows by their city into it the 'Jordan.' From that place we went to Yellow-stone Park which is the natural American wonder. The falls and Cañons there are very lovely—tremendously high between brilliantly coloured cliffs—and enormous river falls and it is as lovely a place as I have

ever seen. But the *wonder* of the Park are the geysers which are boiling sulphurous fountains which leap up at intervals 100–200 to 400 feet high—some spout every half hour. Some every hour, some once a week, etc. We saw two spout and it was very curious. There are several thousand boiling springs all about, every turn you take you see steam coming out of the earth that would turn an engine. The whole place smells of sulphur and is covered with sulphuric accretion. It is 7 to 8 thousand feet above sea level and we had hard frosts at night and only left the day before the snow came. We are now almost on the W. shore of America, over six thousand miles from Upfield. Journeys count for nothing, you go a thousand miles and think nothing of it, *i.e.* when you have paid for your ticket. We are on our road to San Francisco and shall probably go by sea from here to-morrow night, it will be a 1000 miles on the Pacific, straight down the coast, but to those who have braved Atlantic waves, the Pacific is as nothing—as its name indicates. We are four in party and altogether very jolly. From San Francisco we shall visit the Yosemite Valley where the huge trees are and then come gradually back to New York, taking the Cunard steamer back that leaves New York November 8, arriving at Liverpool about the 17th or 18th. The eating out here is very good, such splendid fruit—you would be surprised to see how we all eat ‘raw tomatoes.’ Everyone does, they bring you great plates of it as a matter of course, also huge slices of water melon as big as yourself. Food is good and cheap in America. Everything else is four times the price of England. Railway journeys because of their hugeness are very expensive. I have never had recourse to brandy yet, and only took a rhubarb pill to keep Mr. Gurney in company—so my health is all right. I only hope to have a good account of you all at San Francisco. We have been over thousands of miles of prairie and firs. Huge forests are burnt down and look ghastly, those which are standing are very fine. The forests out here in the West are particularly wonderful. The temperature here to-day is 85 and it is raining just like England. The place is unlike other places—English and yet not English. There is a Chinese quarter here and Chinese walk about with their pig-tails down to the ground. We are going to visit the Bishop here to-day, and see one or two more people; we

meet a good many young Englishmen travelling. We have had beautiful drives of over 500 miles all through pine forests which bring up Bret Hart's stories vividly before the mind. I feel very glad to have seen America. The extent of English-speaking people becomes a fact realized. They never say 'England' out here but always 'the old country' which has an affectionate tang about it. Hotels are 3 to 4 or 5 dollars a day each which includes all, and you may eat and drink all day for that."

*To his eldest Brother.*

"Palace Hotel, San Francisco.  
Sept. 17, 1885.

"I fear lest your letter to me directed 'Colorado' be returned to you as 'insufficiently directed.' I ought to have told you Colorado *Springs*, Colorado, not that the Springs are there, but it is the exact direction, and unless put they will return the letter. However I was delighted at getting your letter here to-day telling me the only thing I want to know—*i.e.* that you are all well.—This is our farthest point away from England—our time is just half out and we shall begin to return homewards. We left Portland, a delightful and beautiful place in Oregon on Monday midnight, got on the Pacific Ocean—and arrived here this morning. It was not very Pacific and we were all more or less sick, but the ship was admirable. We had a berth on board and could lie in our berth, open the door and gaze at the sea and have our meals brought to us. Seasickness is ever most distressful but its pangs were certainly considerably mitigated. The Captain told us he had never known 'a storm' in his 30 years' experience. At Portland we did 'China Town' *i.e.* went to their Joss House, Restaurant and Theatre. We shall do the same here as they are *very* interesting. The incense they use is very good, but their gods are hideous. At the New Year, a Chineese told us, if the God of Good Luck has sent it the dissatisfied will fling mud at the idol and beat it. I don't suppose the educated *Confucians* do this, it belongs to the superstitious. We go from here to the world-famed Yosemite, then to Santa Fe and to the Grand Cañon of Colorado, back to Manitou, Colorado Springs, where Mr. Gurney leaves his son and the Tutor. Then we visit together

Washington, Boston, St. Louis, New York, leaving on the 8th for Liverpool. The trees here are loaded with fruit. They are torn to pieces with their burden. I have noticed the Eucalyptus, a large tree. Faces and manners here are all very homelike. Calais is far more unlike Dover than this is unlike Liverpool."

Amid all the distracting sights and sounds of the New World, Stanton did not forget his old associations ; and from " Briarhurst," Manitou, he addressed his Annual Letter to his friends of St. Martin's League.

"Oct. 12, 1885.

"I only wish I could fill your lungs with the keen clear air of this place, and that we had an Invalid Home out here, for there are some of you in my thoughts now who are not fit to work on in the streets of dear, dank, dusty, dirty, dingy London. I have often pictured to myself our camping out together in the forests, in the sweet, warm, resinous air. How the woods would echo, and how astonished the great trees would be ! The dear Indians would have a look round, and little difficulties might arise ; so perhaps it is better as it is, only one always longs for others to enjoy what one enjoys so much oneself. . . . I pray GOD bless the League. I don't mean the rules or the credit, matter or money, of the League, but the flesh and blood of it—us who make it up—all who help us to keep together in this sad world of separations. So may we all be bound as with 'a golden cord about the throne of GOD.'"

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The year 1886 was at St. Alban's a year of bricks and mortar, additions and ornamentations, but brought no special incident into Stanton's life. 1887 was engrossed by the jubilee of Queen Victoria, and among the thousands who witnessed the great procession of June 21 with loyal enthusiasm was the first Vicar of St. Alban's, the devoted and ill-requited Mackonochie. On the 15th of December he died, in the trackless forest of Mamore some ten miles from the head of Loch Leven, having lost his way in the snow and darkness, and succumbed to exposure. Stanton thus commented on the death of his former chief :—



"It is ungracious, and beyond just surmise, to say that the enfeeblement of his manly, strong, loving life was the necessary result of the repeated prosecutions which the Church Association thought it their duty to maintain ; but there can be little doubt that underneath the brave cheerfulness with which he met all the reverses, and submitted to the indignities consequent upon them, there lay a very keen sensitiveness, and that the 'iron entered into his soul.' For, although never admitted by him, it was observable, so that no one wondered at the storm-beaten expression on his face and the broken utterances of his lips, which marked the two declining years of his life.

"The mystery of his stern, hard, self-devoted life completed itself in the weird circumstances of his death. He seems to have walked round and round the hollow in which he had taken shelter from the mountain storm, trying to keep life in him as long as he could ; then, as if he knew his hour had come, deliberately to have uncovered his head to say his last prayers, and then to have laid his head upon his hand and died, sheltered in 'the hollow of the hand' of GOD, Whom he served so faithfully ; and at His bidding the wild wind from off the moor wreathed his head with snow."

The Parochial Luncheon on St. Alban's Day has always been a favourite rallying-point for the friends of St. Alban's Church. As in all gatherings of the same kind, speech-making has had a conspicuous place in the festivities, and Stanton's orations on these occasions were anticipated with interest and received with rapture. On St. Alban's Day, 1888, he touched on a subject which always lay at the back of his mind, and which circumstances not seldom forced into prominence—the persistent mishandling which he had received from Anglican Bishops. He smote and spared not ; and it is not surprising that his energetic language produced the following remonstrance :—

"July 8, 1888.

"REV. SIR,

Some one has sent me a page of the *Church Times* containing the report of a speech of yours at a Parish Gathering, in which you refer to two or three of the Bishops, and to me especially, in what I must think a very unbecoming manner.



Indeed of me you say, that 'I served to you worse treatment than would be served out to any thief in any police court in the land.' And what did I do? Finding that you were using the pulpit at St. Alban's, Holborn, as a place where you, young at that time in the Ministry, might launch forth continual abuse of Bishops—and that you were advertised to preach on a certain Sunday in one of the churches in my Diocese, where such words could only do great harm, I inhibited you from preaching there. I felt then, and I still feel, that I was right in so doing.

Such language as you used in your speech the other day will lead ignorant people to suppose that my own act, and the acts of the other Bishops whom you name, was wholly uncalled-for and unjustifiable.

So far from feeling or thinking unkindly of you ever since, I have always rejoiced in hearing of the character you bear in the Parish where you have served so long, and especially of your devotion to Mr. Mackonochie. Some little regard for you I had even in the days when you held me in such light esteem, as a member of my old college in Oxford.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

T. L. ST. ALBANS." <sup>1</sup>

But Stanton's was not a nature which readily yielded to blandishments, where justice was withheld, and he promptly sent the following reply :—

" July 8, 1888.

" RT. REVD. SIR,

1. 13 years ago you sent me a formal Inhibition without any previous intimation that you did not wish me to officiate in your diocese, in which I had preached for years.

2. You gave me no chance whatever of acquiescing in your desire that I should not officiate.

3. Neither would you grant me an interview, stating that you were leaving Town, altho' you preached in Westminster Abbey on the subsequent Sunday.

Thus with a blow did you wreck my reputation in the

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Legh Claughton, Bishop of St. Albans, and formerly of Rochester. See p. 160.

Ministry to which I had devoted my life. From that time to this I have had no communication from you until your letter of to-day, in which you state that you 'still feel that you were right in so doing.'

Under these circumstances you must forgive me declining any further correspondence.

I remain, Yours truly,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON."

The period of Stanton's life at which we have now arrived was comparatively uneventful. He followed, year in, year out, the line of duty which he had marked out for himself—saying Mass, hearing Confessions, preaching, letter-writing, and superintending the various institutions which he had founded, but doing nothing which challenged the attention of the general public. The Vicar of St. Silas', Hull, asked him to take a Mission there, telling him that "many remembered his Mission at St. James's, Hull, in 1870, with very happy and grateful memories." Stanton replied—

"I haven't taken a Mission since I was inhibited, and shall never take another. So don't think of me, but I am so glad still to be remembered in Hull, for we had a good time there at the Mission, and one likes to hear one has not lived in vain, but it must be now over 20 years ago."

On the 12th of June, 1890, he preached at the Annual Festival of the Gregorian Association in St. Paul's Cathedral, taking for his text Psalm cxxxvii. 3, "Sing us one of the songs of Sion."

"Music," he said, "is supreme, and her domain is over the souls of men, her theme their hearts, the weapons of warfare her notes. Tyranny has no music, because no heart; Liberty has sweet songs, and with them possesses the heart and soul of man. There is more said in the Bible in invitation to sing than to pray, and what preaching or even praying cannot do, music will do. The Church is the home of music, and of all the grand music of the Church the Plainsong is the best. What we know as Gregorian music has a history which no other music has—our Blessed Lord, His Mother and the Apostles sang it, St. Chrysostom, Pliny, St. Leo, St. Hilary, all mention and record its use. There are two reasons why we love it: first, because it was the music sung in our old

cathedrals, and second, because, if it knows little of harmony, it is pre-eminently great in melody. Strange and weird though they be, the old melodies speak to us as no other music does, and lift us nearer to GOD. Musicians say that Gregorians are crude and hard, but they touch our souls as no other music can."

Two letters belonging to this period may be inserted here.

*To an Undergraduate who had forfeited his Scholarship.*

"April 25, 1891.

"It is indeed a disaster. But it all points to the *one necessity* of your life about which there must be no dallying or trifling, the great secret work of self-discipline which only GOD and your own soul can know. Whatever happens to you, however seemingly untoward, yet is really gain if only in the end this work be done.

I will not forget your needs before GOD. I am always here and London is easy to get at. But let the thought of GOD be *the* sustaining motive of all. 'O LORD, hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.'"

*To his eldest Brother.*

"Oct. 9, 1891.

"I like what you say about the Public Houses. If you take away the Public House, you remove an opportunity of social enjoyment as well as of vice. And all social enjoyments have their vicious opportunities. That's why I could never sign petitions for the shutting up of all 'publics' at the bidding of a majority without consideration of the minority who enjoy this conviviality. I only wish Englishmen would enjoy themselves better, and have bright cafés and singing and dancing and music, and real amusement, almost as necessary to their nature as the food they eat. It is done in one or two instances with the greatest success, and will be I hope universal in the next century.

How all the great men are dying! <sup>1</sup> When Henry VIII, of cursed memory, died, his last words were, 'It is all over.'

<sup>1</sup> General Boulanger died on the 30th of September; King Charles of Wurtemberg, C. S. Parnell, M.P., and W. H. Smith, M.P., on the 6th of October; Sir John Pope-Hennessy, M.P., on the 7th of October.



*Photo: A. S. Walker.]*

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON. [1891.]



I suppose those who have played for great stakes and failed feel this a common sentiment of humanity at its last, which CHRIST Himself, Who lived for the highest of all, made His last words in the 'Consummatum Est.'

When I've done my 30 years—*i.e.* in one year more—I shall retire, I think. It isn't 'the Establishment,' that I care for, but the place here, which I have seen through all its troubles."

At the end of 1892 Stanton determined to realize one of the dreams of his life. In Lent, 1891, he had written to a Church-worker in Jerusalem :—" I should like to have your experience of and in the Holy Places. I should like to see the hills our Master looked upon, feel the winds He felt, and the heat He knew and the cold. All these are the same, and rise above all the deceit that scandalizes, and the clangour of those who fight under the ægis of His Sacred Name. Just at this time Jerusalem is the City of Recollection, and the mind wanders to and fro in its streets. There is a wonderful *panorama* of it as it was when the LORD died, at Westminster. They say it makes the Gospel narrative a vivid reality." Now he set forth, with his colleague Mr. Russell (who was suffering from the effects of an accident), on a Pilgrimage to the East.

Mr. W. S. Childe-Pemberton writes :—

" It must have been at Naples that the two friends came on board the boat for Alexandria in which I had started from Genoa. There appeared in the evening two new arrivals at the dinner-table—both clergymen. One, of robust and even jovial appearance, breezy of manner and ready to talk, sat next to me ; the other, beyond him, a striking contrast—slim of figure, distinguished, gentle-looking, but with an air of reserve, and probably—as I thought—glad to have no stranger beside him to talk to. I had no idea who they were ; but my neighbour, who seemed to enjoy all the novelty of the surroundings on board, and disregarded discomforts, was easy of access, and when we said good night we agreed we would get up as early as possible next morning to see what was to be seen on deck.

At dawn we were there, and, fortunate in finding ourselves passing between Scylla and Charybdis—though unthrilled by any sense of danger such as the mere names might



suggest. It was a delicious moment, for the sea was calm and faintly tinted by the early light. Then, as the colours gradually spread and deepened to a fuller beauty of a glorious glow, we passed through the Straits of Messina, my companion's appreciation of the scene kindling to enthusiasm with an almost boyish freshness that transfigured and idealized the rather middle-aged solidness of his features. We lingered long, but hunger had to be appeased and we descended for breakfast. The boat was none too steady in a rising breeze, and I remember we both consumed an unconscionable amount of red pepper with each mouthful—my infallible remedy for uneasy sensations at sea, and he took kindly and gratefully to it. We had by this time discovered each other's names and found friends and things to talk over.

Later, some mutual confidences passing, one perceived the winning power latent in Stanton's personality and so widely exercised for spiritual ends. When we parted he invited me to come and see him some day at St. Alban's, Holborn, and added—I might hesitate to quote his words did I not feel that those who knew him well (which I was never privileged to do) will recognize something characteristic of the simple naturalness of this Earthly Saint in the very quaintness of his phrase—'You *must* come to our Mass—it is *such* ■ *jolly* Mass.' "

The Rev. E. F. Russell supplies this account of the journey—

"In January, 1893, it was my happiness to have Father Stanton as my companion on a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land. I will not attempt to describe the places we visited, for we never left the well-worn pilgrim-track, and this has been described in detail a thousand times. Yet there may be something to tell of our journey which, trivial in itself, yet may interest his friends, and contribute some touches to his spiritual portrait.

"Of the two countries we visited, Palestine and Egypt, the first has of course the deeper, more absorbing attractions. Its associations lift it necessarily far above any other land. But, these associations apart, Egypt, with its past, with its monuments, its radiant and unbroken sunshine, its perfect climate, proved, at least physically, the more enjoyable of the two. The journey up the Nile, from Cairo to the

First Cataract, gave him infinite pleasure, as day by day we glided past the objects of interest, old and new, on the river's banks, the villages, the village folk at their daily work, the strange birds—vultures, kites, pelicans, flamingoes—that fed in the swamps and shallows, or wheeled in circles above our heads. From time to time the steamer stopped to let us land to visit one or other of the great historic tombs and temples which lie near the river, presenting to us a new and most impressive architecture of an extremely remote past. Our fellow-travellers also added not a little to our pleasure and amusement. Various nations were represented on board, and various faiths.

“To Father Stanton and myself, the spiritual care of the boat was entrusted by a deputation of our fellow-travellers, we adding to our number a Scotch Presbyterian minister, one of the party. This meant that on each of the three Sundays spent on board, one of us preached, and one of us read Morning Prayer. Only once were we able to make our Communion. One Sunday evening, by request, Father Stanton gave a simple Bible instruction, or tried to do so in competition with a noisy little donkey-engine which, if we had silenced it, would have left us in complete darkness. On this Nile journey, as indeed always, Father Stanton charmed all with whom he came in contact; his naturalness, his irresistible humour, his sympathy, his dramatic power as a story-teller held his hearers spell-bound, and brought about a sort of competition for his company. Throughout our journey, indeed, throughout his life, he was beset by much that might easily have spoiled him, but it never did. I never saw in him one sign of vanity, not a shred of conceit, passion for popularity, or effect. He remained up to his life's end just simply himself as God had made him, having many of the gifts which men admire and envy, yet never using them arrogantly, or for display. In spite of many flatterers, the homage of his peers, the devotion of young men, and something very like worship from ‘the undeserving poor,’ he remained absolutely simple and self-forgetting, a good listener, full of appreciation, generous in his praise of others, many of whom had not a tithe of his great qualities.

“One incident of our Nile journey I think he would wish me to record. It happened near Thebes; a sunset, the sunset

of a lifetime, more beautiful, more impressive than any he or I had ever witnessed. The Nile at this spot spreads itself out into the desert so as to form a lake of vast extent, so vast that when the sun sets it seems to sink down straight into the tranquil waters. That evening, cloudless, as nearly every evening was, the colours of the sunset were, beyond all our experience, gorgeous, deep, rich, and glowing. They lay in level bands that melted imperceptibly one into the other, and were mirrored perfectly on the smooth surface of the lake. The effect was as if we stood within an immense hollow sphere of many-coloured glass. The colours deepened and grew duskier, and then, suddenly were gone, and the night had come.

"We who watched it, held our breath in awe. No one said a word. I well remember how deeply moved even to tears Father Stanton was, by its solemnity. When the light was gone I overheard him saying to himself, 'It is like death, it is like death.' It might have been the world's last sunset.

"The tranquil Nile days proved a great rest and joy to him, and it was with real regret that on our return to Cairo we had to leave it all behind and say good-bye to our friendly fellow-travellers. In especial it grieved us both to bid farewell to our Presbyterian minister, to whom, even in this short time, we had become much attached. 'Good-bye,' he said, 'I see that I must come to be curate at St. Alban's, Holborn.' Two months later, after our return to England, to our surprise we found him in St. Alban's. It was Sunday and he stayed all through the High Mass with its elaborate ceremonial. After it was over, I went to him and asked him slyly, 'Well, Doctor, are you coming to us to be curate?' I remember his answer, for it touched me: 'I should have much to learn, I fear, but the music thrilled me, and I felt all through that I was among a worshipping people, and I was happy.'

"Our landing at Jaffa was a humiliating experience. The harbour, such as it is, is only big enough to shelter the strongly built rowing-boats which put off to bring people ashore from the steamers. There had been storm upon the sea, and the waves were high enough to make the landing a trial to most of us. My neighbour in the boat, an American lady, was as bad as I was. On landing we all found our way to a shelter, where tea, of a sort, could be had, and we sat in silence sipping it, much depressed. Suddenly the silence was broken by the

American lady who remarked, in her dry, detached way, 'Well, I am hoping that the passage to the New Jerusalem won't be quite so bad as the passage to the Old Jerusalem.' This quite unexpected reflection completely altered the whole aspect of things, and sent us out, gaily, to pursue our journey.

"All who visit the Holy Land record their surprise at the small area of a country in which so much of such deep moment has happened. It is true we were familiar with the measurements of Palestine; but we found that, from north to south, an easy three days' ride would cover it; that all things were small in scale, and absolutely homely and simple. It was a surprise, but not a disenchantment; indeed it seemed to bring the Bible story home to us all the more and in a very helpful way.

"Father Stanton looked at everything from such a fresh and original point of view, that it might well be expected that I should be able to give some of his comments upon the Holy Places we visited. That is an expectation which cannot be gratified, for throughout the journey he was even more than usually silent and reserved. Strange as it may seem to some who knew him only in the pulpit or in the expansiveness of his affection, Father Stanton kept his soul severely to himself. His face might betray him, the glistening eye, or the tremor of his lips, but almost invariably the deeper his emotion the more silent he was.<sup>1</sup> As we visited the various spots which had been in name and history dear to us from our childhood, he said nothing, but looked and looked, as if he were trying to get all that met his eye printed deep and indelibly upon his memory. Of the things that we saw he loved most the unchanging natural features of the Holy Land, the hills and villages, the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan, the Mount of Olives with the ancient gnarled and twisted olive-trees in the garden at its foot, and all the country which surround the great historic places. The people, too, interested him greatly, the simple homes and ways of life which have changed so little since the Lord lived visibly among us. All this seemed to bring him far nearer to Christ than the enshrined sites, often dubious, and where not dubious so often trimmed and dressed up past all recognition, defeating

<sup>1</sup> "What we feel deeply about, we cannot bear to speak about. If God gives us deep feeling, He gives us silence too."—A. H. S.

imagination. It shocked him terribly to find that in Jerusalem, of all places in the world, Christians, monks of the East and West, living in the midst of an alien faith, lived in open enmity with one another; and each had rival sites to show, and each rejected scornfully and with contempt the pretensions of the other. Indeed, but for the loaded rifles of the Moslems, they would have come to blows. All this made Father Stanton sick at heart, and left him at his journey's end thankful indeed for his visit to the Holy Land, but not wishing to repeat it.<sup>1</sup>

"Two incidents during our stay in Palestine left a profound impression upon his mind. The first: the simple, single-minded, ardent faith of the Russian pilgrims, to whom quite unmistakably the unseen world was as real and more winning than the world we see, to whom no sacrifice of home, of comfort—hunger, hardships, death—seemed too great if only it was in the service of God or for some spiritual end. The other incident was the washing of the pilgrims' feet—on the Thursday in the Greek Holy Week. I was not with him on this occasion, but he came back and told me about it, with deep, undisguised emotion. It took place in the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre upon a raised platform, where twelve poor men, representing the twelve Apostles, were seated. The Greek Patriarch, a stately personage, ascended the steps of the platform, took off and laid aside his jewelled mitre and magnificent vestments, and, clad in a plain, girded alb, knelt in turn before each poor man and washed and kissed his feet. The 'washing of the feet' in the Upper Room was always to Father Stanton one of the most beautiful and most moving incidents of the Gospel. And here in this Eastern prelate, his long hair falling over his shoulders, and his parted beard, in outward appearance so like the traditional pictures of our Lord, he seemed to see a vision of the Christ Himself."

On the 14th of February, 1893, Stanton wrote as follows to Miss Millner and the members of the Mothers' Meeting at St. Alban's:—

<sup>1</sup> "Within, Jerusalem is the City of Peace, for there He died Who made peace. I suppose the present state of the city is allowed, to prevent His people from clinging to the earthly, rather than to the New and Heavenly, Jerusalem, our true Mother-City; just as the confusion of the Church of God is to prevent our attaching too much importance to the outward circumstances of its existence."—A. H. S.



“ Bang up the Nile 500 miles.

Pasha Russell and I sit on the deck and see the villages and desert from our field-glasses. Please tell Miss Westwood hers is most useful. It isn't very hot, only in the middle of the day, and cool at night. We visit tombs of Pharaohs buried 4000 years before CHRIST. . . .

I went into *the big* Pyramid dragged by 3 Arabs. First down a narrow aperture and then up in heat and darkness to a chamber in the middle where there was a stone coffin of Cheops, a gentleman who died 7000 years ago. Mrs. Cheops is buried above him. When I got there the Arabs demanded money, but I would not give it them till I got out. Why they didn't murder me and take it I don't know, for they are dear fellows and smell like dried walnuts. The donkey boys shout ' Me donkey Mrs. Langtree,' ' Me donkey Mrs. Maybrick,' ' Me Yankee-doodle,' etc., according to your tastes. Russell came over the head of his Mrs. Langtree the first day. Altogether it is a strange turn-out. We rest on the river all night and go on in the morning. To-day we were asked about a service on board and did we know any clergymen? Mr. Russell said he had a friend whose sister married a school-teacher, but he hardly thought that would entitle him to act as a Minister. I said I couldn't encourage the idea as I had joined the Coptic Church. So we shall, I hope, sit under a dear Presbyterian Minister.

We shall be three weeks on the Nile and then make our way to the Holy Land. I think Mr. Russell is very well, and walks almost quite naturally. On each side of the Nile the crops are beautiful and will soon be gathered in—yet no rain ever falls where we are now. The whole of Egypt is made by the river rising in the summer and flooding the banks on either side.

In Cairo we went to the great Mosque on its dedication feast. First the Khedive went in to pray. When he came out we all rushed in after our boots were removed; we made such a rush that a man whipped us with a whip to check us. Inside it was most beautiful, lit up with 1000 lamps, its gilded domes glistening. It was carpeted with the richest carpets conceivable. In one place men were intoning the Koran sitting in two rows, in another praying towards Mecca, in another a ring of Dervishes were working themselves up into



frenzy yelling and turning their bodies and heads about and swinging round dazed till they fell in fits. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the place or the degradation of the worship, which was only suitable to a lunatic asylum.

The flies settle on the children's eyes and eat them out. The mothers encourage this as it is pleasing to the good Spirit who sends them. In Cairo 10 of every 30 Egyptians have bad eyes or no eyes at all. We saw children with eyes a mass of flies. What a pity they don't have a Mothers' Meeting! You will be glad to hear I am thoroughly *braced up*, and it's not the air or the sun which shines perpetually, nor the sea on which we sailed from Naples to Alexandria.

I don't know whether ever this will reach you from the desert. I expect we may get home before next Christmas if we are not eaten by a crocodile, or the fleas or the flies.

We've seen the Mummy of the Pharaoh who said he would not let the people go. There is his face, a fine determined one now. Poor gentleman! little did he think he would be grubbed up and looked at in a Museum. In this tomb they found Mummied chicken and bread sauce for his soul to eat, and it's all in the Museum at Cairo.

Fancy—no clouds, no rain, the rising and setting always without let or hindrance. We are to go many more donkey excursions and see many more *tombs*. When the body of this Pharaoh Cheops was carried down the Nile to Cairo, all the natives turned out and waited to do the old king honour.

Best love to all. What would the Mothers do out here? Sometimes storms of sand get up as thick as a London fog and penetrate into everything with a thin covering. One dear boy who thought I had not given him enough backsheesh said 'Clergymen no good,' and I said he was quite right, and gave him some more. I am quite black now and so is Russell, and it looks beautiful against our white turbans and long white frocks and red slippers. No more chat. Good-night."

*To a Sister.*

"Luxor,  
Feb. 20, 1893.

"They say a post goes out from here to-morrow so I write on the chance to let you know how we like the Nile.

Our steamer is comfortable even to luxury and we are about 70 on board, English and Americans predominating, but including French and Germans also. Our method of life is : We stop after sunset till sunrise, as navigation in the dark is undesirable although possible. About every other day we have an expedition on this wise. . . . After we have all mounted our donkeys we ride off into the desert after the newly discovered Tombs and Temples, for the description of which I must refer you to books. Our rides are through oases of palms, villages of mud, over stifling sand, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon. I laugh so much at the boys that I almost tumble off my donkey. The learning necessary to appreciate Egyptian Antiquities is, as you know, too profound to get up on a voyage, but we have a very nice Englishman who is up in it and who patiently answers all our immature questioning.

Luxor is, as you know, a treasury of Egyptian Art and Archæology, so we stay three days here before going on to the First Cataract at Assouan, about 130 miles further up. There we stay a day and then work back to Cairo.

The temperature at first varied from 48-58, and we were cold. Then 50-60. Now it is 55-70, and is like an English summer's day, the beans are in blossom and the corn getting into ear. The banks of the Nile are brilliant green with the most luxuriant lupin, clover, beans, and wheat. It will be gathered in the end of April, and then the Nile sinks lowest and all dries up. The wind has been N. and no flies till S. wind blows.

There are Soudanese here—awful-looking fellows—but everything is so strange. I went inside the big Pyramid and saw Cheops's Sarcophagus. We return to Hotel du Nil, Cairo, by March 5th. The three great charms of the expedition, the climate and the wonders and the Nile. I almost wish we were going on to the 2nd Cataract, *as it is considered safe now*, but we should have to give up the Holy Land. After a walk in Cairo we shall go to Ismailia by train ; to Port Said by the Suez Canal, to Joppa by steamer, and so to Jerusalem. Cook will arrange all that for us, and I think we shall get the Bishop of Jerusalem to advise as to what to do for the rest."

*To his eldest Brother.*

“Hotel du Nil, Cairo,  
March 5 and 6, 1893.

“Got your letter on arrival here to-day and very welcome it was, especially what you say about *your* experience of a Nile trip. Of course all is altered now and there is no roughing it. But to me now, who have just come back from a three weeks' trip, I can imagine nothing nicer than a *three months'* one in a Dabeiah, going up in December, staying up January, and back during February. We have met so many, and the dreamy luxury of the picturesque life seems to me complete. The river is so beautiful and the *climate* so enjoyable, from 60 to 80 *generally*, which is the temperature for steamboat life, wind always N. and not a drop of rain. Our journey was varied by excursions into the Desert to Temples and Tombs on donkeys: being 70 on board, our start was imposing, and the rush for us by the donkey-boys amusing. They are most ridiculous, the boys, with their broken English, and their expectation of backsheesh is not offensive although importunate, because they are so good-humoured if you don't give it them. You can imagine their waiting on the banks at the different points of departure for the steamer to arrive, and the hubbub on arrival.

The temples are excavated, enormous as antiquated—and two of them really very artistic, but I have seen so many and they are so much alike in decoration and plan that I feel a little over-templed, and, not being Egyptological, was bored by the Dynasties of which there are 38; and as for Rameses II. he and his cartouch are everywhere, and I think him a bit of a fraud, although his mummy is here at Gizeh.

On one occasion, eight miles from the river in the desert, we visited a Coptic Convent. Mass had just begun. The Cantor, seeing I was sympathetic, called me in within the enclosure, and after Mass I was blessed, both hands placed on my cheeks, and given a cake of Pain Beni, much to the astonishment of the rest of the party, who didn't know I belonged to the Coptic Church.

We didn't go further than Philæ, 586 miles up. Our proposed visit to Palestine prevented a visit to the Second Cataract, which now necessitates a guard which is a nuisance. Otherwise it would have been very enjoyable. The weather was very hot at Assouan, the temperature going above 80 in

the afternoon, and the cereals all getting ripe, but the surroundings of the place are very beautiful and everything very interesting,—but you know how and why. As you say, there is a very peculiar fascination about it all which is quite indescribable with pen and ink. The Papists try and convert the Copts to Popery, and the 'American Mission,' to Protestantism; and because they, the Copts, are so ignorant, they succeed. But the only chance of Christianity in Egypt is through the Copts who are the most Egyptian of all the people and whose Church St. Mark founded.

It seems so strange to pick up the *Times* and read: 'Very cold, temperature 33, etc.' Russell seems very well and his leg quite cured.

We have been to Old Cairo and seen the Copt Churches, they are very interesting indeed and I think pretty, but the religious life is so low they have only Mass in one on Sundays, and in the other on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays. We saw the place where Our Lady rested seven years while in Egypt, and where Moses was found in the Nile. . . .

We shall probably leave Egypt on Thursday from Alexandria for Joppa. I should have preferred going by Ismailia and the Suez Canal, but there is no room in the boats that way we hear, so we must go as we can."

*To the same.*

"Jerusalem,  
April 3, 1893.

"I got your letter on my return from a camping-out visit to Galilee and Tiberias.<sup>1</sup> We were most unfortunate; although assured it would be fine, it rained on eight consecutive days and about eight inches. I never saw such rain. We had to leave our tents and live in Arab huts. . . . Of course everyone says it was phenomenal, and the dragomans declare unprecedented in their experience. At any rate we went through many and great miseries, and such as Mr. Russell ought not to have encountered, and such as not even the sight of the Lake of Galilee and the place where our LORD was born would have warranted our risking. But he is better now, and the memories of such adventures drown the miseries. To show you how bad it was, 40 poor Russian pilgrims of a

<sup>1</sup> According to Western computation, April 2, 1893, was Easter Day.

caravan of 1000 which we met died on the road here, a gentleman's horse was washed away, a camel and three donkeys died, stuck in the mud in the plain of Jezreel. The best time for camping in the whole year is considered to be March 15 till April 15. . . . I took no harm, but then I am wiry and can go through a good deal.

Of course all Biblical history and expression becomes new now. What is so striking to me is that it is all *so small*. The whole country not much bigger, if at all, than Wales, and the places all so close together. The Lake of Galilee is *really* lovely, apart from all the associations, with Hermon snow-clad at the end, and the Valley of the Jordan over a thousand feet below sea level is most extraordinary.

We enjoyed Jericho and Jordan very much. I bathed in the Dead Sea, but could not do so in Jordan as the river was swollen and the mud made any such an approach to its waters impossible.

We leave here Monday 10th, for Joppa, take the steamer on Tuesday for Alexandria, get on board a P. & O. steamer on Thursday for Naples, arriving about Monday, April 17th.

The Russians and Greeks are keeping Holy Week now and their Easter next Sunday. I believe we are to see the Holy Fire and the excitement it produces, but getting places requires interest. Forty inches of rain have fallen and the thunder-storms are incessant. Jerusalem is 2,600 feet above the sea level, so that it is cold at times and last week was covered with snow.

Our journeying cost us about £2 5s. a day, so was an expensive misery.

What an extraordinary place this is! In too many ways to write."

In the autumn following so extended a holiday, Stanton allowed himself only a brief trip; but, brief as it was, it was marked by an incident.

"Oct. 10, 1893.

"The Hawarden visit was a get-up of the newspapers. The real fact was that I lunched there one of the days I was in Chester, but they thought it would be one against the G.O.M. to say he had a Curate of St. Alban's, Holborn, with him."

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The earlier chapters of this book were of necessity much concerned with strife and contention. I have called this chapter "Tranquillity," because it seems to realize Matthew Arnold's ideal—

"Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity,  
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes."

Those whose memories run back to the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century, will always think of Stanton as a Warrior, "valiant for truth," eager, and victorious. But the majority of those who read this book will recall him chiefly as a preacher, and will look for some account of his preaching methods.

We have seen already that oratory was the most conspicuous of the powers with which Nature had endowed him. He had all the graces of fluency and gesture; a sense for dramatic effect; a voice of flexibility and compass, with, at times, a studiously deliberate intonation, which was extraordinarily effective.<sup>1</sup> But, though he was an orator, he did not trust to oratory. From the beginning, he meditated deeply on the subjects of his sermons, and in early days wrote them out, though he never took a manuscript into the pulpit. Although, through long practice, he had become a great master of the preacher's art, his care in preparing for the pulpit only increased as the years went on. His colleague, Mr. Russell, writes—

"Some who heard him went away with the impression that his utterances were the easy, spontaneous fluencies of his natural eloquence, and cost him nothing. This is a great mistake. I have before me six quarto volumes in his handwriting; they are dated from 1894 onwards, and they contain on every page a more or less elaborated outline of one sermon: in all, over a thousand sermons. Apart from the intrinsic value of these outlines, they remain as evidence that the gifted speaker, who had been preaching regularly for thirty years, continued to the end to bestow equal trouble upon every sermon that he preached, preparing it as thoughtfully, and writing down his thoughts as carefully, as if he held his long experience of no account. He was not a great reader, but he thought much, and brooded over what he read or heard. Amongst the preachers for whom he had the greatest admiration, Phillips Brooks stood first, but he found more help

Cf. "Dawling," p. 252, and "Peculiarities," p. 319.



in Spurgeon, whom he loved, and—towards the end—in Dr. Parker, whose powers as an expositor he placed very high. Had he himself prepared his sermons for publication he would have made the fullest and most frank acknowledgment of his debts. He was often urged to publish, but always refused on the ground, as he told us humorously one Monday night—if he printed his sermons he would not be able to preach them again; and people would find out how much he owed to others.”<sup>1</sup>

Nothing in Stanton's preaching was more noteworthy than his intimate knowledge of the Bible. In quoting it, he almost invariably confined himself to the Authorized Version. He took little heed of disputed readings, and held himself untrammelled by the dogmas of textuaries and commentators. But of the words of Scripture, as it stands in its unequalled English, he had an easy and felicitous command. Prose-writers he scarcely ever quoted, but he was extremely fond of quoting poetry, good and bad, and hymns, which though not always poetical, were, when he declaimed them, extremely impressive. The constant—indeed the invariable—topics of his preaching were sin and forgiveness; the love of God towards the sinner, and the sinner's need of the cleansed heart; the guaranteed access to the Lord through the Sacrament of the Altar, and the reverent love due to the Blessed Mother of God. “People,” he would say, “who are not Marian are often Arian.”

Although his phraseology was sometimes exuberant, and a casual hearer might think that he was speaking at haphazard, yet a careful study of his published sermons will show that they were the utterances of an accurate and watchful theology. The Bible and the Creeds were his standards, and, though he did not reject tradition, he was careful to keep it on a level of authority much lower than that of the Written Word. But, though Stanton's preaching was thus doctrinally accurate, it was very far from stopping short at doctrine. No more practical preacher ever lived. He drew his lessons of life and duty direct from the Bible, and, in enforcing them, he indulged sometimes a playful humour, and oftener a vein of cutting sarcasm, which, as applied to an individual, would

<sup>1</sup> A. H. S. to a layman, at the time of King Edward's death: “Oh, no. My Sermons won't bear publishing—they are too crude. A layman can give an address or read a service. I suppose the parson couldn't preach. Many can't.”

have been cruel, but when aimed at types of character and conduct was salutary.

One Shrove Tuesday Stanton wrote to a friend: "I am about to plunge into Lent, as a man takes a header into deep water. I only hope I shall come through all right, but I'm not an Apostle and don't care to be thought one." Here we touch one of the most remarkable developments of Stanton's ministry. When Mackonochie was Vicar of St. Alban's, there always was a special service every evening (except Saturdays) in Lent and Advent, in addition to the regular Evensong. Stanton used to preach on the Monday Evenings. At first the attendance was small, but it gradually increased, as Stanton's preaching became increasingly attractive. Under Mr. Suckling's rule, these special services were discontinued except on the Monday Evenings, but on Monday Evenings Stanton still conducted a kind of Mission Service, consisting of a few hymns, a few prayers, and a sermon—all over within the hour. The occasion and the setting exactly suited his genius, and elicited his peculiar powers both in preaching and in conducting devotions. The popularity of these "Mondays" increased year by year, and eventually Stanton added to the Mondays in Advent and Lent the more daring experiment of a service every Monday Evening in August. These special services continued to the end of his ministry, and were thus described by an occasional attendant—

"An analysis of Mr. Stanton's character would here be out of place. I am concerned only with his qualities as a preacher. To begin with, though no longer young, he is strikingly handsome. Then he is a natural orator, with all the orator's gifts of speech and voice and gesture, and can ring the changes on every phase of human emotion. And yet again he has a sense of humour which he allows to play with unfettered freedom round the subject of his discourse, and he can turn with the ease and lightness of a bird from grave to gay, and back again to grave.

"Every Monday in August, as also in Advent and Lent, Mr. Stanton holds a special service at eight o'clock in the evening in St. Alban's Church. What Puritans pleasantly call 'meretricious attractions' are utterly banished. The service is plain enough to satisfy Dr. Clifford. Even the choir is absent. Yet an hour before the appointed time a great

company of men and women, old and young, is pouring up Brooke Street, or winding into the church through the more devious paths of Baldwin's Gardens. By half-past seven the church—men's side and women's side alike—is full. A quarter of an hour later it is uncomfortably crowded. Every seat is occupied. Late-comers are driven into the chancel. All the choir-stalls are full. Rows of extra seats are brought in. Men who can find no room to stand or sit, crouch on the Altar-steps.

"As the clock strikes eight, Mr. Stanton climbs into the pulpit, huddling on his surplice as he goes. From the pulpit he conducts, in a slightly shortened form, the ordinary Evening Service of the Church. We read the Psalms, verse by verse, as if we were in some old-fashioned village church, untouched by the Ritualistic movement; but, when we come to the *Magnificat*, 'Our Blessed Lady's own Song,' we sing it, as the preacher bids us, with a will. When the prayers are ended, we burst into a hymn—perhaps of Faber's type, perhaps of Sankey's; but, in either case, 'burst' is the right word; for the whole congregation sings with a fervour of devotion, pent-up but now liberated, and the great volume of male voices gives the singing a massiveness not usual in mixed congregations. Then Mr. Stanton rises from his knees, and begins to preach. His sermons are not easy to describe. They follow none of the conventions of the pulpit. They range widely over the broad field of faith and duty. The appeals to conscience are vivid and pointed; but they are interspersed with touches of humour and sarcasm which provoke a responsive sound dangerously like a laugh. Most notable is the preacher's wide-mindedness—his intense grasp of his own beliefs, his absolute charity towards those who do not share them, and his abounding humanity.

"Backwards and forwards he sways his graceful form, unbent and undisfigured by age. He turns to the sea of faces in front of him. He wheels round to the 'overflow' in the chancel. His voice, as Mr. Gladstone said of Bishop Wilberforce, is 'sometimes like a murmuring brook, sometimes like a trumpet-call.' Now it sinks till it is nearly inaudible, and now you see the preacher's hold upon his hearers, for they stretch forward with hands to ears, and strained and anxious faces, lest they lose the smallest word of the spell which this great magician is weaving round their hearts. And all this, remember, year after year, in a slum church, in the holiday

season, on a week-day evening. I know no triumph equal to it, at any rate in the Church to which I belong.

"Now the preacher has come to an end. The service has lasted a little over the hour. Two thunderous hymns again shake the roof. The blessing is given, and we stream out towards Holborn and Gray's Inn Road. It has been, for all its frequency, a wonderful experience; and what is the meaning of it?"

"'Dynasties come and go, Empires rise and fall, literatures vanish from the memory of man, forms of polity wax old and perish, and the ancient homes of great peoples survive only as the sepulchres of the dead; but the broodings of the soul on the dim hereafter never fade or die. To any fresh or earnest word on those most solemn and mysterious of themes men listen with the eagerness which a fond imagination ascribes to the Ages of Faith.'

"That is a true testimony, and at these Monday services it is verified anew."

But Stanton was not only—perhaps he was not even chiefly—a preacher. He excelled in personal ministration to individual souls, and especially to the souls of men. Throughout his Priesthood he consistently repudiated anything which tended to over-guidance. Those who sought his help in Confession found him at once profoundly spiritual and absolutely practical. Though he hated the sin, he never shrank from the sinner; but he was very sparing of Direction. "You ask me if such a thing would be right; but why do you ask me? Ask your conscience. Perhaps you want me to say it would be right, when you know it would be wrong." His constant endeavour was to fortify the individual will, and to make the spiritual life of his disciples erect and self-governing. His spiritual correspondence was very large, and his letters, though generally short, were always forcible and telling. He never left his correspondent in doubt about what he thought true in doctrine or right in action. A few of these letters have been given on pp. 73 *seq.* and some more will be found later on.

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This period of Stanton's life was marked by the formation of an enduring and a much-valued friendship. In the endeavour to console a father and mother for the loss of a child, he was

brought into close relations with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Sidney, of "Moreton," Hampstead, and the acquaintance, thus begun in 1891, ripened into warm affection.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Sidney was an inveterate traveller; he soon persuaded Stanton to accompany him and his family on their annual tours;<sup>2</sup> and it is impossible to say how much enjoyment and benefit the elder man derived from the change of scene and associations thus tactfully provided for him.

It was when contemplating one of these tours that Stanton wrote to Mr. Sidney—

"Now there's plenty of money in the bank, I feel a sort of 'hang expense' feeling, which is wicked but natural. . . . I didn't want to sell out just when I have put in. I don't want to make money, only to keep and hand back to the family what I have got *through* the family; not feeling certain whether I ought to have it at all. When the £5000<sup>3</sup> is

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Sidney became one of the Churchwardens of St. Alban's at Easter, 1908, and still (1917) holds the office.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Sidney has been kind enough to supply the following details of the tours:—

#### FOREIGN TOURS.

1895, May.	Rome, Perugia, and Florence.
1896, March.	Italy.
1897, May.	Northern Italy and Rome, etc.
1898, May.	Northern Italy, Rome, and Florence.
1900, Feb.	Sicily and Rome.
1901, Jan.	Riviera and Northern Italy.
1902, April.	Spain, including Holy Week in Seville.
1903, March.	Rome and Florence.
1904, April.	Rome, Perugia, and Venice.
1905, May.	Vienna, Verona, and Venice.
1906, June.	Rome and Naples.
1907, May.	Rome, Florence, and Venice.

#### MOTOR TOURS.

1908, July.	North Wales.
" Sept.	Norwich and Norfolk Churches.
" Oct.	Shropshire, Worcestershire, and home by Stroud.
1909, July.	English Lakes.
" Oct.	Norwich and Norfolk Churches.
1910, June.	Holyhead, Oxford, Worcester, and Salop.
1911, July.	Ely, King's Lynn, Norwich, Yarmouth, and Harwich.
1912, June.	Oxford, Peterborough, and Kettering.

<sup>3</sup> The allusion is to a legacy which Stanton received from one who was no relation, and which he eventually bequeathed to St. Alban's.



settled, I *rest*, and shall spend every year all I can and save nothing. Why should I ? ”

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The year 1898 dawned on a Church at peace. Nothing seemed less probable than a recrudescence of that ignorant and violent Puritanism which prevailed in the years when the Public Worship Regulation Act was in full swing. But early in the year a Protestant book-seller, who had long been endeavouring to get himself taken seriously by the public, rented an office in the parish of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, in order that he might be legally qualified to communicate at the Parish-Altar, and to disturb the united congregation which worshipped there. Firm and tactful treatment averted disturbance : but the book-seller soon sought further notoriety by violently interrupting the Service of the Veneration of the Cross on Good Friday, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Philbeach Gardens. The outrage at St. Cuthbert's was followed by similar performances—notably at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, and St. Thomas's, Liverpool ; but decent Evangelicals soon became disgusted with their self-chosen champion and his methods. It was found impossible to maintain the reign of terror. Churchmen, all over the country, banded themselves together for the defence of their religious liberty ; and the promising scheme of a thousand riots in as many churches on the first Sunday in November was abandoned as impracticable.

That stout champion of Erastianism and other lost causes, Sir William Harcourt, renewed his youth like an eagle, and flew into the fray. His last achievement in this field had occurred during the debates on the P.W.R. Bill in 1874, when Gladstone inflicted on him a deserved and memorable castigation. Since that unpleasant but salutary evening, Sir William (who after Gladstone's return to power in 1880 had become an enthusiastic Gladstonian) had kept aloof from religious controversy. But now Gladstone was in his grave, and the attack on Ritualism might be renewed with comparative safety. Accordingly, Sir William broke loose in a series of speeches filled with the coarsest abuse of the Ritualistic Clergy, and enlivened the Parliamentary recess of 1898 with a series of furious letters to the *Times*. Encouraged by this



heroic example, smaller fry began to talk airily of coercive legislation ; of the abolition of the Bishop's Veto on ecclesiastical prosecutions ; of the substitution of Deprivation for imprisonment ; and of sundry other short and easy methods for de-Catholicizing the Church of England. The threats of 1873 and 1874 were heard again. We were told once more that "the Mass" and "the Confessional" must be put down by law ; and the Bishops as usual yielded to the clamour.

*A. H. S. to F. E. Sidney.*

"Nov. 17, 1898.

"I go to Wellingborough next Sunday afternoon to preach for a fellow who is up a tree *in re* ritualistic Controversy. . . . Suckling is much exercised ; he has sent the Bishop<sup>1</sup> all our additional services typed into an enormous volume.

What on earth the Bishop will do I don't know—I pity him.

I have just forgotten 2 lunches that were arranged for me, one on Monday, and one on Wednesday, and am in dire disgrace—but my wits are gone in all the incessant bother. . . . What with the fog—social, ecclesiastical, and physical, oh a parson's life is not a happy one.

In France, dear France—the Church joins the military in abominable tyranny and injustice, and the one who stands up for right and honour is a novelist who has a renown for smutty literature.

I see Presenssé the Protestant pastor has been chucked—because he stood up for Dreyfus.

Perhaps one's share in the universal confusion is right after all—but it's a 'troublesome world.' "

In the early morning of the 9th of March, 1899, the inmates of the Clergy House were woke by a violent noise of rattling gates, pealing bells, and shouts of "Fire!" In ten minutes, all the clergy were in the church, and the men of the Fire Brigade were pouring in from all parts of London. A fire had broken out in a closely-adjacent factory ; the flames spread rapidly, and by 5.30 a.m. it seemed as though the church, the schools, the Hall, and the Clergy House

<sup>1</sup> Mandell Creighton.

must perish. The factory was burnt to the ground, but the church, though damaged by smoke and water, was saved. Stanton thus described the experience—

*To his Sister.*

“The fire nearly burnt us down. None of us, even the firemen, thought the church could stand, but it is just saved. Considerable damage has been done to the fabric, but the insurance will cover that.

There was the most tremendous blaze and roar. It was a paper warehouse of a printing firm, and the paper and printing ink made the blaze; but it soon burnt out.

We huddled everything out of the church we could, and had a pretty warm time of it—which seems our fate now, in more senses than one.”

*To F. E. Sidney.*

“You may have seen that just after I wrote we were nearly burnt down. The police got us up at 4.50, saying, ‘Your church is on fire.’ I looked up and it looked like a roaring furnace. You can imagine the rest, how that we got all out of the church. . . . But the roof never caught after all, and the church was saved. Not one of the men thought it could have been saved. The warehouse outside on the N. was burnt out and had the wind not changed the evening before from N.W. to S.W., we must have been burnt down.

The N. aisle has sustained substantial injury, but we are insured so that the expense, I expect about £350, will be covered.

I thought Suckling must have died: he looked ashy pale and I begged him to lie down. What with the fire and the water I’ve had lumbago since but otherwise am all right. The church still smells strongly of burnt wood, quite disagreeably; we can’t get it away.

The policemen say, ‘Dad! you escaped one fire, but——’ I don’t let them finish the sentence.”

On the 21st of June, 1899, Stanton struck sixty, and on

the 29th of July he wrote thus to his sister about their domestic arrangements :—

“ I mean to have a home somewhere, now that I am over sixty, so that if you elect to stay at Upfield, you can count upon me. I shouldn't perhaps for the first year be so much with you, as I should have to part tenderly with London ties ; but I give myself another ten years of life, and wish to be quiet in the country. ”

But trouble was again at hand. A curious transformation had occurred in the high places of the Church. Archbishop Temple, who when Bishop of London had let the Ritualists alone, and even defended them against their enemies, was suddenly seized by a desire to sit in judgment on them. He announced that, acting on the direction given in the Preface to the Prayer Book, he would be prepared to hear cases where doubts had arisen about the proper mode of conducting Divine Service, and would judge such cases with an open mind. He summoned to his aid the Archbishop of York, who had no more right to sit in judgment at Lambeth than at Rome or at Antioch ; and on the 10th of May, 1899, the two Primates opened their mock Court ; which indeed more closely resembled a Debating Society than a spiritual tribunal. The questions argued before them were whether (1) Incense and (2) Portable Lights might be used in public worship. On the 31st of July, the Archbishops gave their joint “ Opinion.” Archbishop Temple wrote it, and Archbishop Maclagan concurred. It condemned alike the Incense and the Lights.

The clergy who were affected by this condemnation were sorely perplexed as to the right line of action. A few absolutely ignored it ; some submitted ; a good many rendered a qualified compliance. Amid these conflicting counsels, Stanton took a line which displayed his essentially Christian character in its most attractive light. One of his colleagues felt that, when the Bishop communicated the Archbishop's Opinion to his diocese and requested that the clergy would observe it, the vow of Canonical Obedience made resistance difficult ; and the present writer well remembers Stanton's attitude and language at a private meeting convened to consider

the line of duty. "Of course, my whole inclination is to defy the Archbishop. In all our former fights I was always for standing out; and so I should be to-day, as far as my own personal feelings are concerned. But Z feels differently, and that governs me. I will be party to any arrangement you choose to make, so long as it does not distress Z. That's essential." Stanton's generous sympathy prevailed; and the services of St. Alban's went on, with modified ritual but undiminished acceptance.

In the year 1897, the Rev. James Duggan, a Roman Catholic priest at Maidstone, had published a book called "Steps towards Reunion." In the preface he said: "I have tried in this book to make out a case for reconsidering our position in relation to heretical and schismatical Churches." And, again: "The Church should be so well governed as to attract men and compel them to come in." Commenting on comparative defects in the English and Roman Churches, he referred to the *Congé d'Elire*, under which an English Chapter prays for Divine guidance in the choice of a bishop who has already been appointed, and adds that it is no more ridiculous than the Roman practice of printing beforehand, not only the *Agenda* but the *Acta*, of a Diocesan Synod which God is asked to guide. It is not surprising that a book so frankly critical of ecclesiastical methods should have brought the writer into conflict with the Roman authorities. Details of this conflict made their way into the secular Press; and Stanton, seeming to recognize a kindred spirit in Father Duggan, opened a correspondence with him. This correspondence eventually led to the formation of an acquaintance between the two men, which Stanton thus described in a letter to Mr. Sidney—

"August 16, 1899.

"I spent a day with Duggan—he wrote and asked me and I went. We were quite frank with one another, e.g. when out walking I said to him, 'Granted the Infallibility of the Holy Father, what earthly use is it to you? It has never preserved you from the greatest moral scandals in Christendom—the Imprisonment of Galileo, the Massacre of the Huguenots, the Establishment of the Inquisition, the Persecution of Dreyfus.' He turned right round in the road

and said: 'That is unanswerable.' He said, 'I will receive you if you wish into the Roman Catholic Church, but I don't think you will be a bit happier.' So we talked on. I want him to come and stay with me here while I am alone, as I am now—but perhaps he daren't."

In narrating this incident, Stanton said to the present writer: "When we were parting I said, 'Now tell me straight. I have made a complete mess of my life in *our* Church. Should I have done any better in *your* Church? Now straight.' And what do you think the fellow said? 'Well, if you ask me, I don't think you could have been a success in any Church where obedience was required.' And I don't think he was wrong."<sup>1</sup>

*A. H. S. to F. E. Sidney.*

"August 16, 1899.

"Certainly the Erastianism of Anglicanism is killing. What on earth will Halifax and the E.C.U. do? Old Suckling seems to go in for what he calls in his Letter a 'Conflict,' whatever that means. I don't know what I *should* do if I were a young man. As it is I am quite, aye more than, satisfied to go and settle down quietly, with a home at Stroud and hotels when away. *I've had enough.* . . .

My old Oxford companion, the Rev. Canon George Akers, died on Monday—he and Luke Rivington both ardent Papists. I hope we shan't be Papists and Anglicans in Heaven."

*To a lady.*

"August 21, 1899.

"I'm so glad you've had fine weather. Here it is still brilliant, and the drought continues, but the heat is not

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the following passage, written in 1903: "I am afraid I've made a great 'mull' of it. In the spring of 1862 I walked with Cardinal Manning to the station at Oxford. He asked me what I was going to do with myself. I said I'm going to Cuddesdon. He immediately said, 'Why don't you come to me at St. Charles's?' and I have thought very often lately, as the shadows creep up, that I might have made a better thing of it if I had. My fellow-curate here doesn't think so. He says, 'They'd have sacked you in a month,' and perhaps he's right."

so great. I was all alone last week and couldn't get out, except to see my sick cases.

Our Sunday morning services are quite full with a large percentage of strangers. I preached yesterday on 'Rise, my love, my fair one, and come away,' and *inter alia* said, 'The Mother has no grave, no epitaph, no dissolution—but she was translated from earth.' Now, I said, 'Isn't this Romish? You say—oh yes—but you are wrong; it is from Dr. Parker of the City Temple'; which seemed to amuse them immensely.

I am very sorry about the Old Catholics—but it is what I'd heard and suspected was true. Their churches look abandoned, like the Protestant churches.

I fear I am neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring. Romanism is to me a lie,<sup>1</sup> and Anglicanism hopelessly Erastian. This isn't new to me. I joined the Liberation Society in despair 36 years ago. But never has the Erastianism before been so boldly stated without varnish as Temple has done it.<sup>2</sup> Mind you, I think the thrust that slays me is straight, and the sword true steel.

Ever since they inhibited me I've only been curate at St. Alban's, not a minister of the Established Church. The St. Alban's people cannot think I leave them in the lurch—for I've held on for 20 years. I don't expect to live another 10 years and they can't complain if I go behind the scenes, and enjoy the 'extinction' which I think I've earned. But things are most kindly done which are done gradually and considerately, and I wish to be always kind. It would be far better for this place if a young clergyman would come, and one who like Suckling can stand the Establishment. This parish suffers from those who have been here too long."

*To his Sister.*

"August 24, 1899.

"I think still we must have war with the Boers. Our imperial policy demands it, but it is very horrible."

<sup>1</sup> "Oh yes; that Indulgence business is too degrading; a sort of fire-insurance. I can't name it with the Gospel."—A. H. S. to B. F. Williams.

<sup>2</sup> In his Opinion on Incense, etc.



*To the same.*

"Sept. 13, 1899.

"Alas, dear Mary!<sup>1</sup> it's a quiet, beautiful death she is dying, but there it is, and we shall see her no more. I am so glad you have seen her so recently. Yes, there it is, like the chills and shadows of autumn—the inevitable."

*To F. E. Sidney.*

"Sept. 21, 1899.

"I seem to be in the thick of everything that is heart-rending just now. . . . When will all these miseries be over? and that horrid war, like hell opening her jaws, imminent."

*To his Sister.*

"Dec. 15, 1899.

"The war gets more terrible. My consolation is that if ever there is another I shall be in my grave. What a Christmas!"

*To the same.*

"March 3, 1900.

"Ash Wednesday was supposed to be a day of prayer and humiliation. On Thursday, London was drunk in every sense, because of our successes.<sup>2</sup> I long for peace and friendship between English and Dutch. Christianity, as a practical factor in the considerations of nations, seems to me to be absolutely NIL."

*To the same.*

"May 18, 1900.

Friday midnight.

"At half-past nine or  $\frac{1}{4}$  to ten, I heard the first shout. I ran out and a dear fellow in a uniform embraced me, saying, 'It's all right—Mafeking is relieved. It's up at the Mansion House.' Then I ran off there, and every street was full, every one embracing one another and shouting. On the Mansion House was written up in large letters, 'Mafeking is relieved,' and a picture of Baden-Powell over the words.

All London seems quite mad, and shouting now as loud as ever, and so *they will all night*. . . . The weather is so cold and

<sup>1</sup> His sister, Mrs. William Stanton.

<sup>2</sup> The relief of Ladysmith.

drizzling. Temp. 45, wind N.E. Never mind. Those poor heroic people have food."

The Puritanical outbreak of 1898, fomented by episcopal cowardice and political wire-pulling, had spread from London to the provinces; from the churches to the streets; and from the streets to the House of Commons. On the 1st of May, 1900, Archbishop Temple, after hearing arguments for and against the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, condemned Reservation in any form and for any purpose, as inconsistent with the rules of the English Church. This decision created great commotion, and partially revived the controversies of the previous summer. On the 25th of August Stanton wrote to a friend—

"Harcourt has begun his tirade in the *Times* again; it is as forcible as ever. One can't help chuckling when he says the Bishops have not 'peace within their walls, although they have plenteousness within their palaces.'<sup>1</sup> The worst of it is he has such good grounds to stand upon—for were we able to Catholicize the Establishment we should commit a political and social wrong in a Protestant country like England. But the outcome of it all is with GOD, and He will bring to pass what He wills. . . .

I seem very much tied here this August and can't get off—and only one bike-ride a week—but I have good congregations on Monday nights. And generally 6 to 9 Roman Catholic ministers. They say Rosary during prayers, and nudge one another if I say anything out of the way."

On the 2nd of October Stanton wrote to a friend just starting for Canada—

"I have always wanted to see and experience a Canadian winter. It isn't half as freezing as the Anglican Establishment just now."

This was written on the eve of the General Election, in which, though it turned mainly on the South African War,

<sup>1</sup> "And now they come forward with the comfortable assurance that Peace is within our walls as certainly plenteousness is within their Palaces."—Sir William Harcourt in the *Times*, August 24, 1900.

religious controversy played a considerable part, with results which made themselves felt when the new Parliament assembled. These, as far as they affected Stanton, we shall see later on.

*A. H. S. to a Friend in Canada.*

"Nov. 25, 1900.

"Thank you for your very excellent log meteorological. What beautiful weather—how different to us here!—such commonplace thick fog and damp. I am glad you enjoyed the voyage; when once the nausea is got over, it is very pleasant.

It is indeed nice to feel everyone is equal, you can understand how *I* appreciated it.

You *must* make the best of the churches, etc. GOD is always the same everywhere and for ever, and only HE."

*To his Sister.*

"Jan. 27, 1901.

"I suppose you never thought the Queen would rally. She died just the right death, in the midst of her family, and well beloved of the people. No senility, no failure of mind, at a ripe old age. What could be better?"

*To a Friend in Canada.*

"May 23, 1901.

"Yes, I got the weather report and studied it many hours. It has given me a very substantial idea of what the Canadian winter really is—for its language to me, the fluctuations and variations of temperature, are most interesting—so different to England, where it all is tempered by the band of salt water which surrounds us. . . . We have had a bright but cold May, and are longing for rain and warm winds."

*To the same.*

"Oct. 29, 1901.

"I am almost glad you have got employment out there,—you are sure to do good, and seem to have been remarkably well—and what have you to come back to? We are going on all right though I am getting rather past work, but you would not notice much difference. To-day is typical, very

dark, dull and dank with fog. Our Mag. is not very interesting, but you shall have a number or two to cheer you up a bit. Church matters are not very pleasant anywhere, but our hope is in our GOD. The past is our sanctuary, the present our opportunity, and the future our hope."

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In the spring of 1902 Stanton accompanied his friend, Mr. Sidney, on a trip to Spain, and wrote as follows to his sister :—

" Cordova,  
March 12, 1902.

" I got your letter all right that you wrote to Madrid. We've had two beautiful warm sunny days here. This is the most wonderful place conceivable. The Cathedral a great Mosque, with a Choir built by the Christians in the middle of it.

The High Mass is splendidly done every day and the treasury is perfectly splendid. It is full of Moorish work, and altogether the 'most curiourest' place imaginable. The houses have little 'patios' or inner courts, full of flowers, etc.

I think I shall like this better than Seville . . . There we stay a week and then work home.

I like Spain and the people far better than I thought I should, but it is all very funny to an Englishman."

*To the same.*

" Seville,  
March 17, 1902.

" We are going to stay Holy Week after all.

It is very expensive as all things are double in price, but it seems a pity to be here and go away just when the week of weeks here begins.

The Cathedral is very magnificent and the Services grander even than at Cordova, all the old Mediæval ceremonies that were in use in our Cathedrals, and all the old chants being used. They have never altered. The weather is hot in the day and cool at night, there has not been a cloud for eight days.

Spain is so unlike anything else that it is very amusing. Nothing but sacred subjects are allowed now at the theatres. We went to one and were astonished. The place was crowded to see scenes from the Passion of our LORD put on the stage.

The acting was not bad and quite reverent, but the rage of the people at Judas and Pilate, and the burst of applause when Malchus' ear was cut off, took your breath away. *Personally* I dislike representing Mysteries by acting, but it is mediæval and the rough people entered into it heart and soul."

*To the same.*

" Seville,  
March 25, 1902,  
Tuesday in Holy Week.

" Let me have a letter (indicating your plans) at St. Alban's, where I shall arrive on Thursday next week.

The weather here is beautiful, cloudless and hot by day, cool at night. We leave for Toledo on Friday night and spend Easter Sunday there.

I like Seville very much. The Cathedral, perhaps the finest in Christendom, is so beautiful and the Services are so interesting, *e.g.* The Passion of St. Luke is being sung to-morrow at Mass, and at the right time the great white veil that hangs before the Altar is rent in twain from the top to the bottom. The Palm Sunday procession was magnificent—and on Thursday the Archbishop washes twelve poor men's feet. Meanwhile all carriages and trams stop and the streets are paraded with representations of the Passion.

We went to see the choir-boys to-day in their college, and are going to give them a great cake for Easter Sunday. They are all round us in the Cathedral and are very friendly.

These are the boys that three times a year dance before the Holy Sacrament—a relic of the joy expressed when Seville was delivered from the Moslems.

You can understand what a curious time we are having." <sup>1</sup>

In the summer of 1902 Stanton, who was a daring rather

<sup>1</sup> A year later he wrote to a friend—" I thought Seville Cathedral magnificent, and the services lacked not time, trouble, or expense; but does it do the *people* any good ? "

than a skilful cyclist, met with a tiresome accident, described in the following letters to friends :—

“ Sept. 16, 1902.

“ Unfortunately I had a bicycle accident and injured the cartilage of my knee and have been laid up for weeks and can only walk a little now, but I am under a good surgeon and *hope* one day to walk as usual. . . .

Fancy your wanting to come back to smoky, dirty London, still I who have been here 40 years can understand it. We’ve had a wretchedly cold wet summer and are all very cross about it.

We have a beautiful silver lamp now in front of our Blessed Lady’s Statue and it looks lovely. The Statue is so beautiful. I don’t think you’ve ever seen it—it is 300 years old and came from Aix la Chapelle.

Certainly you have fine holidays. Everything is larger, wider, and fuller in America and people don’t worry about one another’s religion—all that I like.

I expect you will be soon over here now—fancy finding us here just the same as when you left. What a lot of old crocks we are ! ”

“ Oct. 9, 1902.

“ Thanks for your kind letter of sympathy and reflection, but how naughty of you to end by arranging a bike-ride and making me *green* envious ; for alas ! shall I ever ride again ? A fall at my age I know to my cost is too much, and I do not suppose I shall be able to jump or run for 6 months. But I am getting on very well, so Mr. Fripp (the King’s surgeon) says ; so must be content.

What you say *in re* sympathy is very true. It is a very delicate question and as you say must be in itself a gift. Many resent ‘ the familiarity ’ of our Nonconformist Brethren, and although I’ve tried to imitate them a little I know I’ve made mistakes. Englishmen are often impenetrably reserved.”

In the spring of 1903 he was again journeying with Mr. Sidney, and wrote as follows to his sister from Cologne :—



" April 26, 1903.

" The Cathedral here is a splendid place certainly, and with some magnificent glass, but not pleasing altogether, not like our own beautiful Westminster Abbey. I expect a great treat from the Nuremberg churches, which are left *exactly the same* as when the Catholics had them, the Lutherans having altered nothing.

The Germans look so well off, and well fed, and intellectual. There are no beggars and no roughs; but they are not so interesting as the Italians; they are very 'perky' and everything is *AI* and up to the mark."

The following letters belong to the period which we have now reached.

*A. H. S. to his Sister.*

" Assumption B. V. M., 1903.

" It is very healthy in London, regularly washed and cool, none of the usual autumn epidemics. . . .

A dear lady writes, à propos of my saying that GOD put the late Pope<sup>1</sup> in his place, that I know very well—as well as she does—that it was the Devil.<sup>2</sup> I don't know her address, or else I might tell her she tends to Gnosticism, and that the Scripture says: 'God ordereth all things in Heaven and Earth.' "

<sup>1</sup> Leo XIII. died July 20, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> Here is the letter:—

" SIR,

I am amazed to read in the *English Churchman* that you declared on Sunday from the pulpit that the late pope was sent by God, and placed by God in the position he occupied.

This fearful lie will be fully required of you. To blaspheme the Almighty in this way is most shocking. The writer of this is very certain you cannot be ignorant of the origin of the Papal system who is the devil, and yet you proclaim it to be the work of God Almighty.

I am fully acquainted with the Roman Catholic religion, and while loving all the poor deluded men, I abhor the system. I draw the line however at those men like yourself who *knowing* the *truth*, teach a lie.

Some day, shortly, may God grant it, for He says the days of such falling away as we now see *shall* be shortened, you will bitterly repent your words. I can only wonder that no voice was raised in protest.

May our Lord soon return to deal with all such false shepherds as yourself."

To G. W. E. R.

"St. Thomas' Day, 1903.

"I always bear you on my heart. Only this—Don't lose the sound of the roll of Jordan's wave, or the expectation of the sweet smile of the Saviour on 'the other side.'"

To his Sister.

"Feb. 19, 1904.

"What with Joe, and the Education Bill, the Liberals will have a 'look in,' if not a 'walk over.'<sup>1</sup> I only hope that Russia won't overwhelm Japan when the summer comes. The whole thing is simply Hell on Earth.

Mind you keep well, which is more to the point, and don't expose yourself to the March winds. To-day the weather is beautiful."

Space must be found for this brief correspondence—

"Delagoa Bay, March 16, 1905.

"REVND. FATHER :

In order to publish the completest collection possible of posterior hommages sent to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. I beg your Reverence the favour to give order to send me a copy of the funeral prayer pronounced by your Reverence on the occasion of the obsequies of the aforesaid Pontiff.<sup>2</sup> Also the respective authorisation to publish them with others. Thanking your Reverence I confess myself extremely grateful.

I remain Reverend Father,

Your humble servant,

ANTONIO MONTINHO.

Bp. de Capo Verde."

"April 16, 1905.

"MOST REVEREND SIR,

In answer to your communication of March 16 I beg to enclose a short résumé of a sermon which I preached in this church on the Sunday following the death of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Chamberlain was now preaching Tariff Reform, and the Conservative Education Bill was thought unpopular.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 248.

The Prayers used on that occasion were the ordinary prayers of the Church.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this résumé.

Praying that the blessing of GOD may rest upon your work for CHRIST,

I beg to remain,  
Most Reverend Father,  
Your obedient servant,  
ARTHUR H. STANTON."

["Of the late Pope Leo XIII. most Englishmen will admit 'he was a man sent from God.' And not only sent by GOD—but by GOD placed in this high position. So considerately and meekly has he carried his high office that the name of 'Pope' seemed during his Pontificate, no longer to arouse the antagonism it used to do, and instead to suggest lofty ideals and Christian courage.

His personality, strong and attractive, challenged our littleness, his powers of mind our respect, and his goodness, which is the gift of the grace of GOD, our love. Such a life as his redeems the commonplace of the day in which we live."]

*A. H. S. to a Friend in Canada.*

"Nov. 6, 1905.

"I am sorry you are so *triste* and low, for you seem to me always to do well, and we cannot have it as we like in this world. I often wish I had experienced a winter in Canada—a winter in London is so gloomy, dull, and uninteresting to any one that gets pleasure from the winds and their ways. I have got a barometer which marks every form itself and it is a great toy for me—you will see it in June (GOD willing).

The States, in many ways are very nice and I always liked the American people, they seemed to me so generous-hearted and there is not that pernicious cliquedom that there is in this worn out old country, at least so it seemed to me.

We had a crammed All Souls', and not a bad service and a pretty sermon from a Mr. Magee, son of the late Bishop of Peterborough. I hope St. Alban's is as flourishing as usual and doing work for CHRIST and witnessing for the old Faith, Catholic and Evangelical.

I preached in a Baptist Church to 400 men the other day and gave them the Catholic side of things straight and hot, and the minister thanked me.<sup>1</sup>

Cheer up, you have your Saviour and in Him all things are yours, and HE Who made and redeemed you loves you better than anyone else ever can—think of this in your next Communion for it is a Blessed Truth."

*To B. F. Williams.*

"Easter Eve, April 14, 1906.

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,

. . . How can I come away with you, dear old heart? Why, I have a home and sisters at Stroud gaping for me. All the time I can get away from here I must spend with them; but you are an old dear to wish to have such a worn-out old fossil with you.

All these 'olds' because you call me 'old father.'"

*To his Sister.*

"May 7, 1906.

"Everybody here is excited about the Education Bill except me. I think National and Compulsory Education must be secular, and with facilities for the denominations to add their particular tenets. My objection to *this* Bill is that it subsidizes Undenominationalism."

*To the same.*

"June 21, 1906.

"We are indeed old; but what does it matter! If we live on, the price we pay is to see all we love die off, and so we get loosed, 'GOD having provided some better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.'"

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A clergyman supplies the following reminiscence:—"It was in the Hilary Term of 1906 or 1907, I think, that among the notices of the meetings of a society known at Oxford as the '*De Rebus Ecclesiasticis*' appeared the statement that on a certain day Father Stanton would speak on his 'Recollections of St.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. F. C. Spurr, of Maze Pond, Old Kent Road.

Alban's, Holborn.' The 'society' was a formless thing, without rules of membership or list of members ; it had two undergraduate Secretaries who sent its list of meetings to graduates and undergraduates, who were supposed to be interested in Church matters. I was myself by that time a graduate and in Orders, and I remember asking one of the Pusey House clergy a day before the meeting whether he was going to it. 'No, I'm not,' he said ; 'none of us are. Stanton doesn't like clergymen at these things, and he'll be best pleased if we stay away.' Undaunted by my friend's warning, I made my way after Hall to St. John's. The meeting was held in the rooms of Jack Romanes :<sup>1</sup> a big, panelled room in the inner quad., and though I was in pretty good time, when I got there the room was packed with men. All the chairs and the window-seats were full. I managed to get a place on the floor where a man's boot-toe kept kicking the back of my head. It was not a comfortable seat, but I wouldn't have missed that evening for a great deal. At a few minutes before the time for the meeting to begin Fr. Stanton came in, very quickly, and sat down in an arm-chair close to the fire. There was the usual awkward pause, and then a nervous Secretary got up, and after a few halting words of introduction said we were ready for Fr. Stanton's paper. Stanton—I can see him now—took out of his pocket a well-worn Bible and said, 'I wonder whether you'll mind my sitting down while I talk to you : I'm getting an old man, and it comes easiest to talk sitting down,' And then he turned over the pages of his Bible and said, 'I'm going to talk to you from the first chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter, 18th to part of the 20th verse.' I can hear him now repeating over again the last words of his text, dwelling on, rather drawling, them in that delightful way of his, 'fore-ordained before the foundation of the world.' I can only describe the effect of such an exordium as a most sudden and utterly unlooked-for shock. To a man, we had come to hear a shower of jokes and funny stories, accounts of his dealings with Bishops and the like—and then to be treated to a text ! Stanton was apparently quite unconscious of what was expected, for he went on at once to speak of the Precious Blood as the Apostle wrote of It, and launched out into one of the most searching and impressive Gospel sermons I have ever

<sup>1</sup> Now (1917) Lieutenant F. J. Romanes, King Edward's Horse.

heard in a fairly wide experience. It was a most direct and tender appeal, passionately earnest, marked by his familiar mannerisms (so far as an arm-chair permitted), and every word of it arresting. Phrases of it, quite disconnected, linger in my mind: they are hardly worth recording, for they give no idea of the sermon's power, but here they are for what they are worth:

" ' Some people think our religion began with Henry VIII. Oh no ' (shaking his head); ' we want a religion older than that. We want the old Catholic Church. We want to go right back to the Lord Jesus Himself—"foreordained before the foundation of the world." ' Then later: ' Ah, well, you'll think all this that I've been saying to you is very old-fashioned Gospel. Well, you see I come from Holborn. And the New Theology comes from Holborn. Now I don't want to say anything unkind about Mr. Campbell,<sup>1</sup> he's said some very kind things about me, but I do say this to you, "No man having drunk the old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith" ' (and the speaker's face lighted up) "the old is better." ' There was another passage in which he was speaking of the Precious Blood being shed *sub specie æternitatis*, and not to the ticking of a clock, and how we must get into the habit of looking at things in that way; illustrating it by the joy it was to him as he sat in his room in the Clergy House to get a glimpse of the sky, with its sense of illimitableness, and how it helped him to see things *sub specie æternitatis*. And then as he was closing, ' Now, my dear boys, some of you I know are going to be priests. Now when you are priests teach your people to love the Lord Jesus. Don't teach them to be Church-of-England; teach them to love the Lord Jesus Christ.' "

" If the beginning had been unexpected, not less so was the end. ' Now,' he said, ' will you all stand up while I say a prayer? ' and we scrambled to our feet, and Stanton stood and prayed extempore in the most simple and moving way; prayed that we might know the power of the Precious Blood and the love of the Lord Jesus. "

" It was the most amazing *De Rebus* meeting, I imagine, before or since. For myself I can only say that I was almost gasping. For he had kept our attention rigid, even strained,

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. R. J. Campbell, then minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, and author of "The New Theology."



for more than forty minutes, and after such a sermon and such a prayer one wanted to be alone for a bit. I remember the Secretary, more nervous than ever, getting up and in the formal way at such meetings thanking Stanton for his paper and saying that if any one wished to ask him any questions about it, he was sure Stanton would answer them. It was curiously grotesque, as if any one could ask questions in the Oxford debating-society manner about such a sermon. I remember Stanton saying, 'Oh, I don't know about answering questions about Theology. If you want questions answered about Theology, you'd better go across the road to Pusey House; they know all about it there.' Of course no one dreamed of asking questions, and we sat on, awkward and embarrassed, and as the prophets say 'astonied,' until at length some one with more wits than his fellows rose and said, 'Would Fr. Stanton tell us something about his work at St. Alban's?' That worked like magic, for Stanton immediately replied, 'Oh yes, I can tell you about the work at St. Alban's. I can tell you about my boys.' And then he began: and once again I am powerless to reproduce the effect of that experience: he passed from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the grave to the gay, more swiftly than any man I have ever heard: at one moment a lump was in your throat with the amazing pathos of his story, at the next you were laughing at the quip of some street-Arab. Stanton began about his boys. 'We meet,' he said, 'on Sunday evenings at 6. We meet in a room underground: the sort of language we use sounds best underground. We don't play any games; the only game they know is to spit into the fire: we just sit round the fireplace. One Palm Sunday,' he said, 'we were doing that, and suddenly one of them said, "Come for a 'oliday wiv us a Friday, farver"' (he reproduced the Cockney accent). 'I said, "No, I can't come with you on Friday. Do you know what next Friday is?" And they said, "Yuss, it's a Bank 'oliday, ain't it?" And I said, "Yes, it's a Bank Holiday, but it's Good Friday; it's the day our dear Lord died for us." Then they said, after a pause, "Well, what would you like us to do a Friday?" And I replied, "Well, I should like you to come to church." And they replied at once: "So we will if you'll give us a 'ot cross bun." I said, "Oh yes, I'll give you a hot cross bun." As a matter of fact, I got the Sisters to

provide 2 hot cross buns each for them (I can't imagine how they managed to eat 'em) and a glass of milk, and they all turned up, clean and tidy as I'd never seen 'em before, and then they all marched into church, into a front row, and all knelt down (I can't imagine who'd taught them; I hadn't), and one of the good Sisters who saw them said, "Oh, look at those rough lads! That's Fr. Stanton's influence." It wasn't my influence at all; it was the influence of the buns and the glass of milk. Then the service began, and we had that Litany of Monro's ["The Story of the Cross"], and they all sang it: and when we got to the last section beginning—

" 'Oh, I will follow Thee,  
Star of my soul,  
Through the deep shades of life  
To the goal,

they all sang the last word as "*gaol*"—and upon my word before the next Good Friday every one of 'em had been in gaol.

" 'Ah yes,' he said, 'those lads. A year or two ago the sister of our Vicar came up to spend some time with him in December. She wanted to have a Christmas at St. Alban's, and especially to see "dear Father Stanton's lads." I'm always a little suspicious whenever any one asks to see my lads. However, she arranged to come to see them on Boxing Day, of all days. Now on Boxing Day in Holborn all the Public Houses are open and give free drinks to all comers, and by the afternoon of Boxing Day they'd all been round there. And Miss Suckling came, bringing with her the most beautiful boxes of sweets for "Father Stanton's lads." I draw a veil over what followed: they threw the sweets about, and I don't know what they did! I never dared to say a word about it again to Miss Suckling, and she never said a word on the subject to me till she was going home again at Candlemas. Then she came to say good-bye, and as she did so she said, "Well, I think the thing that has encouraged me most has been the sight of your boys." I looked at her: and she said, "Yes, I've been working with the boys in a Suffolk village now for 30 years, and when I came to London in December I'd decided that it was quite hopeless, and that I'd give it up. But when I'd seen your boys, all I can say is mine are like angels by the side of them, so I'm going on."

“ ‘ Ah,’ he said, ‘ yet they can be very amusing too, the little London boys. One day I was feeling very down in the mouth, and as I walked into Baldwin’s Gardens there was a little boy whistling away as merrily as a bird sings. And I said, “ Ah, Tommy, I wish I were like you ! ” And he said, “ Well, you’ve ’ad your time, ain’t yer ? ” It was perfectly true, I had. Then I said, “ Ah, but I wish I could whistle like you.” And he replied, “ Well, so yer could if yer tried.” And I said, “ No, do you know at my age I don’t think I could frame my lips in such a way as to cause them to utter those sibilant sounds which issue so naturally from yours.” He looked up at me very gravely and said, “ Chuck it, old ’un, yer ain’t goin’ to snuff it yet.”’ Then again, ‘ Our Vicar at St. Alban’s has what you call a good presence, in fact he has a very great deal of presence’ (and Stanton imitated a stout man), ‘ and as he was walking down Brooke Street one Ash Wednesday afternoon, a little urchin rushed past him, shouting, “ ‘ Ooray ! ’ ooray ! nothin’ to eat for Forty Days, nothin’ to eat for Forty Days.”’ Talking of interruptions, he said, ‘ One morning I was very busy, and a knock came at the door, and the maid said, “ Please, sir, a man wants to see you.” So I said, “ Tell him I’m very busy and can’t see him.” Then she called up, “ Please, sir, he says he wants to see you *spiritoal*.” So I said, “ Oh, well, if he wants to see me ‘ spiritoal ’ I’ll come.” So I went down, and in the hall was a poor chap very much out at elbows. I took him into the dining-room and shut the door and said, “ Well, you want to see me spiritoal, do you. Now what is it ? ” And he said ’ (Stanton in a hoarse whisper imitating the man), “ ‘ I say, guv’nor, have yer got an old pair of trousers ? ” And I replied ’ (this also in a hoarse, confidential whisper like the visitor’s), “ ‘ Yes, I have, and I’ve got ’em on.” And then I said, “ Now what do you mean by coming round here and interrupting a busy man and saying you want to see me ‘ spiritoal ’ when you only want to beg ? ” And the man said, “ Well, look here, guv’nor, if you had nothing inside you for three days and you thought there was a silly parson round the corner what you could get something off of, don’t you think you’d have a try ? ” And I replied, “ Well, upon my word, I think I should.”’ And then A. H. S. went on, ‘ Ah, you fellows don’t know, I expect, what it’s like to have

nothing inside you for two or three days, but some of those poor chaps do, and it makes you very tender with 'em, I can tell you.'

"Then he told of his experience with one Jim Larkins. 'One Saturday I was sitting in my room at my desk, writing my sermon for the next morning, when the door burst open and some one rushed in and flung himself down into my basket-chair. I took no notice for a bit, and then I looked round and saw it was Jim Larkins, with his coat all ripped up and his trousers torn, and I said, "Whatever have you been doing?" And he replied, very hurriedly, "I took a pair of socks off a stall in the Gray's Inn Road, and a 'copper' saw me and he collared me, and I got away and run in frough the church and up here." And I said, "Well, you know you can't stay here, and you can't go out like that. I must get you some clothes anyhow." So I went across to the Sisters and got him some clothes, and he put 'em on and went away. Then I went on with my sermon. Presently a knock came at the door, and the maid said, "Please, sir, there's a p'liceman to see you, in the hall." And so I got up and put on my biretta and went down into the hall, and there sure enough was a great fat policeman' (Stanton puffed himself out to illustrate him). 'I said, "Well, constable, what do you want with me?" He said, "Beg your pardon, sir, but a lad of the name of Larkins has stolen some socks from the Gray's Inn Road, and has been traced to this house, sir, and I should be glad if you'll tell me where he's gone." So I looked hard at the policeman, and I said, "Now, look here, constable, I've got to preach to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, and I've some other things to do before that. I'll tell you what : if you'll preach for me to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and do the other things I've got to do that day for me, then I'll do your work for you. See?' And then Stanton, with a quaint look, said, 'What else could I say?' [I remember a priggish lay tutor being much shocked at hearing of this story and saying, 'I gather, then, that the clergy of that church spend their time in compounding felonies.'] And Stanton continued, 'Ah yes, poor Jim Larkins. Not long after I got a note from the master of the Holborn Infirmary saying Larkins was ill with pneumonia, and would I come and break it to him. So I went and there he was. And when I'd

been there a bit, I said, "Jim, dear boy, you've had a rough time of it; you've never had a home; you've never learned a trade; you've been bucketed about from one thing to another; you've been in and out of prison; and now I want to tell you that the good God is going to take you home to be with Him." And he looked up into my face and said, "Well that's all right, ain't it, Farver?" And I said, "Well, dear boy, if you think it's all right, then it will be all right." And then, I hardly know how to tell you, but he put his arms up round my neck and pulled my face down and kissed me. And after that I couldn't say any more. And next time I went he was gone.' Then, after a pause, 'Ah, those lads, they've a great sense of "Gawd," as they call Him: but, mind you, it's not an easy thing to have to tell a man suddenly that he's dying and to know what to say to him when there's very little time. I'll tell you this story in case any of you have to do that. One of our district-visitors was visiting at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street one day, and a nurse came up and said, "There's a boy from your parish dying—he's only 13, and I don't think he knows anything. Could you come and speak to him and tell him?" So the lady went, and she bent over the bed and said, "Sonny, God made you, God loves you, and God came down from Heaven and died for you, and now He's going to take you home to be with Him for ever." And the little chap looked up and said, "Say it again, lady, please." So she said, "God made you, and God loves you, and God came down from Heaven and died for you, and now He's going to take you home to be with Him for ever." And he said, "Say it again, please." So she said it once more. And then the little fellow pulled himself up by the rope at the bed-foot and said, "Then thank Him for me, please," and fell back on the pillow, dead. Now,' Stanton said, 'what can you want more than a death like that? Perfect faith, perfect trust.'

"At last the meeting broke up. It lives in my mind out of all the meetings I have ever been to (I have had my full share of them), as the one meeting to which I am enormously thankful to have gone."





*Photo: H. Chappelow.]*

FATHER STANTON PREACHING IN THE CHURCHYARD OF PAINSWICK ON "CLIPPING SUNDAY."





## CHAPTER VII

### THE RECOGNITION OF AN APOSTOLATE

IN the Session of 1904 the Conservative Government, hard pressed by their Puritan supporters, consented to appoint a Royal Commission on Ritualism. This Commission was directed "to enquire into the alleged prevalence of breaches or neglect of the Law relating to the conduct of Divine Service in the Church of England, and to the ornaments and fittings of churches; and to consider the existing powers and procedure applicable to such irregularities." The Commission sat for two years, and reported on the 21st of June, 1906. The only point in the Report with which this book has any concern is to be found under the head of "Manuals." By a considerable stretch of their terms of reference, the Commissioners made it their business to examine and report upon several books of private devotion which had been brought under their notice by Puritan agitators. Among these books they assigned the most conspicuous place to "*Catholic Prayers for Church of England People*, 6th edition (21st thousand), 1904." "The preface," they said, "is signed 'A. H. S.'; and the book is advertised by the publishers to be by the Rev. A. H. Stanton, Curate of St. Alban's, Holborn."<sup>1</sup> They then gave a detailed analysis of its contents, and, in the chapter of their Report dealing with "Causes of the failure to check irregularities," they inserted this significant paragraph: "The control of a Bishop over the curates of his diocese is, we need not say, very much greater than in the case of incumbents, and is no doubt exercised to a greater extent than the public realize. Some instances of the exercise of this control occur in the evidence. On the other hand, we have difficulty in understanding how, for example, the

<sup>1</sup> This was a mistake. Stanton contributed the Preface, but the book was compiled by another priest.

author of *Catholic Prayers for Church of England People*—described by the present Bishop of London<sup>1</sup> as ‘a thoroughly disloyal work’—has been allowed to hold a licence in the Diocese of London under successive Bishops, without being required to withdraw the book from circulation.”

On the 3rd of November, 1906, Stanton wrote to a clergyman—

“I am defending ‘Catholic Prayers’ to the Bishop of London, the Royal Commission having recommended the removal of my licence. The defence is at bad odds, in the Establishment, ain’t it?”

And again on the 6th—

“*In re* ‘Catholic Prayers’ I have written to the Bishop pointing out his heresies about B.V.M. and telling him I had full right to ask Saints as well as sinners to pray for me, and pointing out that ‘Catholic Prayers’ was published in the interests of Anglicanism and was not disloyal to the Bible, and asking him to tell the Royal Commission that their recommendation was ‘a little too late in the day.’ This I follow up with withdrawing my name and preface, in deference to his wish—as my Bishop. If this doesn’t do, nothing will, I think.”

Meanwhile the gratuitous insult levelled by the Royal Commission at Stanton was producing some unlooked-for consequences. Among the men who frequented his Monday Evening Services there had long been growing up a desire to testify in some unmistakable fashion their gratitude for spiritual benefits received. A chaplain in the Royal Navy writes: “I used to hear him on Monday evenings, and when one felt right down in the very depths, his words and his smile would bring one back to faith and hope. And one always felt that he spoke from real experience: ‘He remembereth that we are but dust. You can’t expect dust to be always up to the mark!’”

The Report of the Royal Commission helped to convert what had been a vague desire into a definite resolve; but those who first suggested that an Address of appreciation

<sup>1</sup> A. F. Winnington-Ingram.

and gratitude should be presented to Stanton had no notion that so small a fire would kindle so great a matter. The subject was broached after one of the Monday Evening Services in Advent, 1906, and no more was contemplated at the moment than that the men who had found these Services helpful and inspiring should make an opportunity of saying so, and of thanking God for them, and of thanking the man through whom God gave His gifts. The following Address was prepared and adopted at that time and for that purpose :—

“DEAR FATHER STANTON,

The signatures which follow this are the names of some only of a large body of men who count themselves deeply indebted to you for your teaching and influence at St. Alban's, Holborn, in particular, but also in many other churches.

For some time there has been an impression amongst us that you could only imperfectly know how singularly helpful these services have been to us. Year after year we have listened to and profited by your words, and our appreciation and gratitude for them has grown until we can no longer keep silence, but, simply, for our own relief, must tell you, in the simplest and most direct way we can, just what we feel. Your labour of love on our behalf has not been a wasted labour ; it has done great good to many people, in particular to many men, who thank God for having given them the opportunity of knowing you. It has been not only the charm of your speech which has drawn us to you, but, what is of course of far higher value—the depth and reality of your religious teaching, your devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, and your conspicuous ability to enter with sympathy into our thoughts and needs, and into all that which at this time makes faith and life difficult for men.

We do not forget that there are women, in numbers not less than our own, who share our gratitude to you, and who would like, if opportunity were given, to express that gratitude, but it seems to us that your message has been pre-eminently a message to men, and has proved itself pre-eminently serviceable to men. For this reason we have kept this expression of appreciation and thanks to the men only who have profited by your ministry.

Accept, dear Father Stanton, the heartfelt gratitude and

prayers of us all, of those of us whom you know personally, and of many more whom you can never know ; and believe us to remain,

Your greatly obliged and affectionate friends."

It should be remembered that the Address was drawn up for a much simpler purpose than that which it ultimately served. It was for the "Monday Evening men," and the first two or three hundred signatures were exclusively theirs. In time, however, the rumour of the proposal spread, and other men who were not within reach of St. Alban's, but who counted themselves deeply indebted to Stanton, asked to be allowed to join with the promoters in an expression of love and gratitude. This was felt to be only reasonable.

The difficulty now was how to make the Address known to this wider, almost world-wide, circle of men, and this difficulty was in the event only partly overcome. For, large as was the number of signatures (over 3600), there were still many, not only in England but beyond, and especially in America, who would, assuredly, have wished to sign, but who did not even know of the existence of the Address. A dropping fire of signatures followed the announcement that the list was closed.

Quite early in the proceedings it was debated whether or no some gifts of a suitable sort should go with the Address, but after some discussion it was agreed that, in the first instance, there should be no appeal for contributions. Stanton had many friends among those to whom even pence are a serious consideration, and it was felt that he would deprecate any appeal, direct or indirect, to such as these. When, however, the signatures had in great part come in, the promoters of the scheme felt that they were at liberty to invite any who were disposed, and able, to send a donation, small or great, not with the aim of securing a large sum, but simply of raising enough to cover the cost of one or two things which Stanton might like to have for use and for remembrance. The money came in almost at once. The Address and the accompanying gifts were presented to Stanton at a public meeting, held in the Holborn Town Hall on the evening of June 26, 1907.

Long before the advertised hour, a queue of men stretched from the door, along Gray's Inn Road, waiting patiently ;

and, as soon as the doors were opened, they poured into the Hall, and quickly filled every one of the 650 chairs, leaving about a hundred to stand at the end or the sides. The present writer presided. The Mayor of Holborn sate side by side on the platform with the clergy of St. Alban's, churchwardens, and sidesmen. There were representatives of the Brotherhood of Jesus of Nazareth and of St. Martin's League; and two Nonconformist ministers participated, either by speech or by letter, in the proceedings. The Chairman, in the course of his speech after presenting the Address, spoke as follows:—"Not long ago I read with some care, and not a little amusement, the Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline. (Loud laughter.) I found, amongst a great deal else that was interesting, a statement that the Commissioners 'have difficulty in understanding' why Mr. Stanton has been, under several successive Bishops of London, still allowed to officiate at St. Alban's, Holborn. (Renewed laughter.) These grave and learned men 'have difficulty in understanding' what to us is plain enough. It would be a work of charity and mercy if we were to try and enlighten them. Let me, therefore, tell them, as plainly as I can, the reason why all these years Father Stanton has continued, under successive Bishops, to officiate at St. Alban's. It is the fact that it is very well known that any attempt to harass him, or to interfere with the exercise of his ministry, would arouse such an agitation as would penetrate to the quiet lawns of Fulham Palace—(prolonged cheering)—which might shake the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth Palace—(cheers)—and might even administer uncomfortable shocks to that idol of Establishment, to which Anglican Bishops are inclined to pay an almost superstitious worship. (Renewed cheering.)

"With the best will in the world to be respectful to my superiors and just to all men, I cannot help feeling that this remark in the Report of the Royal Commission was intended as a twofold insult. It was an insult to our friend who sits on my right, and it was an insult to the excellent Bishop who now presides over the See of London. (Applause.) As Christian men and ministers of the Gospel, the Bishop and Mr. Stanton would not wish that insult to be avenged; but our answer to it is the gathering of to-night. (Applause.)

"Now I come to the conclusion of my business. In a



moment I shall ask Father Stanton to accept at our hands a picture of that glorious Cathedral in which he was admitted to the priesthood; a picture of the Altar at which during all these years he has exercised that priesthood; and this Chalice and the accompanying Paten, which we hope for many a long year to come may be associated with his ministry at the Altar of St. Alban's." (Applause.)

The Chairman then presented the gifts, with the following words: "And now, reverend Father, dear and honoured friend, we ask you to accept these gifts; and we also ask that you will sometimes remember the givers when you offer the Holy Things in the Holy Place. And, when the changes and chances, when the joys and sorrows, of this chequered life are over, may we all meet once more, and meet for ever, in the eternal blessedness.

'Fame hath a fleeting breath;  
Hopes may be frail or fond;  
But Love shall be Love till death,  
And perhaps beyond.'"<sup>1</sup>

*The Chairman.*—"I will now call upon Father Stanton to reply."

*Father Stanton.*—"Mr. Chairman, fellow-men, I want just to thank you all for your presence here to-night, and for your beautiful presents. As regards the pictures, I should like you to know that they are done by an artist who, I think, is the very best artist for drawing dear old London that London possesses.<sup>2</sup> About this beautiful chalice, I should like to say this: it is a beautiful Renaissance chalice, and it shall be used, I hope, at St. Alban's at High Mass on great festivals, and as I use it I hope to remember you all and this occasion.

"Now in what I am going to say to you, I wish you to understand that I say it because it gives significance to this most extraordinary meeting. In the year 1862, Bishop Tait, just about this time of year, said to me, 'If, Stanton, you go to Mackonochie of St. Alban's, you must never expect any Church preferment.' I never have. (Great cheering.) It is perfectly true that one living, only one, has been offered to me, and that came from Chicago. It was a good living.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. A. C. Benson.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. W. Walcot.

It was £1000 a year, and a house, and all my expenses paid with American generosity. My refusal was on two grounds. First, I said, I was too old, for you cannot transplant a tree when it is of many years' growth. And secondly, I have made such a mess of it in the Anglican Church, that I could not go and make the same trouble in the American Church. (Renewed laughter.) No sooner was I ordained—while I was a Deacon—than my troubles began. A Scripture-Reader represented my teaching and action to Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, and made certain charges, which were so absurd in themselves, that Dr. Tait told me he could not consider them—only I was to look out, for they were watching me. (Laughter.) After I was ordained, two of the chaplains of a Garrison Town asked me to preach a Mission to the soldiers, which I did. I threw all my heart and soul into the Mission, and we had some success. But the dreadful thing about the Mission was this, that some few of the soldiers came to Confession and Communion, and—as was reported in a city church, when the Archdeacon asked whether any availed themselves of the privilege of private prayer in the church, which was open for the purpose, the vergers said, 'Not many, but,' he added, 'I "ketched" two at it once'—(great laughter)—so it happened at the Mission. Those who made their confessions were, I suppose, 'ketched' at it. At any rate, it was reported to the Chaplain-General, who sent to me and told me that henceforth and for ever I was never to preach again in a Garrison Chapel.

"Well, I took this very much to heart, for I had put all my soul into the Mission. And then, for the first time, I asked myself, 'Am I right in ministering at all in the Established Church?' Then came to my rescue the kindness, the consideration, of my people at St. Alban's, Holborn. It healed the wound, and I went on again.

"Then, as some of you know, there came another great trial to me. Forgive me speaking about myself, but it emphasizes the reason of your being here. Mr. Mackonochie was suspended, and that brought me into direct relations, as Curate in Charge, with the Bishop, who ordered that nothing should be worn at Divine service over the cassock but the surplice, and we at St. Alban's went to Mass every Sunday at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane. I don't know why it was, but

that seemed to be a very wicked thing to do, and the Press made it rather hot for me, because they talked about a wily curate having got round a poor simple Bishop. (Loud laughter.) After that I was continually prohibited or inhibited. The Bishop of London prohibited me from preaching anywhere but at St. Alban's; the Bishop of Gloucester inhibited me; the Bishop of Rochester inhibited me. (The Chairman: 'Llandaff.') Yes, the Bishop of Llandaff as well. I remember sitting round a table one day, when we at St. Alban's asked ourselves plainly this question, 'Can we go on?' 'Is it possible?' And then again the old thing came back—the consideration and the love and the help of the people who supported us; and on we went again. (Applause.)

"But, mind you, never from that moment have I preached a Mission, and never taken a Retreat. I never could think again that I should consider myself a prophet in the Anglican Israel. I felt I must keep as quiet as I could, and do all that I could for St. Alban's, Holborn, and that was to be my ministry. Mind you, I could give a Retreat, you know. (Laughter.) At the last one I ever took I had sixty old women, and the food was very good, and the weather was very hot, and we were very sleepy; so I made the Retreat as lively as I could to keep 'em awake. When it was over a Sister asked one of the old women, 'How did you like the Reverend Father's Retreat?' 'Oh,' she said, 'it was beautiful; it was better than the "theayter."' (Roars of laughter.) I tell you that story to show you that it was not from any inability, but I did not wish after what had been done in any sense to come forward as a prophet in Israel. I have never stood on a polemical platform since that.

"Then, you know, I threw myself with all my heart and soul into my Postmen's League. (Applause.) People didn't quite understand why it was the League was rather social than clerical, and I got a little soured by the perpetual religious controversy; but the kindness and friendliness of the old St. Martin's League put me right again. Well, then, this next trouble that came upon me, when I thought everything was going on all right, when everybody was kind to me, and all you people came to my Monday Evening services—(applause)—there is one thing I hope you will never forget; there is nothing so inspiring to a man as to meet his fellow-men in

this way—everything was going well till one evening, when I was taking a class, I was told a reporter wanted to see me. I went down, and he said, ‘Have you heard about the Royal Commission?’ I said: ‘Well, I have heard about it, but I don’t care anything about it.’ (Laughter and applause.) Then three more came, and I began to get a little irritated. One shouted up: ‘Well, but supposing they turn you out of the Church, what are you going to do?’ And then I *did* shout down: ‘Sell cats’-meat.’ (Loud laughter.)

“Well, of course, as you know, the Bishop of London sent for me. He was exceedingly kind. It never entered into his head for one moment to take away my licence—(applause)—and he knew perfectly well that, as far as I was concerned, he might throw me out to fill the maw of the Protestant wolf, rather than that he should be torn to pieces. He would not think of it for a moment. But he asked me to withdraw my name from the preface of the little book, *Catholic Prayers*, which, it seems, had brought me into trouble. Of course, I consented. But I did say this to him: ‘You may think *Catholic Prayers* disloyal to the principles of the Reformation and to the Advertisements of Elizabeth, but this I will say to you about the book—there is not one single word in it against the inspiration of the Word of God—(applause)—there is not one word in it against the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin Mary—(applause)—there is not one word in it against the Atonement of our Blessed Lord and Saviour on the Cross, or His Resurrection; nor is there a word in it against the Sacraments or the Saints.’ (Applause.)

“But, of course, I could not help feeling it, and sometimes, as the shadows of life begin to gather round me, I ask myself, as every man in my place would ask himself, ‘Well, now, *am* I right? Why should I be right and the others wrong?’ There are always moments when a man asks himself those questions when he has passed through vicissitudes like those I have named, and been inhibited over and over again.

“And so it is that a meeting like this is an assurance which I shall carry with me to my very end. (Prolonged applause.) Mind you, there is nothing in the whole world like flesh and blood to help a man on, and a living heart of love. This is a remarkable meeting, and you must account

for it. There you are come together ; and here am I—nothing but a miserable curate. ('No, no,' and laughter.) Why should you come ? I have not 'kidded' you. (Laughter.) What is it ? I will tell you what it is.

"Don't make any mistake. Why are you here like this, to do me this honour and to show your love for me ?" It is because God has given me something better than emolument and far better than position. God has given to me, blessed be His Holy Name, the love of my fellow-men. (Applause.) And *Amor vincit omnia*—love conquers everything—and the one verse in God's Holy Word that I pick out, which I should like to be written over my grave, is this : 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men.' (Applause.) Those words lie at the bottom of all credal and social difficulties and differences, to unite all men together. It is blood and heart that make men one ; for love ever, as you can see it to-night, is reciprocal, and the words I should like to end with are Lowell's :

'He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done,  
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free,  
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea ;  
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,  
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.'

"So I end with the words of St. Paul, in the Fourth Chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians : 'Therefore, my brethren' (do not forget the *my*), 'dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.' " (Prolonged applause.)

At the close of the meeting, there were many who gathered round the platform to try and get a grip of Stanton's hand, and, outside the Hall, in Gray's Inn Road, a great crowd was waiting, which cheered him again and again, and followed him, still cheering, until from a quick walk he broke into a run, and gained at last the shelter of the Clergy House. Even here the crowd tried to bring him to his window, but in vain, and the day was over.

The following impressions of this remarkable evening were recorded by the present writer :—



"I am asked to give my 'impressions' of the gathering in Holborn Town Hall on Wednesday evening, June 26, 1907; and the task is easy enough. It was the most successful gathering of the kind that I have ever seen. The organization was perfect. The business went with a swing from start to finish. There was not a solitary hitch, nor a dull moment, nor a discordant note. The atmosphere, though heavily charged with emotion, was radiant and joyous. Everyone was happy; everyone was in earnest; everyone meant every word he said. As far as I could judge, the speakers were in spiritual touch with the whole company of hearers, and spoke from heart to heart; while the hearers, on their part, supported the speakers, and bore them along by the force of a vivid and uplifting sympathy. I called it at the outset of the proceedings a religious gathering, and so it was; and, just because it was perfectly religious, it was frankly human. Deep in every heart was the consciousness that, by the good hand of our God upon us, we were allowed the opportunity, which so seldom comes, of telling a tried and loved and honoured friend, freely and to his face, something of what we had felt for him and had owed to him for twenty and thirty and forty years. It was, in every sense of the words, *a night to be much observed, and observed unto the Lord.*

"Here perhaps a personal reminiscence may be admitted. A few years ago, I said in a letter to Mr. Stanton: 'If you were to die, you would have the most wonderful funeral that a clergyman ever had.' My special thankfulness is that we have been enabled to offer, not posthumous honours and unavailing tributes, but living love to a living friend.

"As I gazed upon the great assemblage, and felt what it must mean to him whose name had brought us together, there came back upon my memory some words which Mr. Gladstone wrote, years ago, upon a similar occasion, and which may well serve to epitomize and conclude my 'impressions' of the gathering: 'It makes the heart bound to feel that, even in this poor world, Truth and Justice sometimes claim their own; and I thank God that it has not been in the power of jealousy, or cowardice, or spite, "or any other" evil "creature," to detract one jot from the glory of that truly great ministry, the records of which have been written alike



in the visible, outward, history of the Church, and in the fleshy tables of the heart of man.' ”

The proceedings of this memorable evening left a permanent mark on Arthur Stanton. Those who have observed his character, as revealed in his correspondence, will have realized that he was by temperament liable to very dark moods. Like most people whose spirits are, in cheerful circumstances, abnormally high, he often gave way to exaggerated gloom. At these times, he would sit, for long spaces, in a moody silence, apparently chewing the cud of very bitter fancies. His overburdened spirit would find vent in strenuous indictments of things as they are, both in Church and in State ; and, as regards himself, he would protest with vehemence that his whole life had been a mistake, and his ministry a failure.

This delusion was a distress to his friends, and they sought in vain to dispel it. But what could not be done by the best-intentioned efforts of two or three, was done, signally and effectively, by the combined testimony of three thousand. For a priest, to whom such a multitude of men affirmed that they owed their souls, to profess that his ministry had been a failure, would have been an affectation ; and affectation was a fault from which Stanton was wholly free. The Address was, I imagine, the greatest surprise of his life, but it was as great a blessing as a surprise. From thenceforth to the end of his days he knew that his ministry had been owned and honoured by God, and had brought him, in quite unusual measure, the love and trust of the souls for which he had “travailed in birth again, till Christ was formed in them.” From that day forward he was a happier man, though he was just approaching an event in his private life which he felt as a keen sorrow.

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Stanton's love of home and kindred had always been extremely strong, and, as we have seen, he was bound by special ties to the twin sisters, a year older than himself, Emily Rose and Rose Emily. “Twin Rose,” as he always called her, was now beginning to fail in health ; she could no longer busy herself as actively as before in good works, and the hilly country round her home tried her strength. When sending her a Bath chair, Stanton wrote, on the 21st of September, 1907 :

"I grieve that you must be a chair-woman now, but we are all getting into the invalid time more or less. It can't be helped. It is the inevitable. We didn't ask to be born, and we don't ask to die ; but we leave it all in GOD's Hands, Who ordereth all things in Heaven and Earth."

*To the same.*

"Jan. 2, 1908.

"No, the Time has not yet come either for you or I. Still it isn't very far off from either of us. It's a comfort to think, 'My time is in Thy Hands.' It is all settled for us, as is best. There is no rest so deep and true as this certainty."

The illness increased, and on the 13th of March he wrote to the other Twin Sister :

"I have done my preachment in the City. I told them about the poor dear Miners<sup>1</sup> who died saying—(they wrote it up in chalk)—'We are trusting CHRIST.' I thought it so pathetic I could hardly tell it. Then I went to lunch with the clergyman. . . His wife, an old lady, said—'Fifty years ago when I was at Painswick, you and your two sisters, one on each side of you, were pointed out to me.' This did for me again, and I could not eat or speak. Now I am off to Bognor, and I am going to speak to them about 'He whom *Thou lovest is sick*,' if I can get through it."

On the 7th of October he wrote thus to the invalid :—

"I am sorry but not surprised that the warm damp atmosphere tries your heart ; for every one felt it more or less, and all of us, who are getting old, are more or less victims of climatic conditions. . . .

I am sorry you couldn't get to the sea. The sea is always calling, calling, and the streams down the mountain-side hear the call, and *rush* onward, and the broad river hears the call, and moves quietly and deeply forward to the call,—the call to the ocean, where they all meet, and move no more, which seems to symbolize the love of GOD."

<sup>1</sup> The victims of a colliery explosion at Hamstead, near Birmingham.

The end came on All Souls' Day. On the 9th of November Stanton wrote to a friend—

“ My sister died a week ago, and there is a great deal for us to make up here. Our home is of course broken up more or less. The three of us were always together. It must have come sooner or later. In this case the wound goes very deep down, but I have filled all my engagements. This my dying sister asked me to do, so I am particular about it.”

On the 28th of December he wrote thus to his sister, “ Twin Emmy ”—

“ We've got over Christmas and I am pretty well, so that's all right so far. I hope you are. It all seems to have gone, with Rosy 'on the other side,' and to have lost all social interest, and we will wait and wait and wait till our summons comes, and wait quite expectantly and happily, for 'they without us shall not be made perfect.' Then we three shall be together again, GOD willing. It is only a little time, for our life is as a vapour on the mountain-side ; it is there, and then it is gone. This is a very happy thought, this Christmas and New Year, with all its eventualities, won't worry me, and I hope it won't you.”

On the first anniversary of the death he wrote—

“ The year passed doesn't seem to soften the separation, and I don't think the years will, so that we can only wait on till we all three meet again in the home prepared for us, the waiting making the idea of death much more beautiful.”

A Mission-Room for the use of the district in which his sister had worked was erected, and he bestowed great pains on the fittings and decorations. When it was completed, he wrote—

“ Now it is done and as Rosy wished it, I feel inclined to pray *Nunc dimittis*. Now may God call us to go after her when He will. I have lived now as long as she did, and have no particular wish to go on ; but all that is in His Hands, I am so glad to think.”

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At this point we may revert to some letters, on various topics, written by Stanton during the period with which we are now dealing.

*To his Sister.*

"Feb. 21, 1907.

"I hope they will settle the French Church difficulty. I can see the difficulties on both sides—the Government cannot have another government in its midst, and the Pope thinks he cannot give up the temporal position he has always insisted on, in contradiction to the LORD's declaration: 'My Kingdom is NOT of this world.' Hence the difficulty.

In a week spring will begin. What a blessing!"

*To one in three-fold bereavement.*

"Sept. 23, 1907.

"It is indeed a knock-down blow for you. . . . My poor dear fellow—Father! Mother!! and Wife!!!

Surely GOD means something for you. In all three cases you could have prayed—'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Try and feel—'Nevertheless, Thy will be done, not mine.' That is real religion—the abandonment of one's life's purposes and hope unto the Will of GOD."

*To a lady living with a Jewish family in New York.*

"Nov. 22, 1907.

"I am sorry you don't like your Jewish experiences. Mr. Cohen, a Jew in Leather Lane, is my best friend. He not only attends Church but gives me, being a fishmonger, soles and salmon, cod and oysters, turbot and lobsters, so that I am thinking a great deal of the Jews now. But there are Jews and Jews, don't forget it, and Christians and Christians. You thought you would like the States so much better than Canada. You find out the truth that it is the people you are with *makes all the difference.*"

*To a layman working in Portsmouth.*

"Jan. 16, 1908.

"I went with the S——s to dine at the —— Club last night: there were about 250. I thought of you over and over again, and of *how little we cared* for these people, dressed

up with anything and everything (one had about a million's worth of diamonds on her chest). I compared them to *our* vagabonds.

Yet GOD made these people and we ought to love them more, but education and refinement destroy all the beautiful personality which Heaven gives."

*To the same.*

"Jan. 18, 1908.

"GOD has many beautiful souls in Portsmouth as well as London, but how are you to spot them? You can't undertake anything single-handed, and there are not many who are mad with our madness; and as for the sailors, they *are* very beautiful, but not 'the outcasts of Israel,' who are so 'altogether lovely' because of THE Outcast of Israel. 'The LORD doth build up Jerusalem, and gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.' You can understand that Scripture now, and how the *real Jerusalem* is to be rebuilt. None of your beastly churches! All you can do now is to be kind to any and every poor hopeless chap that you come across." <sup>1</sup>

*To his Sister.*

"Sept. 11, 1908.

"What a storm! All the poor R. C. Congress men must have been very sick. I am sorry they are going to have the procession, as it stirs up so much controversial mud; but if the Suffragists and Salvation Army are allowed, why not they? Fair play all round. I think all such public displays in the streets should be prohibited." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A clergyman writes: "When my brother was hopelessly out at elbows, with nothing to do in London, he picked up an acquaintance with some artist (a R.C., I think) who was also 'stoney broke,' and they wandered on the Sunday morning into St. Alban's and sat at the end of the church. Stanton came down there after the sermon and spotted them as they went out, and said, 'You two chaps look down on your luck. Come in and have a talk.' Then he took them up to his room and talked to them and asked them whether they said their prayers, and besought them, whatever happened, to keep on with them. My brother told me this, and was enormously impressed. I don't think he gave them anything except cigarettes."

<sup>2</sup> The Roman Catholic "Eucharistic Congress" was held this month in London, and much excitement was caused by a proposed procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

*To a Friend.*

"Nov. 19, 1908.

"I have scabbed my knee, having fallen down getting out of a beastly motor-bus. To a man of 70 that means Be careful, as we old 'uns don't heal, and I have to go out to preach to-night."

Early in 1909, Stanton was preaching in a church not far from Windsor, and said in his sermon that, after preaching, he sometimes sat over the fire and wondered whether what he had said was true, or whether he meant all he had said. This excited a clerical brother in the congregation, who entered the pulpit after a hymn had been sung, and said that, for his own part, he never said what he did not know was true, and what he did not mean. The action was unwise, and gave offence. The offender wrote to Stanton, and expressed his regret, and received the following characteristic reply from Upfield :—

"MY DEAR FELLOW,

I know you acted conscientiously and in good faith, and I wasn't the least hurt, and only said I wanted my supper. But the preaching is a great burden now I am in my 70th year, and I have to preach here to-night and to-morrow in London.

Always yours very truly,

A. H. STANTON.

If your words were a help to others, so much the better after all."

*A. H. S. to his Sister.*

"March 8, 1909.

"Yes, this time last year we were full of fears and hopes, and hopes and fears, and the remembrance of it all is very acute.

'LORD, where Thou art our happy dead must be ;  
Unpierced as yet the Sacramental Mist,  
But we are nearest them when nearest Thee  
In solemn Eucharist.

O LORD, we crave for those gone home to Thee,  
For those who made our earthly home so fair ;  
How little may we know, how little see !  
Only that Thou art there.



Dear hands, unclasped from ours, are clasping Thee,  
 Thou holdest us for ever in Thy Heart;  
 So close the One Communion—are we  
 In very truth apart?

LORD, where Thou art our blessed dead must be,  
 And if with Thee, what then their boundless bliss!  
 Till Faith is sight, and Hope reality,  
 Love's anchorage is this.'"

*To a Church-worker in Palestine.*

"April 2, 1909.

"Thank you for the £1. It shall go into Monday evening's Collection. I am glad you have got some crumbs of manna in Egypt, but spiritually it is a wilderness. Fancy Missionaries knowing and caring nothing about our Lady's Annunciation—what missionaries!!! Why even my sailor torpedo-boat boy—whose poem is in last week's *Church Times*,<sup>1</sup> March 26—is more of a missionary.

<sup>1</sup> "The following lines were written by a sailor lad in H.M. Service on board a torpedo boat. One would think the place and circumstances of an ordinary seaman's life were not congenial to such a composition; but as Fr. Faber writes:—

'Ah grace! into unlikeliest hearts  
 It is thy boast to come.'

So we find the love of the SAVIOUR and His dear Mother, on sea and land, in the hearts of all those whom God has 'called.' He is every inch a sailor, and not a whit behind in seamanship.

A. H. S."

AVE STELLA MATUTINA.

"She hath a place prepared of God."—REV. xii. 6.

"HAIL Morning Star! through grace Divine  
 Thou Gabriel's message didst believe.  
 At last is given the promised Sign,  
 Behold! a Virgin shall conceive.  
 From thy pure heart, Salvation's Dawn  
 With hope our fallen race shall fill.  
 Swift from God's throne the angel form  
 Conveys to thee the Father's will.

Does fear appal the maiden blest,  
 That God thy Child should'st deign to be?  
 Or is there hid within thy breast  
 Some far off glimpse of Calvary?  
 Ah! Mary, speak! The courts of Heaven  
 And earth await thy answering word.  
 In meek, adoring love 'tis given,  
 'Behold! the handmaid of the Lord.'

They must be as bad as an Established Clergyman who said he wouldn't have service in his church on that day—because he didn't see that it had anything to do with our LORD. One does indeed need patience.

Things here are just as usual. It has been a dreadful March as far as weather. Every Sunday wet and very cold—but the congregations have kept up, and now and then comes a help in a soul full of the love of the SAVIOUR and His dear Mother which cheers one on the rather dreary road of Anglicanism.

I preached on the superscription over the Cross last Monday being GOD's rather than Pilate's, and next Monday it will be Gethsemane, and I am going to read them a poem by my torpedo-boat boy on it, which I think very beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

I hope you will have a happy Easter with our LORD and in Communion with Him."

*To a Friend.*

"May 1, 1909.

"I can't understand Budgets ; they are altogether beyond me, and hardly interest me at all. I have always sat very loosely by money. I have not earned it, and never considered it really mine at all, and should not mind if Budgets disposed of it. The only thing I should hate would be that any penny should go for torpedoes or destructive war-ships—all of which I think positively wicked."

Thou mystic rose, of priceless worth,  
Sweet fragrance drawing from above,  
Thy sacred name o'er this sad earth  
A message breathes of hope and love.  
O may we love thee, Mother dear,  
To whom such wondrous grace was given,  
And love to sing thy honour here,  
Uniting with the Church in Heaven.

Hail ! Holy Queen. Thy royal Son,  
Shall chase the realms of night afar,  
And generations yet unborn  
Shall bless thy light, O radiant Star,  
The standard of His Church unfurled  
Shall triumph through her darkest hour,  
Till at His feet a conquered world  
Shall glorify Messiah's power."

<sup>1</sup> The boy became a Benedictine. See pp. 279, 281, 282.

On the 21st of November, 1909, Stanton preached at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, a special Sunday evening sermon, from the three words, "Whence shall we?" (St. John vi. 5). A clergyman writes: "I was there, and so were hundreds of others. The church was full—it was very striking and splendid. He looked so unfamiliar in an M.A. hood and a black stole." In the same month he spoke as follows to an "Interviewer," who quaintly asked him if he thought that the Catholic Movement in the Church of England had done good:—

"Unquestionably I do, and I was never more sure of that than I am to-day. I see that in our own church. All the appeals of Modernism and the New Theology pass our people by as though they did not exist. I have never even had any enquiry about them."

"And you stand upon the ancient ways?"

"Yes; more firmly than ever. To me the Virgin Birth, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Sacraments, are very real indeed. I am not going to surrender a single jot or tittle of them. I do not regard them in any mystic or subjective sense. I believe heartily and without reservation that Jesus Christ was born of a Virgin, that He rose again from the dead, and that He is present in the Sacrament of the altar.

"These to me are actual historical facts. The Resurrection of Christ is a fact in history that is far better authenticated than, say, the death of Julius Cæsar.

"In fact, I go further. I say that the whole of our religious faith is bound up in an honest belief in these things as actual occurrences. If they are not true—why, then, all we could do would be to break down our altars, put aside our Orders, and cease to preach to the people."

In the same interview, after reaffirming his dislike to the union of Church and State, he spoke thus of religious education:—

"My views on this point are my own. Please mind that. I do not speak for any one else, not even for my brother-clergy at St. Alban's. But I object altogether to the State teaching religion. I would have it teach secular matters only, and leave the religious teaching entirely to the clergy, who should undertake it at their own expense.

"This is the only fair plan—fair to all. The State gives, and pays for, religious teaching which I do not regard as being

worth anything at all. It is worse than useless. Real religious teaching can only be given by the Church. And when Christ told us to go and teach, He did not mean mathematics and geography."

*A. H. S. to F. E. Sidney.*

"Jan. 3, 1910.

"We had a splendid church-ful New Year's Eve of all those 'outcasts of Israel' who build up my Jerusalem. It being Friday we were mostly sober, as our money was spent. Yesterday I distributed your sixpences to a crowd of little 'uns, with the usual remark on the wickedness of it—which was received with groans; but you were in great favour. Croft brought a huge sugared cake, and we had dancing and songs, and so all went off well, and they had a good time."

*To a Lady.*

"Jan. 9, 1910.

"Father Suckling is at Bournemouth recruiting . . . I think we are all a bit shaky now, but we must expect it. We have had our innings, and I hope have done something worth doing."

*To the same.*

"March 16, 1910.

"Thanks for your letter. I am so pleased to be the means of happiness to any one. It helps one when one is tired out and a bit dispirited.

I have sermons every day now till Easter, and only hope that the good GOD who made use of a cock crowing to bring Peter to repentance, may make use of my old cracked voice to make others love and trust and know the MASTER."

*To a Benedictine, formerly a Sailor.*

"May 4, 1910.

"Dear Billy came up with Charlie, who also in my eyes was a dear boy, and my lads cheered them as they went after tea: you know we are always very fond of sailors. I hope they will come again. I still have forty rough lads to tea on Sundays, forty big ones one Sunday and forty little ones the next, but the police harass us, and take us up as we are going to tea,

not that we ever do anything wrong according to our own ideas, which unfortunately don't square with theirs.

As for me, why the dickens can't they let me alone in the papers? I am dog-sick of that 'Father Stanton'!!!

Dear Bob, I am so glad you don't forget me; not that I am worth remembering, but one clings to companionship always in our Blessed LORD. We are both poor sinners, and need the Salvation of JESUS and the prayers of Mary, and there is no tie deeper or stronger than that."

*To F. E. Sidney.*

" July 22, 1910.

" I hope you will like Chamounix. It was my first handsel of the Alps, and I never forget it. . . . I am very sorry the Old Catholics at Geneva are so 'hors de combat!' Negation always slumbers, while affirmation is wide awake. N.B.—The Anti-Suffragettes and the Suffragettes.

It is very hard we have either to settle down to the rôle of a Protestant Minister of the Coronation Oath type,<sup>1</sup> or to become a papist of the *rouge dragon* type—and there is no place in religious economics for 'Christians unattached.' "

*To the same.*

" August 18, 1910.

" We've got over our Assumption Festa all right. . . . Sunday morning full of the queerest people, they seemed to think it all beautiful, so that's all right. Pearkes preached splendidly on 'Our Harvest Festival,' and yesterday we had a crowd. . . . Last Sunday I hinted that our Blessed Lady did not suggest the methods and manners of the Suffragettes, and I am in for a furious correspondence—how that women will obey no man-made laws again, and are going to teach men what women really are, and what real chivalry demands; and so they will. I haven't registered myself to vote. I don't care enough. As long as the House of Lords exists as a determining quantity, nothing I care for has any chance, and Tories and Liberals are all the same to me. Will it ever be said of the dear Suffragettes, 'Blessed are ye among women'? That was my query on Sunday."

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the Declaration against Transubstantiation, which, as the law then stood, the Sovereign was obliged to make.

*To a Benedictine.*

"August 20, 1910.

"I *am* glad to hear from you ; why are you so 'busy' ? are you making copes, chasubles, etc., or building, or baking, all of course between choir offices ? Your letter was dated August 9, so it has taken ten days to reach me ; you have got into monkish ways I 'fink.'

'Catholic Prayers' was begun to obviate the difficulty of R.C. books of devotion ; it contains many beautiful Protestant prayers, which I hope you appreciate.

The Monday evenings are crowded, they are 'High Church' just now, because of the Assumption, generally they are very 'Low.' I hope they help to make the MASTER beloved. May He keep you ever close to His Heart, and our dear Lady keep you in her prayers."

*To his Sister.*

"All Souls, 1910.

"Again we come to the anniversary of dear Rosy's death. It is just the same as it was two years ago. Time will never alter the feeling of Love, which belongs to Eternity.

I don't know how long we shall stay here after her, but when the call comes there will be the happy expectation of being with her again, all in the house of those who love GOD."

*To a Benedictine.*

"Jan. 5, 1911.

"Your letter is far better than any Christmas card ; it is you, as far as ink and paper can convey your spirit, and that is what I love. Our Christmas here was very splendid in many ways, and I hope the love of the dear MASTER born amongst us poor sinners was in all our hearts.

I wonder whose the bones were that you found so carelessly disposed of ; I think even I should believe in ghosts if *you* were to see one, only it must not be in Lent, or other severe season, when the brain is a bit exhausted for want of blood.

I think it is very natural what you feel about the Established Church ; I never was in love with it or any Church Establishments ; they are all to me profane, and my chief objection to the Roman Church is its untruthfulness and



worldliness. Our Blessed LORD said emphatically, 'My Kingdom is *not* of this world,' and I know nothing more worldly than the history of the Vatican for centuries, and up to the present day; neither would the split in Christianity be what it is if its monstrous pretensions had never been formulated, and until they are given up, there neither can be nor should be any outward union, and all who worship and love the SAVIOUR must find themselves one with one another in Him. Yet for Rome, as the fruitful Mother of countless Saints and Martyrs for JESUS, I have the greatest reverence; through all the ages she has kept the Faith, and it is the worldliness of Romanism that I hate, not its doctrines.

'For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,  
By thy unwearied watch, and varied round  
Of service in thy Saviour's holy home.'

But controversy be blowed; you love the MASTER and His dear Mother, and will do so to the end, GOD helping you, and may He bring us both to the dear Home our SAVIOUR prepares in the Heavenly Places for all who love Him."

*To the same.*

"Eve of St. Patrick, 1911.

"I have been bad with protracted sickness, and have to forego my preaching for a while. With Mr. Sidney away, and me ill, no St. Patrick's feast, but the poor lads are very good and take it all well.

I am very glad about the Wesleyan subscription to your building fund, it is worth all the Ritualistic subscriptions put together. The Wesleyans love JESUS, and if only they loved His Mother for His sake—but they are afraid to let any creature come between them and their Creator. Hence all their mistakes about the Saints. But GOD reads their love all right. Bless you."

*To B. F. Williams.*

"May 5, 1911.

"I am so glad you like 'The Soul-Market.' *My soul* is more there than with all your ecclesiastical arrangements—Anglican, Roman, or Non-Con. But you have known this for long."

*To W. Collins.*

“Nov. 13, 1911.

“The parcel proved *AI*,—altho’ the ties and socks are a little ‘classy’ for us roughs ; still, they keep our feet in wretched boots a bit warm.”

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As we near the close of this wonderful ministry, at once so spiritual and so human, it is painful to record yet another of those episcopal insults which, in his earlier days, had weighed so heavily on Stanton’s heart. Age, experience, and grace had now strengthened him to bear rebuffs as part of God’s needful discipline ; but it is difficult to understand the spirit which inflicted them.

Stanton had promised his friend, the Rev. Ernest Underhill, to preach at his church, St. Thomas’s, Toxteth, Liverpool, on St. Andrew’s Day, 1911. What then ensued had better be told in words written at the time from Liverpool—

“The church, situated in a slum district of the city, is one of the two in the diocese which did not conform to the Lambeth Opinions with regard to the use of incense and Reservation, and had suffered not a little in consequence from the episcopal boycott that followed. All help from diocesan funds has been withdrawn. The A.C.S. grant has been lost owing to refusal to countersign the application. The Bishop declines to visit or to hold any communication with the clergy other than may be rendered necessary by purely ecclesiastical formality.

Beyond this policy of ostracism, however, there has been up to the present no direct attempt to interfere in the ordinary routine of the work, special preachers being invited down from time to time, without any suggestion of their presence being regarded as an intrusion—indeed, it was only a year ago that Fr. Stanton himself occupied the pulpit of St. Thomas’s under conditions precisely similar to the present, so that the clergy could have had no suspicion that their action in this instance would be suddenly treated as though it were some overt act of rebellion against constituted authority.

In this ignorance, if such it may be called, the Vicar made an announcement some few weeks ago that Fr. Stanton

had again consented to visit the church, tickets being given out to a large number of Churchmen from other parts of the city who were desirous of hearing such a well-known and evangelical preacher. As a consequence, the church on St. Andrew's Day was crowded in every part half an hour before Evensong began, members from practically every church of Catholic sympathies in Liverpool and the immediate neighbourhood being present on the occasion.

Up to this moment no word of any *contretemps* had arisen, so that it was with some feelings of surprise that the congregation, on the entrance of the choir and clergy, saw that the place of Fr. Stanton was occupied by the Rev. P. H. Leary, the Vicar of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, a priest well remembered in Liverpool for his great work at St. Catherine's, a church only a few doors removed from the Palace in Abercromby Square. The natural conclusion was, however, that owing to circumstances possibly of weather or ill-health, it had been found necessary to provide a substitute. A somewhat dramatic surprise was in store when, on the conclusion of Evensong, Mr. Underhill asked their permission to read the statement, which gives a succinct and carefully-worded account of what had taken place at a date too recent to render it possible to withdraw the tickets already issued or make other change in the arrangements :—

‘As you are aware, I had invited the Rev. Fr. Stanton of St. Alban's, Holborn, to preach at the service of our Dedication Festival. As this is a small church, and a great number of people would wish to come to hear him preach, I decided, as on the occasion of his visit last year, to issue tickets of admission to the service. I had already issued practically all the tickets when I received a letter from the Chaplain of the Bishop of Liverpool, informing me that at the Bishop's request the Rev. A. H. Stanton had consented to cancel his engagement to preach at St. Thomas's.

‘These words taken in their ordinary sense would mean that the Bishop had requested Fr. Stanton not to preach, leaving it open to him either to consent or refuse. I therefore immediately communicated with Fr. Stanton, and in reply he authorized me to state that he had given no such consent. He informs me that the Bishop wrote to him to say that his visit would be “regarded as an act of defiance to the Bishop”

as I had declined to submit to the Bishop's ruling with regard to the use of incense and Reservation.

'To this letter, Fr. Stanton, so far from "consenting," replied that if the Bishop did not wish him to preach he must ask him to write and tell me so. In a letter which I have since received from Fr. Stanton, and which he himself wishes me to read to you, he writes as follows :—

"Please let your people know that 'cancelling the engagement to preach' was not my doing.

"After all your kindness I could not treat you so scurvily. I did not cancel the engagement as the Bishop's Chaplain says. When in the way of the wilderness a pistol is placed to your temple to prevent your doing a certain act, it is adding insult to injury to say you have 'consented' to abstain.

"In London we should call this 'a bit thick'—in Liverpool, perhaps, you call it something else.

"My dear fellow, I would come from London to Liverpool any day to help you and your work. Don't fret about me—my only trouble is that you should be so treated. One would think from the treatment meted out to you that you had 'denied the LORD That bought you.'"

'I have laid the facts before you, and I should think that again in the ordinary sense of the words the action of the Bishop of Liverpool amounts not to a request, but to an inhibition of a preacher of world-wide fame.'

Mr. Underhill's announcement was received with mingled feelings of sympathy and indignation by his hearers at this apparently unprovoked slight put not only on themselves, but on the parish clergy and Fr. Stanton. In the ordinary course few things must be more painful to a priest than to announce to a large congregation, many of whom have come at no small inconvenience from considerable distances, that the special preacher whom they wished to hear is unable to attend, even when such absence is unavoidable.

Where it is due to mere arbitrary action for which no explanation can be given that would not have equally applied in previous cases, it is not unnatural that very general expression should be given to the feelings excited by this public slight. Fr. Stanton himself "whose praise is in the churches" is happily too far removed from the sphere of controversy to be in any way affected by the matter. For the rest there is

still endurance of the pinpricks with which we have now become familiar, the nature of which may perhaps be gauged by our fellow-Churchmen in happier situations, from the unexpected publicity which has been given to the present incident."

This melancholy and discreditable episode gave additional point to the following sketch which appeared in the *Church Times* of December 8, 1911 :—

"Monday night. In Holborn the tides of traffic set strongly eastward and westward over shining pavements. From the main streams a little rivulet detaches itself, flows northward between high cliffs of offices and flats, is checked in the back-water of a little court, is engulfed in a church.

"December fog almost hides the rafters of the high-pitched roof. Below, it is dispelled by the glow of electric light. The great font-cover, brilliant with colour and gold, soars up under the tower, an unflickering flame. Eastward the high triptych bounds our sight, presenting in many panels the story of Alban, proto-martyr of Britain. And between font and altar there is a vast congregation, covering the whole floor-space of the church, clustering round the font. Late arrivals find no seat. The chancel itself is packed with men in the stalls, and in chairs between the stalls, up to the very steps of the altar. Above all hangs the great rood, witness of the Faith which brings them here.

"Why are they here? Not for a stately ceremony, such as fills the church at other times. There will be no service at all, in any liturgical sense of the term: only a few simple devotions and a couple of hymns. These men and women are here only to hear a preacher for a few minutes. Some new preacher, then, with a new and arresting message, with some new theory of Christianity, some intellectual presentation of the old story revised for a new age, some heresy which makes him for the moment notorious? Not so; this preacher has stood in this very pulpit for almost fifty years; he preaches to-day the same things that he preached in 1862, with no more power, though certainly with no less, with the same conviction, the same force, the same personal appeal. Then the congregation represents a new generation of emotional young persons, to whom the preacher, though he is old here, is yet new? No; the congregation is made up of a very large part of men,



of whom quite half are grey-headed. There are others, of course, some of them perhaps the children's children of those who first heard the preacher in this place. There are women who bear in their faces the deep-graven lines of a life which is not easy, nurses snatching an hour from the hospital-ward or the sick-room of the private house, weary-looking girls for whom the day's work is hard and long, typists and factory-girls among them. Women of all degrees if one may venture a guess. And in all that great congregation there is a strange stillness. We are here with one thought and hope, therefore attentive and perhaps a little tense.

"We are a little late. The preacher is already in the pulpit. By his side a shaded light reveals the crucifix, but it does not fall on the preacher's face. He is in his cassock. We sing a hymn, a few prayers follow, we sit down—those of us who can find seats.

"It is the Advent message, one of the Advent messages, that we are to hear. 'We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.' Simple and familiar the text, no less simple is the application. The preacher it seems has received a challenge. 'You preach smooth things, because you think that the people like to hear them, but you do not preach upon Judgment.' Surely the criticism of one who has not often heard the preacher! But he takes it up. He speaks to himself as to us. Judgment: we must realize that. Who shall dare to judge his brother, since he himself is to be judged? Who shall dare to shut his ears to the warning, like the deaf adder which stoppeth her ears, ('and how she manages to do it I cannot possibly imagine.') It is of Judgment inevitable and exact that he tells us.

"Yet of Judgment not to be feared but welcomed he speaks. The justice of it makes its own appeal to man. The murderer has the satisfaction of being hanged, and if he takes his hanging as the just judgment of God and man upon him he has all our pity. And the judgment of God is a judgment in love.

"Moreover, we have a Saviour, an Advocate. A Saviour Whom we are to make, each one of us, our own; an Advocate, Whose special pleading is the most prevailing that we can imagine. We are to enlist that advocacy, you and I. 'You and I,' that is the preacher's constant phrase. For he speaks



not so much to a great throng as to each constituent member of it. He speaks of mercy and judgment to each individual among us. He speaks as one who would have us understand above all that the time of preparing for that Judgment is short indeed. 'How do you know that we shall meet here in another Advent?'

"So the simple argument takes its course, the message is given. Now and then, is some pause in the delivering of it, the clock by the pulpit chimes out a quarter, at strangely short intervals. In that congregation there is hardly a movement of restlessness, none of impatience. There is not a truth or a plea that we have not heard before, from this preacher or another; but he convinces us that he and we have a responsibility in regard to that particular delivery of the message; it is his opportunity and ours, it is not to be let slip.

"Almost abruptly, upon the note of salvation through advocacy, the preacher makes an end. He invites us to sing 'Peace, perfect peace.' Some of us have heard that hymn sung by devout Evangelicals time after time, from Brighton to Keswick, never, surely, with more quiet intensity of feeling. In a short extempore prayer the preacher gathers up the main thoughts of his sermon, welds them into petition, makes himself our spokesman before that Throne of which he has just shown to us the mercy and the justice. 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, be to us all a Jesus,' he ends; and we think perhaps of those who in the sixteenth century laid down their lives for their Faith, and passed to Judgment with those very words on their lips.

"It takes more than ten minutes for the church to empty itself. Outside the church the congregation seems disinclined to give itself to idle chatter, as do most congregations.

"Who is this minister of the Gospel who is so widely recognized as having a message for his time, a message for men; who, not once and again, but week after week on working days can draw us and hold us and make us know the tremendous reality of the Faith? He is the priest whom the Bishop of Liverpool has just requested not to preach in his diocese."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By the Rev. E. Hermitage Day.

On the 15th of December, Stanton wrote to a Church-worker in Dublin—

“The Bishop of Liverpool’s action doesn’t move me. I am getting too near the river to mind the dust and ashes of controversy.

What you say about the Protestant Church in Ireland is very true. It is a dreary outlook—but I don’t think they are unbelieving in the foundations of faith. Are we not here *as* Protestant, and *more* unbelieving?

If the Welsh Establishment had only been Catholic, it would have a splendid opportunity now, and in ten years would have more than they can take away.

But CHRIST is ALL in All—that’s the supreme consolation.”

*To the same.*

“Feb. 6, 1912.

“It has been cold but is better to-day. I am very well thank GOD, and fairly fit for a man of 73.

I will try and read your pamphlet.<sup>1</sup> But nothing will ever reconcile me to the Establishment of CHRIST’S Church on earth by Sovereigns or Parliaments. It is established by GOD on Faith and the Sacraments and so endowed, and all other pretended establishment and endowment to me is profane.”

*To one in constant suffering.*

“Feb. 24, 1912.

“You must not say such kind things of me—I am only a poor sinner who leans for ALL upon the dear SAVIOUR. *You are part* of suffering humanity, the dearest to His Heart. I wish I were near enough to hug you, my dear old faithful, far too appreciative, pal.”

*To the Rev. E. V. Eyre.*

“Lady Day, 1912.

“How kind of you to think of me! My breakdown<sup>2</sup> has greatly depressed me, and I feel I must soon get behind the scenes. It’s the second time.”

<sup>1</sup> On the foundation of the Irish Church by St. Patrick.

<sup>2</sup> A severe attack of dyspeptic trouble.

*To his Sister.*

" April 22, 1912.

" I am glad you are gone away. Salute the sea for me, and have a ride on those beautiful moors.

We have a Requiem for the *Titanic*<sup>1</sup> passengers to-morrow. I expect the church will be full. . . . You will find that money, the root of all evil, is at the bottom of this overwhelming disaster."

*To F. E. Sidney.*

" July 17, 1912.

" I have to preach for the opening of the screen at [St. Lawrence's] Stroud on the 30th. As it has not got the Rood on it, I think I shall discourse on ' Not sufficient,' Isaiah xl. 16, which would seem appropriate.<sup>2</sup> . . . I pray GOD you may come back all safe ; getting old I am getting nervous."

*To W. Collins.*

" August 27, 1912.

" The Monday nights have been tempestuous indeed, but the fellows came all the same, and crowded the church, very wet most of them. What a summer !"

*To his Sister.*

" Oct. 30, 1912.

" The dreadful savagery of this horrid war<sup>3</sup> is appalling, but I don't read about it. One can't help being glad if the Turks are driven out of Europe and Constantinople, and if St. Sophia should be returned to Christian worship."

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Some letters of spiritual counsel, written by Stanton during the period which we have now completed, may be here inserted. The "young sailor" to whom some of them are addressed was the author of the poem quoted on p. 276.

<sup>1</sup> The White Star liner *Titanic* was lost in the Atlantic, April 14, 1912.

<sup>2</sup> The Rood has since been added, as a memorial to A. H. S., by his family.

<sup>3</sup> Montenegro declared War upon Turkey, Oct. 8, 1912.



GRANTHAM TOWER AND SPIRE.

Father Stanton is looking up at what he considered to be the most beautiful tower and spire in the world: Sept., 1912.



*To a Church-worker in Palestine.*

"March 7, 1901.

"Father Maturin is preaching the most wonderful sermons I ever heard this Lent. He pours out close reasoned metaphysical arguments for an hour and a half at a time and rivets all attention. It is the most wonderful experience in the way of preaching I've ever heard. It reminds me of Fr. Agostino in Italy. This is the great event of our London Lent. I hope our LORD is pleased that we should do all we can to make His ever blessed Passion and Death a matter of personal adoration—as well as restful Salvation.

Make the most of all the opportunities which lead on to this, where you are ; for *the* vision will always remain when all the disagreeables are forgotten, and you will cherish the recollections of the Week and the City which all speak of Peace really, when the noise and noisome incidents sink beneath the horizon.

Do what you can about Confession and Communion. And be satisfied. The Saints could not do more than that. Nay even our GOD could not. 'She hath done what she could' covers all. For the motive is true. And GOD is a Master Who weighs motives rather than actions."

*To one who had been brought in contact with Scepticism.*

"St. John Evangelist's Day, 1905.

"Indeed, I do understand. How should *you* escape with your environment ? Who that thinks at all does escape ?

If there *is* no hereafter, it's all the better for us who believe there is. The affirmative is Heaven, the negative is Hell. To be buried with the burial of an ass ! !

But, dear heart, it brings out the Gospel truth that our Faith in the hereafter with GOD is given and sustained only by His Grace, and it makes us tender in concern about prayer and sacrament. Fancy losing one's faith in the Saviour ! But there is always the possibility, so we kneel and say, 'LORD help me,' quite naturally.

Perhaps you have to fight a hotter battle, but I don't know ! God help us all and every one who strives.

I don't think such thoughts are 'expelled.' They vanish as the love of GOD is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, as frost disappears before the sun."



*To a Lady.*

"Nov. 22, 1907.

"Now don't be lonely. There is no loneliness for those who are all one in CHRIST JESUS—no seas, or rivers, or walls,—nor height, nor depth, nor things present or things to come, can separate them."

*To a Church-worker travelling.*

"Passion Sunday, April 6, 1908.

"Thank you for the money—it shall swell our Collection to-morrow.

Psalm 132 is most certainly Messianic. And I believe most certainly our Blessed Lady is the 'Her.'

Make as much of your time in Rome as you can. The remembrance of the place—the threshold of the Apostles—is clinging and is part of the historic lore of our faith.

I am very glad you feel the comfort of the Scriptures. It is only those who know the Bible who know its hidden beauties, which carry us up to the Throne of GOD Himself.

All here is as usual—but many are passing away—and this *must* be! It is the 'Way of the Wilderness.'"

*To a Priest.*

"Oct. 16, 1908.

"No, I am not much in favour of general confessions. Forgetting those things that are behind, reach forward to those that are before. What can be the good of raking up those which GOD 'remembers no more'? But you must do as you like best. I shall be in to-morrow."

*To the same.*

"Jan. 11, 1909.

"I am very glad I was of use to you. It is very wonderful that a fellow like me should be of use to any one. But it is being a fellow-sinner that does it.

'Hearts need fond words to help them on their way,  
Need tender thoughts, and gentle sympathy,  
Caresses, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day.  
Then board them not, until they useless be;  
In life, not after death,  
Speak kindly; loving hearts need sympathy.'"

*To B. F. Williams.*

"Feb. 6, 1909.

"You have done right well in the year, and have been a great blessing. . . . It ought to make you thank GOD; He gave you life, strength, and opportunity for the year. Why should you and I be so favoured as to be a blessing to others? To me they say, 'Oh, Father, we shall miss you so when you "snuff it,"' and they will say to you, 'We shall miss you when you are gone'! To be so missed, Joy! . . . Move on, dear chap, move on. We have no abiding city here. We look for one to come, not built with hands, Eternal in the Heavens. Then one day you will move off, and be received into everlasting habitations by Arthurs, Dicks, 'Arrys, and Bills, without collars."

*To a young Sailor.*

"St. Patrick's Day, 1909.

"Thank you for your nice letter. I am glad you feel it hard to be away from Mass, it is a GOD-given feeling—from Him Who loves to have you there. Yes, it is strange that our Evangelical friends should despise the LORD'S Own Service and glorify a jumble of monkish offices.

I suppose you are furious at the idea of the Germans having ships to out-do ours, and with us English land-lubbers who shy at Naval expenditure and who know nothing whatever about it, though we think we do."

*To the same.*

"April 20, 1909.

"Thank you very much, dear fellow, for your prayers. I am sure they will help me on to the end, which is not very far off for me. If a fellow does what he believes to be right and pleasing to GOD, he can never know what his life or work may be or do, the influence is never-ending, and I hope, my dear lad, you may be a blessing to many whom you will never know. You may be sure we shall not forget you, but I shan't like you more when you are a parson or a bishop. How dreadful it will be to have to write 'dear reverend Bob'! but I am afraid it will come to that from the tone of your letter.

Dear Bob, our LORD made you for Himself, long long ago, before the foundations of the earth were laid, and He has

*Electi*

given Himself for ever to you, no wonder then that you should love Him, and I mustn't write a word to come between you two."

*To the same, on his becoming a Benedictine.*

"Corpus Christi, 1909.

"Ah, well! GOD bless you always and for ever; I cannot say anything more, but I feel it all very much. I shall never forget you, but be ever warming up my poor cold heart by the thought of your love for our own dear SAVIOUR and His sweet Mother; that is the best tie between us, and one that no monastery or death can sever. Dear lad, I hope you will be happy in being near our LORD in retreat, and in the knowledge that you are giving yourself to Him as He gives Himself to you. 'Abandonment' is complete consecration, and is what we must learn to do when we die; we don't know where we are going, or to what, or what it will be like, but only one thing; we abandon ourselves to GOD and trust Him to keep us right through to the never-ending end.

We had a splendid congregation to-day at High Mass. The Feast is gaining ground everywhere I think, praise the LORD! GOD ever bless you for your love of this poor sinner; although we have lost sight of one another, we live in the Heart of GOD, where love is life and life is love."

*To one shortly to be ordained Deacon.*

"August 28, 1910.

"I shall be in all Friday and Saturday so come when and as you like. I'm sorry you are depressed. If our LORD's ministers were to be so very up to the mark, I am afraid He would have none. You expect too much of earthen vessels, and you don't remember what GOD never forgets, that 'We are but dust.'"

*To the same, after Ordination.*

"Dec. 16, 1910.

"As I have just come from 'my duties' and feel happy, I will answer your letter at once only shortly, for my time is getting very precious.

1. You are not licked into shape yet. You write like a young deacon. We have NO power to help ourselves, only

GOD. Here is a prayer, HELP, LORD! Quite enough, short and to the point.

When the evening comes about you, if you have been faithful you will be calm and clear, and see the outlines of the Everlasting Hills.

2. Use some prayers out of books, but not all. Written or printed prayers may be like ready-made clothes, misfits—but, if you have no book-prayers, you may be without the help that the prayers the Saints used, gives.

3. You must have struggles with your passions. It is the best part of your life. How else will you fight for purity? How else offer your body a *living* Sacrifice to GOD which is your reasonable service? I beseech you offer your body.

It's grand to live for others. Sometimes, Heaven seems close to hell—the devil and the angel so mixed within us. Mind you keep your sympathies, so beautiful an asset in your ministry, under control.

4. Of course you are self-conscious and complacent. You are not a Saint, only a poor sinner ever needing a Saviour. Don't for goodness' sake be surprised. GOD does not forget you are but dust! don't you."

*To a Priest.*

"Feb. 14, 1911.

"The Bishop of London has forwarded to me your long letter to him. He said he would do so without breaking confidence, as you told him you had been to Confession to me and he says 'write to him a cheering letter.'

My dear fellow, come and let me try and cheer you up; ink and paper are a bit cold and formal, and you know how I have but little time and could say in 10 minutes what it would take an hour to write. I wish in all your difficulties, mental and physical, you would make our dear LORD *your* Saviour. Never mind the difficulties—'One thing is needful.' Not many, thank GOD, only one, and that is to sit at His Feet and be His disciple. It is really simple if only you would do it and fret and fume at yourself no longer. *E.g.* about the Resurrection Body, GOD giveth all bodies as it pleases Him; to every one his own body; He will give us our Resurrection Body. Is not this enough for you and me!! I only take this one point out of the many of your letter—but

it is a sample. Oh, dear chap, I wish you would come out of this Lent *leaning* upon 'The Beloved'—really *leaning off* yourself and all your doubts, and *on Him*; and He is 'your Beloved' after all. I know I can't make you do this, but the Holy Spirit can, and I pray He will—and you pray the same for me."

*To a Candidate for the Priesthood.*

"August 28, 1911.

"By all means come up and see me. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturdays I am always in all day.

My dear fellow! who is fit? 'DOMINE, non sum dignus,' we say, and then we receive the Host. I hope you will always feel unfit; then all your fitness will be in your Saviour.

'All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel thy need of Him:  
This He gives thee;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.'"

*To a Church-worker in Dublin.*

"Whitsunday, May 26, 1912.

"Your's is a very sad letter. You seem to be so sad about everything. Your own way home seems to be in the wilderness indeed. You must not forget that all things work together for good to those who love GOD, and you do that—And, if you know and trust the SAVIOUR, all things are yours—things present and things to come—and you are CHRIST's and CHRIST is GOD's.

Are you surprised that the Way of the Wilderness is wild and dark and stormy?

The taking away endowments doesn't affect *me*—but what does try me is the inheriting them and denying the faith of the donors and then talking of sacrilege. The only endowment of CHRIST's Church comes from the Father and the Son, and is the Holy Ghost, Which no man can give and no man can take away. But I know you don't think as I do about these matters."

*To F. E. Sidney.*

"July 11, 1912.

"Fancy writing to me about Predestination and Election! Simply then this—Catholic Predestination comes from GOD's

foreknowledge ; Protestant, GOD's foreknowledge out of Predestination. GOD knows exactly what I *shall* do, but that does not control my actions, which are free. The rest when we meet."

*To G. W. E. R.*

" All Saints' Day, 1912.

" After all, there *is* only one thing needful (what a blessing it is only one thing !) and that is to sit at the MASTER's feet and do His behests."



## CHAPTER VIII

### SUNSET

AND now this beautiful and beneficent life was drawing to its close. Increasing years and frequent sorrows and abundant worries had done their work on a nature which, though remarkable for nervous energy, was not impervious to physical troubles. Stanton had suffered, like the rest of the world, from influenza, and he became liable to an acute and disabling form of dyspepsia, which the austere regimen of a Clergy House did little to alleviate. In two successive Lents he was forced to abandon his work, in whole or in part, and to seek health amid brighter surroundings than those of Holborn. He aged visibly ; and, though his high courage carried him on, it was evident that work became increasingly burdensome to him.

On Sunday, November 3, 1912, yielding to the request of a friend, he made a pilgrimage in the cold and fog to St. Luke's, Camberwell, where he blessed the Head-quarters of a troop of Boy Scouts, and spoke to the boys as follows : " You are very young ; I am very old and cannot live much longer ; so I say to myself every morning, ' Arthur Stanton, you haven't much longer to live, so you must try to do as much kindness to-day as you can.' If you boys do some kindness every day, you will be happy." Then he said his favourite prayer (founded on " St. Patrick's Breast-plate ") " JESUS, JESUS, grant that nothing may please me which displeases Thee, and that nothing may displease me which pleaseth Thee." <sup>1</sup> He preached, though

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<sup>1</sup> *JESUS, ESTO MIHI JESUS.*

JESUS, be to me a JESUS.  
Let me think nothing,  
Love nothing,  
Enjoy nothing  
But Thee.

with an effort, at Evensong, taking for his text, Revelation xii. 11, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." After church, he had supper with the Scouts, sitting huddled in his great-coat, and being, as his host said, "shockingly tired."<sup>1</sup>

On Sunday morning, November 24, 1912, he celebrated at 8, and preached as usual at the High Mass. His text was St. Mark viii. 21, "And He said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand?" and those who heard him found him as uplifting and inspiring as he always was. So closed his ministry in the church which he had served, as deacon and priest, for exactly 50 years. He was engaged to preach that evening at St. Leonard's, Colchester; and his colleagues, seeing at dinner that he was extremely uncomfortable, begged him to break the engagement. This, true to the fine self-sacrifice which was part of his nature, he refused to do. The Rector of St. Leonard's thus describes what ensued:—

"I met him at the Station on Sunday, November 24, at 4 o'clock, and as he came towards me, I was distressed to see him looking so ill. He at once said to me, 'My dear fellow, I can't go in a tram; get a cab.' Fortunately, I had one in readiness, so he got in immediately and told me how ill he had felt before leaving London, and that he had lost consciousness in the train and had been violently sick. When he arrived at the Rectory he revived a little, and drank a cup of tea, and said

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Let all pain be joy to me,  
 If I suffer with Thee.  
 Let all rest weary me,  
 Until I rest in Thee.  
 Be above me to protect me,  
 Underneath me to support me,  
 Before me to guide me,  
 Behind me to forward me,  
 Within me to strengthen me,  
 Without me to shield me.  
 Be all things unto me,  
 The Way, the Truth, the Life.  
 Let nothing ever please me.  
 But what is of Thee  
 And Thy wonderful sweetness.

"The Prayer is of no authority. I simply put it together myself, and say it after Communion with my people.—A. H. S."

<sup>1</sup> These were the Scouts who laid a wreath by his coffin at St. Alban's and walked in the procession.

he hoped to be able to preach. He came to the 7 o'clock Evensong, and preached from the text, 'How is it that ye do not understand?'—practically the same sermon that he preached at St. Alban's in the morning. He delivered it with all his wonted fire and energy, although looking dreadfully pale and ill.

"After service he spoke to all the Choir and wished them 'Good-bye,' as he always did when he came here. He seemed very much relieved that he had been able to preach his sermon without feeling sick, as he feared he might do.

"Although he could eat no supper, he would not go to bed till about 10 o'clock, and during the evening there were many flashes of his delightful humour.

"He had a fairly good night and had no return of the distressing sickness he had suffered from in the train when coming. When he came down to breakfast he seemed brighter and better, and told me one or two amusing stories and *congratulated me* that he was well enough to go off by train to London and had not died here, as he said he felt he might do when he came! I settled that I would go up with him to London, but when he got to the station he said he felt *quite well* enough to go by himself, and begged me not to do so. He promised to write *at once* when he arrived home, which he did, and I received his note on Monday night.

"When he was leaving the Rectory, he said, 'Yes; I hope to come again, when the leaves are on the trees'—and added, 'This illness, you know, is *a tap on the shoulder*.' He said, 'Good-bye' before getting into the railway-carriage, and just as the train started, instead of standing up and waving to me as he usually did, he sank back on the seat and buried his face in his hands, and that was the *last* I ever saw of him."

From this point the narrative is continued by the Rev. E. F. Russell.

"His strength just held out till he reached the Clergy House, when he collapsed, and his doctor had to be sent for at once. I happened to be out that day, and did not return until the evening, when I found him evidently very seriously ill. He had lost much blood, but was feeling better than at first. Ill though he was, he contrived to scrawl a note to his sister—

' Nov. 25, 1912.

' MY DEAR TWIN EMMY,

I have had some internal hæmorrhage like Walter, and have to give up all sermons and shall probably go to a nursing home, as I cannot be properly nursed here.

The doctor says I must be quiet, but will be all right after a little time.

Your aff. br.,

ARTHUR.'

He told me that he was going into a nursing home to save upsetting the Clergy House. His own wish would have been to be taken to King's College Hospital, but he felt that his people might object to this. It ended by his remaining where he was, for the risk of moving him was thought to be too great. The days which followed were days of alternating cloud and sunshine, of hope and fear, one day better, the next less well. He had of course to be kept quite quiet, but every morning and evening it was possible to slip in and out of his room, say prayers with him, and, later on, read to him a Psalm, some verses of St. John, or a page of the 'Imitation of Christ.' Still later we were able to add to this a chapter from some pleasant book. At his wish, amongst other stories, we read 'Silas Marner,' chapter by chapter, through. He loved the tale and often spoke with great admiration of George Eliot's amazing insight into the mind and ways of simple country folk.

On the 17th of December he wrote in pencil to his sister—

' DEAR TWIN EMMY,

Looking forward to seeing you; won't be before Christmas, I fear. Dr. very pleased. Love to all. (1st letter.)

ARTHUR HENRY STANTON.

You can write to me now.'

Thus the days went on until Christmas. On Christmas Eve he made his confession, and, after the Midnight Mass, his Communion.

On New Year's Eve he wrote to his sister—

' I am advanced to sitting up *in* bed, not out of bed—that I believe to-morrow. I have seen a new doctor to-day. . . .

He was a very nice cheery fellow. I tell Dr. Sainsbury I shall have the whole College of Physicians before I've done. Russell comes in every day and reads "Silas Marner" for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour. What with Russell and the many doctors I am well looked after. . . . I must look like a bear; but they won't let me look at myself till after the barber has been.

Both nurses and doctors say that my complaint always takes the same number of days, and that mine are not exceptionally prolonged.

Give my love to all for the New Year.'

I am indebted to Nurse Price, who was with him from first to last, for many of the following details of his sick-room. They were written down, at my request, very shortly after the end, when the memory of all that had happened was still fresh. She records his deep interest in the Midnight Service on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1912. He set her to watch at his window and to describe to him the rough folk, men, women and children, who were streaming into the church shortly before midnight. 'These are my friends,' he said. 'They have come, I fear, many of them straight from the Public House. It is the only time they think of coming to church.' Then with deep feeling, 'But these dear people are our real parishioners, the people for whom the church was built.' Then he told the story of the first Watch Night Service, how he and Father Mackonochie had gone to bed, and near midnight were wakened by loud voices and a rattling at the gate. On going down he found a crowd of people waiting. 'Aren't you going to give us a service to-night?' 'Certainly, if you wish it.' So the gates were unlocked and the church lit up, and they had what they asked, and have had it ever since. Through the open window and the walls of his room the tumult of their voices, singing with fervour the familiar hymns, reached him as he lay in bed. He followed every stage of the service with the keenest interest. Then he pictured to his Nurse the scene that was happening at the end of the church, the people crowding round the Clergy, gripping their hands, wishing them a happy New Year, to meet them again, alas! only at the end of another year. When the last footfall had died away, then and only then did he compose himself to sleep.

His nurses speak of him as a perfect patient, accepting

their irksome service willingly, and full of thought for their comfort, wishing to spare them all he could. He rarely spoke of himself or of his pains, and never in complaint or with impatience. To some men the mental and moral distress of the 'materialisms' of sickness, its utter helplessness and inevitable dependence in everything upon womankind, is almost harder to bear than actual pain. He was of this sort, but soon the misery of it passed away, vanished quite away before the 'common sense,' the 'mother sense'—the instinct and the tact of the trained nurse who knows her business and does it with simplicity and reverence. But then he was happy in his nurses.

As a rule he slept well, but when awake at night he would sometimes pass the time by quoting verses of the poems that he loved. 'In Memoriam' supplied many such verses. Two stanzas in particular were often upon his lips, the one beginning 'Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,' and the other, 'And yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill.' Sometimes it was 'The May Queen,' but in this he generally broke down. Wakefulness in the early morning was an old habit with him, and many of his sermons were composed in those quiet hours.

As soon as the news of his illness became known, the Clergy House in Brooke Street was besieged by enquirers, and every post brought letters of sympathy and kind wishes. These letters came, not only from all parts of England, but from Chicago and Lisbon, Australia and the Transvaal. Mr. Shane Leslie left a card bearing this inscription: 'Pull up, dear Father. I have travelled 1000 miles to hear you preach on Mondays again.'

Naturally, he was unable for some time to deal with his correspondence, but, when allowed to write, out of the great heap of letters he chose first those of his rough lads, who, though dispersed far and wide, never forgot their 'Dad,' or dreamed that he could possibly be too ill to take interest in them or in their affairs. 'Of these rough boys,' Nurse Price reports, 'he spoke almost daily. They were never far from his thoughts, and seemed very dear to his heart. No wonder they loved him when he had such heartfelt sympathy with them. Very amusing were the descriptions he gave of his free-and-easy teas on Sundays. The boys were always there



before the doors were opened, and the frequent appeals to be let in were never granted except when accompanied by the cry, "Father, the Coppers are after us." Then the door flew open at once.' He was very grateful to Mr. Sidney for taking an interest in those lads. From him he learned one day that not one of the lads had been sent to prison during the whole of his illness, and it touched him deeply. 'It would be worth while,' he said, 'being ill again if it had such a good effect upon them.' And he would jokingly add, 'It does not seem as if I set them a very good example when I am about.'

On Sundays he was able to follow the High Mass almost as perfectly as if he had been in the church itself. We kept all the clerestory windows on the south side open, and through these windows into his own open window the music found its way to him. The server's bell, and his lifelong familiarity with every word and detail of the Mass, supplied the rest.

On the 10th of January, 1913, he wrote to his sister—

'MY DEAR TWIN EMMY,

To-morrow I am to be allowed to go into my sitting-room. I can walk without anyone to hold me up, so that I shall be able soonish to come to you, I presume with a nurse, for a week or so. The lower room would be best for getting to and fro, but the doctor is rather suspicious of rooms on the ground floor being *damp*. We must expect now a long cold spell; it is due, I think, and has begun. . . . I almost feel I might come down just as I do ordinarily, but I don't think they will let me.

Always yr. affec. bro.,

ARTHUR HY. STANTON.'

On the 13th, to a friend—

'Your dear letter would hearten up a broken-down locomotive. I am to go to Stroud on Friday. It was "a bit off," 6 weeks on my back, or rather a bit "on." I am only allowed to write 3 short letters. It will be a joy to look forward to seeing you again.'



*Photo: W. Knott.]*

ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR, HOLBORN, IN 1913.



On the 16th of January the doctor gave leave for his removal. At Upfield he seemed at once to make a fresh start. The relief of being at home, the joy of being once more in the house in which he was born—a house made dear to him by the associations of a whole lifetime—proved an invigorating tonic. There were fine, warm days when in a sheltered spot, wrapped in his plaid, he was able to sit out and watch his aged but still active sister busy with her flowers, or he would talk to the tame sea-gull that strutted daintily about him on the lawn, or, again and again, would look up and watch the clouds which from his childhood had had such deep meaning and interest for him.

On the 25th of January he wrote to his friend Mr. William Collins, of 58, Conduit Street—

*'They all say I shall be all right again, but the getting well is a slow process at 73. . . .*

*When shall I have tea and a digestive biscuit again at No. 58? The answer. In GOD's good time, if He so wills, and this is best.'*

On the 30th he wrote this delightful letter of thanks, for publication in the St. Alban's Parish Paper :—

*'DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,*

*I want to express my thanks for all the concern shown me during my illness by the St. Alban's people, for the many little acts which only the ingenuity of kindness could have devised : especially the Clergy and the servants of the Clergy House. To be out of the way I suggested that I should be taken to a nursing home ; but that could not be, so the second floor of the Clergy House had to be converted into a hospital, and that all through Christmas-time. There was the surgery, the consulting-room, and the operating-room—that last my room—and doctors and nurses, with myself, used to consult together what was best to be done. I said to one who came to see me : " Isn't it a great fuss and to-do to drag back into health a poor old fellow of 73, who if they succeed can only live a few years longer ? " But the answer was : " That's all*

very well ; but we can't let you slip through if it can be helped."

Now I am in the house in which I was born, and old experiences of 68 years ago are renewed, for then at 8.30 p.m. the drawing-room door was opened and nurse appeared and said, " It is time for Master Arthur to go to bed." Master Arthur got up and went out sulkily to the room opposite, the nursery, was put to bed and tucked in. To-day nurse appears at 9.45 at the drawing-room door and says, " It is time for Father Stanton to go to bed." Father Stanton gets up sleepily, follows nurse to the room opposite, the nursery, gets to bed, and is tucked up. So history repeats itself.

Tell them all I am looking forward to the day when I can thank them all personally.

A. H. STANTON.'

The days passed quickly and hopefully now, for he seemed to be really mending. In Nurse Price's record I find : ' Miss Stanton generally read aloud in the evenings. The first book they read was, " The Land that is Desolate," by Sir Frederick Treves. This they both enjoyed, Father Stanton especially, as he knew most of the places mentioned and would relate amusing incidents which occurred when he and Father Russell visited the Holy Land. Books on mountaineering and of travel he also enjoyed. One of the last that his sister read aloud was " The Surgeon's Log " (a trip to the East Indies). The vivid description of the Eastern climate made him long for the sun and the warm weather, and he would say, " If I could only take a trip like that, I should soon get strong again." He read a good deal to himself ; amongst other books, Hare's " Story of My Life," and " Pilgrim's Progress " in an old copy which he had used as a child. This he read again and again, and seemed to revel in its associations. It was always a delight to him to recall the old days, and he and his sister would talk by the hour of the time when they were children together. One great wish of his was to revisit the schools of his boyhood. One in especial he mentioned—I think it was in Cheltenham—" I shall ask permission to go over the house, just to walk up the same stairs and open the same doors as I did when I was there as a boy."'

On the 7th of March he received a letter from the Bishop



*Photo: H. J. Comley.]*

FATHER STANTON—MISS E. R. STANTON.  
NURSE PRICE.

(Taken at Upfield, a few weeks before his death.)





of London,<sup>1</sup> begging him to accept a Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's, in memory of the 'fifty years of service' that he had given to St. Alban's and the Diocese. This was his reply :—

' MY DEAR BISHOP,

It would be a pleasure to me to do what would be a pleasure to you. But I couldn't be a "Prebendary." I shall never forget your kind thought and wish in the matter ; but there are many reasons, many more than I could put into a letter, why I am utterly unfitted and unsuited to be a Cathedral dignitary. I think my ministry is closing. I have not hinted this at St. Alban's, but the nature of my illness, my age, and family circumstances all point to this, and I could not occupy any position anywhere. I *never* was fit for it. Don't say anything more about it ; and, if your kind offer *should* come out, say it was declined on the score of age and health. Only one thing I ask of you and those who want to show me kindness, and that is : Let me, after my fifty years' run, slow down quietly into the terminus, not jerking over the points.

My one consolation in my long illness is this : It has withdrawn me behind the scenes, and there I would remain.

You will, therefore, think of me as sincere and grateful for your kindness, and will take this as final.

Always yours,  
ARTHUR HY. STANTON.'

When this offer reached him he did not speak of it until it was announced in the newspapers. He was much amused at his sister's astonishment when she read it. On looking back to the day when he received the offer, one thing stands out clearly : either the offer, or the pathetic letter he wrote in reply, must have moved him very much, for on that day and the day following he was unusually depressed. But the flood of letters of congratulation which came afterwards gave him great satisfaction, especially one from Mr. G. W. E. Russell. He read part of it aloud to his sister, and she remarked afterwards that the approval of his friends was a great relief to him.

<sup>1</sup> A. F. Winnington-Ingram.

On the 9th of March he wrote to Mr. Bernard Williams—

1913  
 'You will find me just the same, still nurse and doctor, but I think substantially stronger; only every now and then I get temperature and pulse wobbling and have to keep a day in bed. I fear the immediate future is utterly uncertain, and must be. . . . You know I always knew that Caldey *must* Romanize. How can you drag out a mediæval order of a thousand years ago and fit it into modern High Church ways?'

And again on the 14th—

'I have rather high temperature at night, and then perspirations, which worry the doctors and keep me back. Otherwise, I feel pretty well.'

During his illness in London he often said, 'I know I shall never preach again.' But at Upfield he several times spoke of a sermon which he hoped one day to preach on War. Once in the presence of his sister he repeated passages of it. 'War is hell,' he began, and went on in such deadly earnest that she begged him to stop.

On Passion Sunday, he was planning a trip to London with all the enthusiasm of a boy, and said that, after he had seen his doctor and others, he would go to the seaside to convalesce. But a few days later, to the great disappointment of all about him, a sudden rise of temperature announced a fresh attack of his old complaint (gastritis). Dr. Sainsbury came at once from London to consult with the Stroud doctor, Dr. Hardy. By slow degrees their patient responded to their treatment, and at Easter he was once more, it seemed, as well as he had been before the attack. It was at this point—his health apparently in part restored—that I asked to be allowed to come to Upfield to see him and to give him his Easter Communion. On Wednesday in Easter Week, March 26, at Miss Stanton's invitation, I went to Stroud, and was overjoyed to find my friend looking better in face than I had seen him for a long time past. He was in bed in a room upon the ground floor, which, on this morning of my visit, was filled with sunshine. By his bedside was his Crucifix, and behind his Crucifix the little slip of palm that we had sent him from our Palm Sunday procession at St. Alban's. The windows of

this pleasant room reached almost to the ground, and, as he lay in bed, he could look out upon the garden and the lawn, and beyond the garden to the fields and hedgerows which at last drop steeply down into the valley of the Severn, to reappear mounting upwards to the Cotswold Hills. During the day we had much talk about St. Alban's. He wanted to know about everything and everybody there. I found that he had mapped out my day for me, and this included a visit to the little church of Leonard Stanley. So in the afternoon Miss Stanton drove with me to the place. It merited all the praise that he had lavished upon it. The old-time village with its timbered houses, the fifteenth-century monastic buildings, still used as barns, the ancient Norman church, all this, set in a frame of trees and sheltered by the neighbouring hills, made as sweet a picture of old English village life as eye and heart could wish. On our way we passed a house which in former days was his school,<sup>1</sup> and in the church, which still retains its old square, high-backed pews, the school-pew was pointed out to me where, as a child amongst children, he sat and knelt, following as best he could the village worship. On my return he talked eagerly for some time about this and other old English churches, which were dear to him: thus Gothic architecture was his latest as it had been his earliest interest.

In the evening of that memorable day he asked me to bring him from a drawer in his room a little canvas bag of money, his 'treasury,' he called it, and then to take pencil and paper and jot down certain destinations for the money which he dealt out to me. Then he handed me a ten-pound note which some one had sent him for the parish. 'Give this,' he said, 'to the Sisters for the poor. I should like it to go to the *undeserving* poor, to those who do not come to church.' Then we arranged about his Communion, and, because of doctor's orders about food, we settled that he should make it just after midnight. I suggested that I should say the Mass in another room, and bring him the Blessed Sacrament, to save him from fatigue, but he would not hear of this. So at midnight I went to him; he made his Confession first, then I said the Easter Mass and gave him his Communion. Next day he seemed in no way worse for the

<sup>1</sup> See p. 4.

effort of the night. After breakfast we talked again of many things. He was full of a book sent to him by Father Hogg—Bodley's Essays on Manning and on 'The Decay of Idealism in France.' Cardinal Manning he had always admired, especially since the days of the great Dock Strike of 1889, in which the Cardinal had played so noble a part. We talked also about the 'Story of Francis Horatio,' written by a mutual friend, a book we had both been reading with much appreciation. Then, following out his plan, he sent me to visit the Institute that he and his sister had built to the memory of their sister Rose. On my return he startled me by asking if I did not think he ought to give up his rooms in the Clergy House. I would not discuss this with him, for, as I told him, we were counting upon his coming home to occupy those rooms at no distant date. The clock now struck one, and he reminded me that it was luncheon-time, and that after luncheon the carriage would take me to the London train. We said the *Angelus*, and I left him. Luncheon over, I ran into his room for a moment to bid him farewell, happy in leaving him, so I thought, well on the way towards recovery and his return to us and to his work.

\* \* \* \* \*

At ten o'clock that same night the day-nurse went off duty, leaving him sleeping quietly. A little later the night-nurse called to her and begged her to come quickly, for Father Stanton was awake, and his breathing and rapid pulse filled her with alarm. The doctor was soon at his side, and everything that human skill and care could do for him was done—but ineffectually.

His sister and her dear friend and companion Miss Winterton were now with him, his sister holding his hand up to the very end. During the long, slow hours which followed the silence was broken only twice; once to thank his nurse, and once in response to Miss Winterton, who quoted the words from Deuteronomy xxxiii. 12: 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety.' He seems to have understood this as an intimation that the end was near, for he answered, 'If He wills it, I am willing'; then he lapsed again into silence, which remained unbroken to the end.

In the grey dawn, about half an hour before the sunrise, in full consciousness and in painless peace, he passed away."

On Low Sunday, March 30, a great congregation gathered at St. Alban's for High Mass. The Vicar preached from Thessalonians iv. 13, 14, and, after announcing the arrangements for Stanton's funeral, he spoke as follows :—

"My next word must be one of the very deepest thanksgiving from us as a congregation for all the hundreds of friends who have in the last few days in letters to me expressed sentiments which we know are those of thousands more. And one of the prevailing sentiments, as you will quite understand, was this : 'I owed him more under God than I can ever tell, for what his influence, and life, and precious sermons have been to me.'

You will call to mind that this very pulpit, from which he preached so often, was verily and indeed an altar to him. Over and over again he poured out from it his inmost soul to those whom he knew, soul to soul.

And if I am to note any particular things, I first ask myself, what was the secret of his influence ? How was it that he was able to touch the hearts of hundreds and thousands ? I have known him since the year 1860, and am privileged to recall to my memory that I walked with him when he went to take up the arduous work under Fr. Mackonochie in 1862 in this parish and in this great city ; yet I speak second to some who are here. But I have no doubt that what influenced us all was the marvellous reality of the consecration of his life. He was so genuine. There are here those who can never forget his influence, the tone which surrounded him. And we can never forget certain texts of Holy Scripture he was so fond of treasuring up in his heart. In the days when there are people who with shallow profanation speak lightly of the sacred Scriptures we never heard anything but the strongest defence, not only of the Holy Scriptures, but of the very central fact of them, the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was no Deist. The Bible was nothing to him without the Centre. It was everything to him, his strength in time of weakness and in time of joy. That influenced me and, I am persuaded, hundreds and thousands of others. And then there is the fact of which I can speak, having known him before he was ordained, and his manner of life, that he was as one who wore unstained through a spotless life his baptismal garment. We must thank God that we have known him, and we can



make acts of contrition for not having known and valued him more than we did. Let it stir us up to follow the blessed example of our Lord seen in his life of unselfishness. Many have said to me, 'I never heard his sermons without being lifted up, and I never came to church depressed and out of heart without going away a better man or woman, with a greater determination to serve Him with more simplicity and singleness of motive.' Never was the saying of Cardinal Newman better illustrated: 'True influence,' he writes, 'is to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect.' We cannot think of that unique life without seeing that he was not one who went about with a long face, though he most deeply felt the verities of religion. No one can have been in his presence when he said Mass without knowing that the whole of his great soul went out to his Lord Who was there, the Lord Who was the centre of his life and consecration.

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He knew how, in our Lord's own way, to hate sin but to love the sinner. No one went closer to his heart than the sinner who showed any signs of turning from wickedness. And he loved all mourners and hearts that ached. Many of you have instances in your own possession, letters you have received from him on the death of father or mother, wife or child, which you will never burn, which will be buried with you.

Let us copy him as he copied his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ."

On Monday, March 31, the body was brought by rail to Paddington Station, and thence was conveyed to St. Alban's Church, where it was received by the Clergy. The opening sentences of the Burial Service were cited as the procession passed up the nave, and, when the body had been placed in the chancel, the Vicar recited a short office, including three collects for the dead and *De Profundis*. The people were then allowed to pass the coffin in single file, and long lines formed down the length of the nave. The people as they passed the coffin reverently bent and touched it with their lips. No flowers as yet hid its severe simplicity; but great wreaths and crosses were being brought in and placed by the chancel-gates, and out in the court-yard, where the figure of the Madonna stands,



*Photo : Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.]*

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING BROOKE STREET.





*Photo : Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.]*

THE SECOND PART OF THE PROCESSION.



there was already a mass of foliage and blossom. During the twenty hours that the body lay before the altar, the church was never empty. All night long, while the lights gleamed about the coffin, the watchers knelt and prayed. Vespers of the Dead were sung on Monday evening ; and on Tuesday, April 1, there were Masses at 6, 7, and 8 o'clock. The Dirge was recited at 10, and the Solemn Requiem began at 10.30, in the presence of a congregation overflowing in numbers, and stirred by deep emotion. After Mass, the first part of the Burial Service was said, and then the procession set out for Waterloo Station. Headed by the Crucifix, with lights and incense, it passed from Brooke Street into Holborn, where all traffic was suspended. Following the Crucifix came the choir of St. Alban's, singing favourite hymns which were taken up by others in the procession, and in many cases by the spectators also, and every head in the crowd was bared as the coffin passed. More than a hundred priests in surplices walked in the procession. Among the members of the congregation who followed were persons of almost every rank and station. A large contingent of Post Office workers walked close to a body of Boy Scouts with staves reversed, and hard by was a group of Sisters of Mercy. The procession went by way of Holborn, Kingsway, Waterloo Bridge, York Road, and Westminster Bridge Road to the Necropolis Railway Station, the road being lined by dense crowds which displayed unmistakable interest and reverence.

About a thousand people assembled at Brookwood Cemetery. A procession, formed at the Cemetery-station, made its way slowly to St. Alban's Burial-ground, where the body was laid in a grave lined with flowers, by the side of the grave of the first Vicar of St. Alban's. The order and character of the procession were the same as in London. As it passed, numbers of people knelt and crossed themselves. The Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, the Rev. E. F. Russell, the Rev. G. R. Hogg, and the Rev. W. A. Pearkes, all of St. Alban's, were the pall-bearers.

" In the hands of the choir and the accompanying priests were candles, but in our gusty English air, heavy and damp, it was difficult to keep them alight. Then came the last solemn words. The Vicar, in a broken voice, when the hymn ' Rock of Ages ' was ended, began the Prayers of Committal.



The vast crowd had perforce to be railed-off some distance from the grave, but his voice reached all. It seemed almost to be broken into tears as the solemn words reached us. They were just the prayers as they are consecrated by use at many grave-sides, dear to us all, but they sounded singularly fresh. One addition was made, uniting all in prayer for our dead friend. To say that many eyes were wet is only to tell half the story, for men and women around one were giving way to tears, and saying their 'Amens' with deep feeling. And after the Blessing there came a hush, as if the very trees of Brookwood would fain cease their rustling motion for a moment. And then the rain fell heavily."

It was a wonderful funeral—perhaps the most wonderful ever accorded to an English priest.

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"There shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS, AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."

*Daniel the Prophet.*



*Photo: Cyril Ellis.]*

ST. ALBAN'S CEMETERY AT WOKING.

(Of the two graves in the foreground, the one to the left is Father Stanton's;  
the one to the right, Father Mackonochie's.)



*To A. H. S.*

Good-bye, Father !

We didn't all agree with you,  
Nor eye to eye could see with you  
In all you held and said ;  
But we saw the single mind of you,  
The zeal and faith combined of you,  
And the shining light you shed !

Good-bye, Father !

For place, Ambition's fighters strive,  
Her priests for stalls and mitres strive,  
Make gain of serving God.  
You chose the poor, the lowly road,  
Renunciation's holy road,  
That the Man of Sorrows trod.

Good-bye, Father !

Some called you Romish. What of that ?  
Who knew you reckoned not of that :  
On deeds, not names, they leant.  
' From Nazareth comes any good ? '  
Thence came One doing many good ;  
And in His steps you went.

Good-bye, Father !

So passing, saintly, through the World,  
You brought His message to the World  
In the only way it heeds ;  
Not those who make a strife of Christ,  
But those who live the life of Christ,  
Can give it what it needs." <sup>1</sup>

R. M. FREEMAN.

<sup>1</sup> *Truth*, April 2, 1913.



## APPENDICES

### I

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER STANTON

By the Very Rev. F. E. CARTER, Rector of Hadleigh and  
Dean of Bocking.

THERE must be hundreds of priests who, like myself, owe an immeasurable debt to Father Stanton and his ministries, but I should count it a privilege to make some short record of my associations with him.

When I was, soon after I left school, spending some months in London, I found my way every Sunday morning to St. Alban's, Holborn, and came under the spell of that wonderful church and its uplifting worship. Every feature of the building, the looks and language of the clergy, the hymns—all abide as vivid memories. But of course the outstanding delight was Father Stanton's sermons. The power of his appeals to our hearts was only enhanced by his playful humour, of which many instances come to mind. For instance, in a sermon on St. Peter's Day—"They say that St. Paul was a Protestant and St. Peter a Papist. I only know that both of them loved the Lord Jesus Christ." Or, again, on some Sunday during the Shah's first visit to England, when he was preaching on the difference between knowing about God and knowing Him, "We know something about the Shah, though I suppose none of us are on speaking terms with him. And," (in an aside,) "I am bound to say, the more I hear of him, the less I want to know him." How well I remember the Sunday morning in 1870—Advent Sunday, I think it was—when Mr. Mackonochie's suspension had been nailed to the church door. Father Stanton took it up into the pulpit at the High Celebration, and, after waving it in the air, in biting accents and with his inimitable *abandon* of gesture, read it out to the congregation and then commented on it, while the suspended priest sat silent throughout the service in his stall.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. 120.



It was only by an accident that I was brought into personal relation with him, for I had intended making my first confession to the Vicar ; but on the evening that I sought him at the Clergy House he was away, and I was told that Father Stanton would see me. And no words can describe the strong, tender way in which he ministered to me in their little oratory, or the joy and gratitude that I felt as I walked back to my lodgings. I occasionally sought his aid in this way until I found another Confessor at Cambridge. When I wrote to him on the eve of my Ordination, thanking him for what he had done for my soul, I got a characteristic reply : " My dear fellow, I haven't the least remembrance of you ; but I am very thankful if I have been of any use to you " ; adding some words of stimulating counsel. Two or three years later, when Stuart Donaldson (the late Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and then an Eton Master) and I were reading with Dr. Westcott, at Westminster, we took the liberty of calling at Brooke Street, and the Father, who received us with delightful courtesy in his sitting-room (where one of his postmen-friends was enjoying his company), quickly saw that the atmosphere of St. Alban's was a novel experience to Donaldson, and was quite prepared to shock him a little. He began by speaking somewhat bitterly of the hard treatment the ecclesiastical authorities had dealt out to St. Alban's and himself. Then, in view of the postman's presence, I began to ask some question about the St. Martin's League. " Oh," he said, turning to the postman, " We're a bad lot, aren't we, Bill ? not at all pious ! But, let me see, we had one pious chap, only, unfortunately, he went and stole something, and got six months. I paid him a visit in gaol, and cheered him up, and told him that it was the best thing for him to be locked up for a bit. He'd come out all right." Then he proceeded to tell us one of his conversations at their Club—how one of the postmen said one night, " Dad, they say you believe in Purgatory. Is that true ? " " Well," he replied, " I don't know about that. But now, suppose this roof fell in and killed you all. Where do you think you and I would go to ? Would you go straight to Heaven ? (Silence) No, I am afraid not. You know you aren't quite fit for Heaven. Would you go to Hell ? No, you aren't such bad chaps, after all. You'd do each other a good turn if any one was down on his luck. There must be some middle place that would suit most of us. You may call it Purgatory, if you like."

Dr. Westcott was immensely interested in what we told him of our visit, and sent through me an invitation to Father Stanton to come and see the Chapter Library at Westminster. So he appeared one afternoon, looking extraordinarily handsome and

distinguished. It was striking to watch those two men—so different in their make-up and in their outlook upon life—standing side by side, while the Canon was showing us at a table the magnificent "Litlyngton" Missal—one of the treasures of the Abbey. Nothing interested the Father more, I think, than the black erasures of the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury wherever it occurred in the gorgeously illuminated Missal.

It was many years before I saw him again—on Quinquagesima Sunday morning at St. Alban's in 1900—when he was preaching with all his old fire and passion on the words, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It seemed to me that never in the intervening years had I heard the pure Gospel preached with quite the same fervour and attractiveness, and I confess that, as I sat and listened to him, I cried like a child. I longed that some of our "Evangelical" leaders, who would, I suppose, have regarded the doctrines and ritual of St. Alban's with abhorrence, should have heard such a sermon, for they would have recognized in it an unmistakable note which would sound true to every lover of our Lord. But, indeed, that acknowledgment has long and universally been made of him; and, since his death, even more than in his life, his name has been a great reconciling power among many who are divided from each other on definitions of doctrine and ritual. I saw him once again in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Cambridge, only a year or two before his death, when he was giving one of the Sunday evening addresses to undergraduates.<sup>1</sup> Then, indeed, he was greatly changed. His hair was white, his features were somewhat drawn, and the peculiarities of voice and articulation, which had formed part of his charm in former days, had become exaggerated, and it was not easy to understand what he said. But there was much the same fine freedom and grace of gesture, and dominating beauty of face—and altogether the same love of souls and sorrow over sin, and longing to bring men to the saving knowledge of our Lord, which have made such countless numbers of us thank God that ever we came under the inspiration and guidance of this Christ-like priest.

<sup>1</sup> April 23, 1911. His text was 1 Cor. xv. 35.

## II

### THE COVENANT WITH SACRIFICE

A Sermon preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Frodsham, Canon of Gloucester, at St. Alban's Mission Church, Stroud ; opened and dedicated to Almighty God, in memory of Arthur Henry Stanton, a native of Stroud, and for fifty years a curate at St. Alban's, Holborn, on St. Alban's Day, 1916.

"Gather My saints together unto Me: those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice."—PSALM I. 5.

ALL churches are dedicated primarily to God and to God alone. Sometimes, in a convenient shorthand way, we speak of dedicating a church to such and such a saint, but in reality we mean that the church is dedicated to God in memory of a certain person or event. As St. Augustine said, "To the saints we appoint no churches, because they are not unto us as Gods ; but [we appoint churches] as memorials unto dead men whose spirits with God are still living."

"Still living." These words thrill in our ears. We have dedicated this Mission Church to the honour and glory of God, in memory of "Albanus, miles Regis Angelorum," and of Arthur Henry Stanton, fifty years a priest in the city of London and a native of this town of Stroud. "Still living"—Alban the soldier and Stanton the priest. When we realize this, it almost confounds the imagination. We know so little of the unseen world that we dare not say that these men are with us here to-day, but we have a right to say that they are part of that "cloud" of heavenly "witnesses" whose personal examples should stimulate us to "look unto Jesus" and "run with patience the race that is set before us."

The fact that Father Stanton served for fifty years in St. Alban's, Holborn, would be a good and sufficient reason why the Mission Church in Stroud should have the same dedication. But there are other facts connected with your church which make the choice of a soldier-Saint and Martyr singularly appropriate.

Briefly the story of St. Alban, as told by the Venerable Bede, is as follows. During the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian, Alban, a pagan British soldier, gave shelter to a Christian priest, perhaps called Amphibalus, who was flying from persecution. The soldier watched his guest's habits just as soldiers watch parsons to-day. He was struck by his perseverance in prayer "by day and night"; gradually accepted his instructions, embraced the faith, and doubtless was baptized. A week or two was spent in this companionship. Then the "wicked prince"—his name has perished, but his evil reputation has survived—heard that the fugitive was in Alban's house, and soldiers were sent to arrest him. Alban put on his teacher's cassock, met the soldiers, gave himself into their hands, acknowledged himself to be a Christian, and was dragged forthwith before the magistrate. The magistrate, who had just returned from sacrificing when the prisoner was brought in, was indignant with Alban for shielding a "sacrilegious rebel." He ordered him to be dragged to the images of the gods, gave him the choice between sacrificing, and suffering the doom which Amphibalus would have incurred. Alban chose Christ and martyrdom, and he was beheaded close to the present city of St. Albans. Time has woven a web of legendary nothingness around the historical fact, but this much appears to be true. Alban the soldier was "baptized in his own blood" for sheltering a priest who had brought him to Christ. Many others in their turn were led by St. Alban's example to follow Christ. It is this correlation of influence that constitutes the outward framework of the Communion of Saints. God gathers together for the service of His elect "those that have made a covenant with Him with sacrifice."

Now turn to the second Saint whose remembrance upon earth has been secured by this Mission Church. It would be presumptuous for one who knew Father Stanton chiefly by hearsay to speak at length about him. There can be no dispute that he exercised great power over others and especially over young people. Like the priest who converted Alban, he won others by his lucid sincerity, by his deep devotion to the Person of his Master, and not least of all by his unaffected human sympathy. Mark the power of humanity. It has within it a gleam of the Incarnation. There are some men, kindness itself, whose honest attempts at sympathy and equally kindly offers of help, hurt like so many blows. Father Stanton, like his Master, was not such an one as these. There are men of real personal religion who are far remote from the great heart of humanity. Father Stanton, like the Blessed Jesus, came very close to his fellow-men. He too united a singular austerity with regard to himself

with a deep tenderness for those who find it hard to say the difficult word and to do the difficult deed. It was the sanctified humanness—which in itself reflects the sweetest glory of the Incarnation—which made this servant of Christ such a power for Christ among his fellow-men.

If St. Alban and Father Stanton represent in different fashions the energy of God's saints; if you commemorate their personal energy in your Mission Church; there is yet more to-day that should grip your imagination and confirm your faith. I have in my possession a letter written to Father Suckling by a young sub-lieutenant in the navy shortly after Father Stanton's death. The young man testified with touching simplicity to the fact that the dead Father had been to him the greatest help in his life. He asked if he might give a Chalice and Paten in memory of his friend. These are his words: "I should like to give these two, as I always associate dear Father Stanton with that great Service and all the benefits it brings us." The young sub-lieutenant was Eccles James Carter, who went down with the *Pathfinder*, torpedoed off St. Abb's Head on September 5th, 1914. You have heard what the young sailor said of his dead friend; now hear what a brother officer wrote of the young sailor after his death. "He stood for everything that was manly and godly too; but his strict sense of purity and religion did not prevent him from befriending those who were not so self-disciplined as he." Could not these sentences have been used without changing a solitary word for Father Stanton himself? Would not the "dear father" have joyed over his son in the faith,—over his manliness and purity, his faith in God and his tenderness for "those who were not so self-disciplined as he"? The mother of Eccles James Carter gave the rood-screen in memory of her son, his sister gave the altar vessels, his great friend and comrade gave the chancel-gates. That friend, Lieutenant John Francis Williams, is also dead. He was lost in the *Russell*, which was mined in the Mediterranean less than two months ago. Did I overstate the case then, when I said that there were circumstances connected with the dedication of your church which gripped the imagination, and which testified with power to the resourcefulness of God, and to the reality of the communion of Saints?

"Gather My saints together unto Me: those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice." Alban owed his conversion to an unknown priest, and he paid the debt by influencing and stimulating the faith of others. Father Stanton, with his geniality and his quaint humour, with his devotion to his Master, with his austerity of life, with his whole-hearted faith in Sacramental grace—Eccles James Carter, young, eager, manly, pure, self-disciplined

himself and tolerant for others who were weak and undisciplined—John Francis Williams, whom his friend took to see Father Stanton, with the result that “both lads put themselves under his spiritual direction,”—all these in their respective fashions have sanctified their covenant with God by sacrifice—all but one have been “baptized in their own blood.”

“Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Perfecter of our Faith.”

THE END









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